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new MUSICAL EXPRESS

FULL READING REPORT

pages 40 - 42

BETTER HANG ON TO YOUR COPY — IT'S THE NME

DAVID BOWIE

Consumer's Guide

PART ONE OF AN EIGHT PAGE PULL-OUT

BOWIE '73 Pic by JOE STEVENS

EVERY SEGER'S GOT A SILVER LINING

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Subject to licence approval on 31st August. Tickets on sale 1st September.

FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending August 28, 1973

Last Week	This Week		
9	1	YOUNG LOVE	Donny Osmond (MGM)
3	2	DANCING ON A SATURDAY NIGHT	Barry Blue (Bell)
2	3	YESTERDAY ONCE MORE	Carpenters (A & M)
8	4	SMARTY PANTS	First Choice (Bell)
1	5	I'M THE LEADER OF THE GANG	Gary Glitter (Bell)
6	6	SPANISH EYES	Al Martino (Capitol)
4	7	YOU CAN DO MAGIC	Limmie & The Family Cookin'(Avco)
14	8	LIKE SISTER AND BROTHER	Drifters (Bell)
11	9	RISING SUN	Medicine Head (Polydor)
5	10	WELCOME HOME	Peters & Lee (Philips)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending August 28, 1968

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	HELP YOURSELF	Tom Jones (Decca)
5	2	I'VE GOTTA GET A MESSAGE TO YOU	Bee Gees (Polydor)
4	3	THIS GUY'S IN LOVE WITH YOU	Herb Alpert (A & M)
6	4	DO IT AGAIN	Beach Boys (Capitol
2	5	MONY MONY	Tommy James & The Shondells (Major Minor)
13	6	I SAY A LITTLE PRAYER	Aretha Franklin (Atlantic)
3	7	FIRE	Arthur Brown (Track)
12	8	HIGH IN THE SKY	Amen Corner (Deram)
7	9	SUNSHINE GIRL	Herman's Hermits (Columbia)
10	10	DANCE TO THE MUSIC	Sly & The Family Stone (Direction)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending August 30, 1963

Last this Week	This Week		
1	1	BAD TO ME	Billy J. Kramer (Parlophone)
–	2	SHE LOVES YOU	Beatles (Parlophone)
3	3	I'M TELLING YOU NOW	Freddie and The Dreamers (Columbia)
6	4	IT'S ALL IN THE GAME	Cliff Richard (Columbia
2	5	SWEETS FOR MY SWEET	Searchers (Pye)
11	6	I'LL NEVER GET OVER YOU	Johnny Kidd (HMV)
13	7	YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A BABY TO CRY	Caravelles (Decca)
8	8	WIPE OUT	Surfaris (London)
9	9	LEGION'S LAST PATROL	Ken Thorne (HMV
18	10	I WANT TO STAY HERE	Stevie Lawrence / Eydie Gorme (CBS)

CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending September 2, 1978

This Week	Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	THREE TIMES A LADY — Commodores (Motown)	5	1
2	(5)	DREADLOCK HOLIDAY 10cc (Mercury)	3	2
3	(2)	IT'S RAINING .....Darts (Magnet)	4	2
4	(3)	RIVERS OF BABYLON/BROWN GIRL IN THE RING — Boney M (Atlantic)	19	1
5	(4)	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT — John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John (RSO)	15	1
6	(16)	OH WHAT A CIRCUS — David Essex (Mercury)	2	6
7	(6)	SUPER NATURE .....Cerrone (Atlantic)	5	6
8	(13)	JILTED JOHN .....Jilted John (EMI Int)	4	8
9	(8)	FOREVER AUTUMN — Justin Hayward (CBS)	8	4
10	(7)	SUBSTITUTE.....Clout (Carrere)	10	2
11	(20)	WHO ARE YOU .....The Who (Polydor)	4	11
12	(12)	BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE — Taste Of Honey (Capitol)	10	3
13	(10)	NORTHERN LIGHTS — Renaissance (Warner Bros)	6	9
14	(14)	BABY STOP CRYING — Bob Dylan (CBS)	5	12
15	(18)	WALK ON BY..... The Stranglers (U.A.)	3	15
16	(9)	THE KIDS ARE UNITED — Sham 69 (Polydor)	5	5
17	(15)	5-7-0-5.....City Boy (Vertigo)	7	10
18	(21)	BRITISH HUSTLE ... Hi Tension (Island)	3	18
19	(11)	IT'S ONLY MAKE BELIEVE — Child (Ariola/Hansa)	3	11
20	(26)	EVERLASTING LOVE — Andy Gibb (RSO)	2	20
21	(—)	DAVID WATTS.....Jam (Polydor)	1	21
22	(28)	TOP OF THE POPS .....Rezillos (Sire)	2	22
23	(22)	FORGET ABOUT YOU . Motors (Virgin)	3	22
24	(23)	COME BACK AND FINISH WHAT YOU STARTED — Gladys Knight & The Pips (Buddah)	5	15
25	(17)	YOU MAKE ME FEEL — Sylvester (Fantasy)	2	17
26	(29)	PICTURE THIS.....Blondie (Chrysalis)	2	26
27	(—)	GREASE.....Frankie Valli (RSO)	1	27
28	(19)	GALAXY OF LOVE — Crown Heights Affair (Philips)	2	19
29	(30)	STAY.....Jackson Browne (Asylum)	8	10
30	(—)	HONG KONG GARDEN — Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

KISS YOU ALL OVER — Exile (RAK); I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU — Herbie Hancock (CBS); COLD AS ICE — Foreigner (Atlantic); TWO OUT OF THREE AIN'T BAD — Meat Loaf (Epic).

ALBUMS

Week ending September 2, 1978

This Week	Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER — Various (RSO)	19	1
2	(3)	STREET LEGAL — Bob Dylan (CBS)	11	2
3	(2)	NIGHT FLIGHT TO VENUS — Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	7	2
4	(4)	WAR OF THE WORLDS — Various (World Records)	9	4
5	(5)	GREASE..... Original Soundtrack (RSO)	8	5
6	(6)	20 GIANT HITS.....Nolan Sisters (WEA)	6	2
7	(8)	LIVE & DANGEROUS — Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	13	2
8	(10)	SOME GIRLS..... Rolling Stones (EMI)	12	3
9	(9)	20 GOLDEN GREATS..... Hollies (EMI)	8	2
10	(7)	NATURAL HIGH — Commodores (Motown)	7	7
11	(13)	OCTAVE ..... Moody Blues (Threshold)	12	4
12	(11)	CLASSIC ROCK — London Symphony Orchestra (K-Tel)	4	11
13	(12)	STAR PARTY.....Various Artists (K-Tel)	3	11
14	(14)	OUT OF THE BLUE — Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	37	3
15	(—)	WHO ARE YOU .....The Who	1	15
16	(15)	KICK INSIDE.....Kate Bush (EMI)	26	1
17	(17)	CAN'T STAND THE REZILLOS — The Rezillos (Sire)	4	17
18	(20)	IMAGES..... Don Williams (K-Tel)	5	18
19	(24)	TONIC FOR THE TROOPS — Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	9	7
20	(18)	"BUT SERIOUSLY FOLKS . . ." — Joe Walsh (Asylum)	7	12
21	(19)	NEW BOOTS & PANTIES — Ian Dury (Stiff)	31	5
22	(15)	BAT OUT OF HELL .....Meat Loaf (Epic)	24	6
23	(—)	DOUBLE VISION — Foreigner (Atlantic)	1	23
24	(23)	HANDSWORTH REVOLUTION — Steel Pulse (Island)	5	13
25	(27)	AND THEN THERE WERE THREE — Genesis (Charisma)	22	2
26	(21)	ABBA THE ALBUM ..... Abba (Epic)	32	1
27	(—)	JAMES GALWAY PLAYS SONGS FOR ANNIE..... James Galway (RCA)	1	27
28	(22)	ROCK RULES OK.....Various (K-Tel)	8	16
29	(26)	BLAM.....Brothers Johnson (A&M)	3	26
30	(29)	EVERYONE PLAYS DARTS — Darts (Magnet)	10	5

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

A SONG FOR ALL SEASONS — Renaissance (Warner Bros); LEO SAYER — Leo Sayer (Chrysalis); L — Godley/Creme (Mercury); WHO PAYS THE FERRYMAN — Yannis Markopoulos (BBC).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending September 2, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	THREE TIMES A LADY	Commodores
2	(2)	GREASE	Frankie Valli
3	(7)	BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE	Taste Of Honey
4	(4)	HOT BLOODED	Foreigner
5	(6)	HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO YOU	Olivia Newton John
6	(8)	AN EVERLASTING LOVE	Andy Gibb
7	(3)	MISS YOU	Rolling Stones
8	(11)	SHAME	Evelyn "Champagne" King
9	(5)	LOVE WILL FIND A WAY	Pablo Cruise
10	(9)	MAGNET AND STEEL	Walter Egan
11	(14)	KISS YOU ALL OVER	Exile
12	(15)	FOOL (IF YOU THINK IT'S OVER)	Chris Rea
13	(18)	SUMMER NIGHTS	John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John
14	(27)	DON'T LOOK BACK	Boston
15	(20)	GOT TO GET YOU INTO MY LIFE	Earth, Wind and Fire
16	(19)	HOT CHILD IN THE CITY	Nick Gilder
17	(17)	YOU	Rita Coolidge
18	(10)	MY ANGEL BABY	Toby Beau
19	(23)	REMINISCING	Little River Band
20	(22)	TWO TICKETS TO PARADISE	Eddie Money
21	(24)	CLOSE THE DOOR	Teddy Pendergrass
22	(25)	YOU NEEDED ME	Anne Murray
23	(26)	YOU AND I	Rick James
24	(30)	WHENEVER I CALL YOU "FRIEND"	Kenny Loggins
25	(12)	LAST DANCE	Donna Summer
26	(—)	HOLLYWOOD NIGHTS	Bob Seger
27	(29)	LOVE IS IN THE AIR	John Paul Young
28	(—)	JUST WHAT I NEEDED	Cars
29	(13)	LIFE'S BEEN GOOD	Joe Walsh
30	(—)	RIGHT DOWN THE LINE	Gerry Rafferty

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending September 2, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	GREASE	Various Artists
2	(2)	SOME GIRLS	Rolling Stones
3	(3)	DOUBLE VISION	Foreigner
4	(4)	SGT PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND	Various Artists
5	(5)	NATURAL HIGH	Commodores
6	(6)	WORLDS AWAY	Pablo Cruise
7	(—)	DON'T LOOK BACK	Boston
8	(7)	STRANGER IN TOWN	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
9	(9)	SHADOW DANCING	Andy Gibb
10	(10)	"BUT SERIOUSLY FOLKS . . ."	Joe Walsh
11	(11)	LIFE IS A SONG WORTH SINGING	Teddy Pendergrass
12	(8)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees and Various Artists
13	(12)	CITY TO CITY	Gerry Rafferty
14	(15)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel
15	(8)	A TASTE OF HONEY	Taste of Honey
16	(21)	BLAM	The Brothers Johnson
17	(17)	TOGETHERNESS	L.T.D.
18	(19)	COME GET IT	Rick James
19	(22)	NIGHTWATCH	Kenny Loggins
20	(16)	DARKNESS ON THE EDGE OF TOWN	Bruce Springsteen
21	(13)	PYRAMID	Alan Parsons Project
22	(20)	OCTAVE	Moody Blues
23	(30)	UNDER WRAPS	Shaun Cassidy
24	(14)	STREET LEGAL	Bob Dylan
25	(23)	EVEN NOW	Barry Manilow
26	(24)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meat Loaf
27	(28)	SMOOTH TALK	Evelyn "Champagne" King
28	(29)	LOVE ME AGAIN	Rita Coolidge
29	(—)	THE CARS	The Cars
30	(27)	RUNNING ON EMPTY	Jackson Browne

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS DESK

Edited: TONY STEWART

TELEVISION SWITCH OFF

TELEVISION, recognized as one of the most important groups in America's New Wave vanguard, disbanded last week.

The split follows the critical backlash for their second album, "Adventure", and a disappointing Euro-tour when they often played to half-full houses.

Ironically, only three weeks ago they presented six shows to capacity audiences at New York's Bottom Line club. And for the first time they were gaining a popularity in the US that transcended cult status.

Although there were always rumours of disharmony within the band, our New York correspondent reports their break-up was amicable.

"There were no fights," second guitarist Richard Lloyd insisted.

But Television's four years together were based on a fragile structure of management problems and ego-clashes. In the early days a ferocious battle between co-founders Tom Verlaine and Richard Hell resulted in the later being forced out.

And Lloyd has left twice, yet both times returned within a week.

He now claims there was a group meeting following the Bottom Line gigs. It was clear none of the four players wanted to continue together, and would prefer to work on new ventures.

At the weekend, Verlaine said, "It happened a week ago. There was a full moon that night . . . Moby Grape broke up on a full moon. So we wanted to too."

Lloyd has just produced the debut single by New York new wavers The Erasers, and it is likely he will join Ork Records as a house producer. He and Verlaine will also record solo albums for their present label, Elektra.

According to the company's British publicist, Dave Walters, Verlaine may form a new band with TV bassist, Fred Smith. But the future plans of drummer Billy Ficca are not known.

Report: Joe Stevens (New York), Nick Kent and Tony Stewart.

TELEVISION'S Tom Verlaine. *Pic: DENIS O'REGAN.*

Musicians threaten to black Marquee club

THE WORLD famous Marquee club is to be blacked by the Musicians Union unless support groups who play there are paid more.

MU Rock Organiser Mike Evans claims these bands are being "exploited" by the London rock club, which celebrates its 21st birthday in April.

But owner Jack Barry refutes the charge. He counterclaims the MU is using the Marquee as a "scapegoat" in its efforts to enforce minimum payments at all venues.

The dispute was declared in a letter sent to the club management last week by the union's General Secretary, John Morton. It apparently follows unsuccessful attempts to arrange a meeting with Barry over the past eight months.

The union claims that support bands are only paid £5 to £10 for a gig there. They want fees raised to £9.50 a person for each show, and paid by the club and not the headliners as in present arrangements.

Said Evans: "The Marquee is a conspicious example where one way or another they can pay these amounts."

He claimed that over the past 18 months he has received more complaints from MU members about low gig fees at the Marquee than any other London venue.

"The Marquee tends to trade more on its prestige," he said.

"I think they are exploiting the fact they're in a desirable position, stuck in the West End, and have got 20 years of history. Bands are obviously anxious to play there."

Jack Barry replied: "If I'm exploiting support bands why do we have at least 25 groups a day, seven days a week, asking to play at the club?

"The Marquee is the showcase for the music business."

He does agree that support groups are not paid enough, but this is because the Marquee is a "low-budget club". At present a headliner plays there for a share of the door takings, usually 50 per cent, and agrees to pay the support.

The only way to improve fees, Barry said, would be to increase admission prices.

Barry believes that because of the Marquee's prestigious name it is being unfairly singled out as a test case.

"If we're being blacked, I want to know why other venues aren't," said Barry. "I know they're not paying the minimum rates either."

But he is prepared to discuss pay policy with the MU, and a meeting was due to be held today.

Last week Evans said: "We are not pulling any bands out over the weekend, but we are in a state of dispute.

"Any bands who intend to play the Marquee over the next week should really check with us first."

Richman quits Lovers

JONATHAN RICHMAN left the Modern Lovers last week to launch a solo career.

He has already performed several low-key solo shows in America. And there are plans for him to do the same in London at the end of September to coincide with the release of new Richman and Lovers album, "Modern Love Songs".

A statement by the company said: "At this precise moment we don't know the intentions of the other Modern Lovers except D. Sharpe's got himself tied up with Carla Bley."

Magazine dates

MAGAZINE, WHO tour Europe with Patti Smith this month, play two shows at Liverpool Eric's on Saturday (2). One is an afternoon matinee, and the other an evening performance.

COSTELLO FOR RAR RALLY?

ELVIS COSTELLO is to headline a concert for London's second Rock Against Racism and Anti-Nazi League Carnival on September 24, RAR announced this week. But it is understood that Costello and The Attractions' appearance has not yet been confirmed.

The show will also feature Sham 69, Misty and Aswad.

RAR expect more supporters for this event than their last in April, when over 80,000 marched to Hackney's Victoria Park.

The crowd will meet at Speaker's Corner, Hyde Park at 2 pm then march to the concert site, somewhere in Brixton.

Yes: three days at Wembley

CELEBRATING their tenth anniversary in October, Yes play three nights at the Wembley Arena — following a long US tour.

On September 8 the group release their 11th album, "Tormato", which includes the current single, "Don't Kill The Whale".

Tickets for the Arena on October 26, 27 and 28 — their only British appearances this year — will be available by mail order only in three weeks time.

Prices are £5 and £4 postal orders (no cheques) and SAEs, should be sent to : The Yes/Harvey Goldsmith Box Office, Chappells, 50 New Bond Street, London W1.

APOLLO 'DEBUT' HELD UP

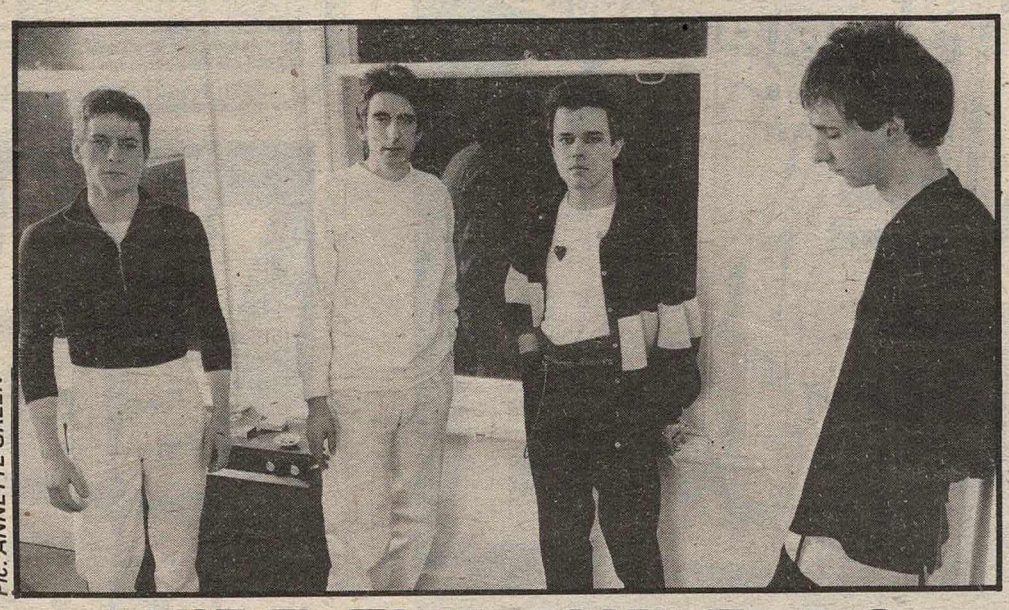
THE planned reopening of the Glasgow Apollo this weekend has been cancelled.

Rory Gallagher's new group were to make their debut there on Friday in a special benefit for the Apollo Restoration Fund. And Sham 69 were to play there on Saturday.

But because Capital City Entertainments' offer to buy the theatre from its present owners has not yet been accepted, it was decided to call off the shows.

And for now Glasgow still does not have a rock venue.

Unconfirmed rumours suggest that a second purchase offer has been made by the management of two other rock theatres.



Pic: ANNETTE GREEN

WIRE FLY THE FLAG

WIRE, whose debut album "Pink Flag" was highly acclaimed, start a month long British tour this month.

Recently returned from their American live debut, the group also release their second LP, "Chairs Missing", on September 8. Like the first, it is produced by Mike Thorne, and includes "I Am The Fly" which was issued as a single last March.

This forthcoming tour is Wire's most extensive, although they played a short series of shows in early summer, including a major concert at the Lyceum. Another London appearance is to be arranged for late October.

Wire open at Newcastle University (29), then play Bircots Leisure Centre (30), Doncaster Outlook (October 2), Leeds Fan Club (3), York Pop Club (4), Canterbury Kent University (5), London City Poly (6), Malvern Winter Gardens (7), Lancaster University (9), Birmingham Barbarellas (10), Bristol Brunel; College (11), Manchester Factory (13), two show's at Liverpool Eric's including a matinee (14), Plymouth Woods (16), Penzance Winter Garden (17), Exeter Roots (18), Coventry Lanchester Poly (19), Harrow Tech (20), High Wycombe Town Hall (21), Leicester University (24), Bradford University (25), Sheffield Limit (26), Middlesborough Rock Garden (27), and Huddersfield Poly (28).

What You Waitin' For?

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NEWS IN BRIEF . . .

AL STEWART releases his first album since the highly successful "Year Of The Cat" on September 8. Called "Time Passages" it's produced by Alan Parsons and features Tim Renwick, Peter Wood, Stuart Elliot and Jeff Porcaro.

After touring America and Europe, Stewart plays six British concerts in December including two nights at London's Hammersmith Odeon (15/16). He appears at Bristol Odeon (10), Manchester Apollo (11), Edinburgh Odeon (12) and Birmingham Odeon (14).

PROGRESSIVE Tours are arranging a trip to Paris on September 8-11 to attend a two-day festival starring **Genesis.** Price is £39, including travel, accommodation and tickets. Applications should be made to 12 Porchester Place, London W2 (telephone 01-262 1676).

"MUSIC FOR Funsters", an EP by **The V.I.P.'s** is available by mail order from Clive Soloman, 66 High View, Pinner, Middlesex. The group play London Rock Garden tonight, London Shepherd's Bush Trafalgar (7), and from September 14 begin a Thursday night residency at the Nottingham Sandpiper.

TUBEWAY ARMY, who only recently released their first single, "Bombers", have disbanded. Beggar's Banquet still intend to release a group LP comprising demos, and lead singer-guitarist Valerium is now recording solo for the label.

THE MOONLIGHT Club at the Railway Hotel in London's West Hampstead is to begin Saturday and Wednesday shows on September 9 with **Jab-Jab** and **Herbsman.** At present the venue is only open Mondays and Tuesdays.

CAFE JACQUES release a new single, "Boulevard Of Broken Dreams", this Friday (1). Taken from the 40s musical, *Hollywood Babylon,* with new music by keyboard player Peter Veitch, it is the opening cut on the group's forthcoming second album.

THE FIFTH annual Covent Garden Neighbourhood Festival is being held this Saturday and Sunday (2/3) at the New Community Garden in Endell Street. Running from 11am to 11pm each day, the festival features street theatre, games and sideshows. Live music will be provided by a variety of multi-cultural groups.

A FREE carnival organised by Friends of the Earth and Rye Festival Benefit is being held in Rye this Saturday (2). Opening at 1pm it will feature sets by **The Banned, Blast Furnace And, The Flies, The Physicals, Sammy Snazzy Mitchell, Hollywood Killers, Hippo, Delta Wing** and **George Bacon.** Fancy dress is welcomed.

THE ZONES begin an eight-date London tour this Sunday (3) at the Stoke Newington Pegasus. They play the Hope and Anchor (5), co-headline with The Skids at the Music Machine (7) and Nashville (8), Canning Town Bridge House (12), Nashville (14), Stoke Newington Rochester Castle (15) and the Rock Garden (16).

SCOTTISH BAND **The Jolt** are now a fourpiece with the addition of guitarist-vocalist Kevin Key. They make their first appearance as a quartet at London's Marquee on Sunday (3), followed by Nottingham Sandpiper (15), Islington Hope and Anchor (19).

BECKENHAM group **Tennis Shoes,** who describe themselves as "the surburban band with the semi-detached sound", have signed to the Croydon independent label, Bonaparte.

Their debut single "(Do The) Medium Wave", is set for September release, and later this month they begin recording their first album.

Meanwhile, the Shoes play London's Brecknock on September 7, 17 and 27, and Bromley Stockwell College (22).

WACKY POP SHOW TAKES TO THE ROAD . . .

MANCHESTER band The Smirks, renowned for their wacky pop music and fancy dance routines onstage, this month begin their first headlining tour of Britain. And it includes a weekly residency at London's Marquee Club during October.

To coincide with the dates the group release their second single for Berserkley, "Rosemary". Backed with their own reggae song, "Up Eh Up", it was produced by Chaz Jankel who worked with Ian Dury on the LP "New Boots And Panties" and the single "What A Waste".

Concerts so far confirmed are at Liverpool Poly (28), Sheffield Poly (29), Warwick University (30), Kent University (October 3), Marquee (4), Reading University (7), Marquee (11), Leeds Poly (12), Newcastle University (13), Manchester University (14), Warrington Carlton Club (16), Marquee (18), Portsmouth Poly (21), Plymouth Woods (23), Penzance Garde (24), Exeter Roots (25), Bristol University (27), London School of Economics (28), Marquee (30), Huddersfield Poly (November 1), Manchester Russell Club (2) and Sheffield Limit (3).

Damned group

THREE ORIGINAL Damned members are forming a group called Les Punks to play one concert at the London Camden Town Electric Ballroom on Tuesday (5).

Dave Vanian, Rat Scabies and Captain Sensible will be joined by Motorhead's Lemmy and possibly other guests for this special.

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

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TUTORS

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PASH MUSIC STORES, 5 ELGIN CRESCENT, LONDON W11

WHO SAID SEGER'S GONE SILVER?

STRANGLERS' OPEN AIR GIG CONFIRMED

THE STRANGLERS are confirmed to play London's Battersea Park on September 16, as exclusively reported by *NME* two weeks ago.

Throughout this year attempts to stage a show in the capital have been unsuccessful. Now 8,000 people will have the chance to see the group in an open-air event running from noon until 6pm.

The Stranglers are to headline a large bill, including "at least one very big non-new wave name" yet to be announced.

The licence for the event is expected to be ratified by the GLC today (Thursday), and tickets priced £4 will be on sale tomorrow at Harlequin shops, Chappells and usual outlets.

Meanwhile The Stranglers now begin their tour at Belfast's Ulster Hall on September 7, followed by Port Rush Arcade Ballroom (8), and Dublin Top Hat (9).

Tour Der Youth...

TANZ DER Youth, the group formed by ex-Damned guitarist Brian James, begin a British tour with two shows at London's Nashville this Saturday.

The first set begins at 1 pm and admission is 75p. Then they play a normal evening show when admission is £1.

The band appear at Edinburgh Tiffanys (4), Nuneaton 77 Club (5), Sheffield Limit (7), Birmingham Barbarellas (8), Liverpool Eric's (9), London Marquee (13), Retford Porterhouse (15), Nottingham Sandpiper (16), Chelmsford Chancellor Hall (17), Leeds F Club (19), Newport Stowaway (20), Plymouth Metro (21), Dudley JBs (22), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (23), Swansea Circles (28), and Bristol Granary (30).

Rose Royce set for major tour

ROSE ROYCE, the nine piece LA group who first visited Britain a year ago following their success on the *Car Wash* soundtrack, undertake another major UK tour this month.

Supported by Stargard, the girl trio who recorded the disco hit "Which Way Is Up", the dates include two shows at the London Hammersmith Odeon on October 4, starting at 6.30 and 9pm.

Rose Royce release a new single, "Love Don't Live Here Any More", on Friday (1). It's taken from the album "Rose Royce Strikes Again", which will be issued next week.

Opening at Birmingham Odeon (29), the tour then plays Liverpool Empire (30), Edinburgh Odeon (October 1), Newcastle City Hall (2), the two Hammersmith shows (4), Bristol Colston Hall (6), and Southampton Gaumont (7).

Tickets are priced £3, £2.50 and £2, with £3.50 tickets as well in London only.

Lurker switch

THE LURKERS, now on an extensive UK tour, will appear at the London Lyceum and not the Chalk Farm Roundhouse on September 10.

Pic: CHRIS GABRIN

Buzzcocks album, single next month

THE BUZZCOCKS release their second album, "Love Bites", on September 22. Produced by Martin Rushent, it was recorded and mixed in London over two weeks, and features nine songs and two instrumentals including bassist Steve Garvey's composing debut with "Walking Distance".

Two tracks from the set, "Ever Fallen In Love With Someone You Shouldn't" and "Just Lust", are released as a single on September 8.

The Buzzcocks are support on Blondie's Euro-tour, and they open their own British tour on September 27.

Potter's Clay

KEYBOARD PLAYER John Potter, who recently left Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders, has formed his own band Potter's Clay.

Comprising Southend musicians Mike Maynard (vocals), Buzz Barwell (drums), John Raymond (bass) and guitarist John Batty, they make their debut at the London Hope and Anchor this Saturday (2). They also play Southend Shrimpers Inn (Sunday) and the London Rock Garden (22).

Chiswick deal

CHISWICK RECORDS have signed a long-term licensing deal with EMI, and their first release together is "Radio Stars Holiday Album" this Friday (1).

Radio Stars have also added three more shows to their current UK tour, playing Leeds Fforde Green (6/7) and Middleton Civic Hall (20).

Their dates in Plymouth and Exeter have been changed round, and are now Plymouth Woods Centre (11) and Exeter Roots (13).

30-DATE SCHEDULE FOR LEO SAYER

NEXT MONTH Leo Sayer begins his most extensive British tour — his first visit here in over a year. It is costing £250,000 to stage over 30 concerts, including one at the London Palladium.

Sayer will be appearing with the American band who played with him on his recent eight-week US tour. And he is still set to play six Christmas shows at the Manchester Apollo from Boxing Day.

Now firmly established as a family entertainer, Sayer — who this Friday releases the single, "I Can't Stop Loving You", from his sixth LP, "Leo Sayer" — films his own TV series later this month.

He opens at Bournemouth Winter Gardens on October 11, followed by:

Bristol Colston Hall (12), Paignton Festival Theatre (13), Gloucester Leisure Centre (14), Palladium (15), Nottingham Theatre Royal (18), Bradford St. George's Hall (19), Bridlington Spa (20), Middlesbrough Town Hall (21), Blackpool Opera House (22), Ipswich Gaumont (25), Leicester De Montfort Hall (26), Oxford New Theatre (27/28), Newcastle City Hall (31), Edinburgh Usher Hall (November 1), Dundee Caird Hall (2), Aberdeen Capital (3), Sheffield City Hall (5), Southampton Gaumont (8), Coventry Theatre (9), Hanley Gaumont (10), Liverpool Empire (11), Birmingham Odeon (12), Portsmouth Guildhall (15), Brighton Centre (16), Cardiff Sapphire Gardens (17), Peterborough ABC (18), Croydon Fairfield Hall (19), Dublin PDS (21), Wolverhampton Civic (23), and Derby Assembly Rooms (25).

Tickets are available by post from the venues, and at the Palladium are priced £5, £4, £3, £2.50 and £1.50.

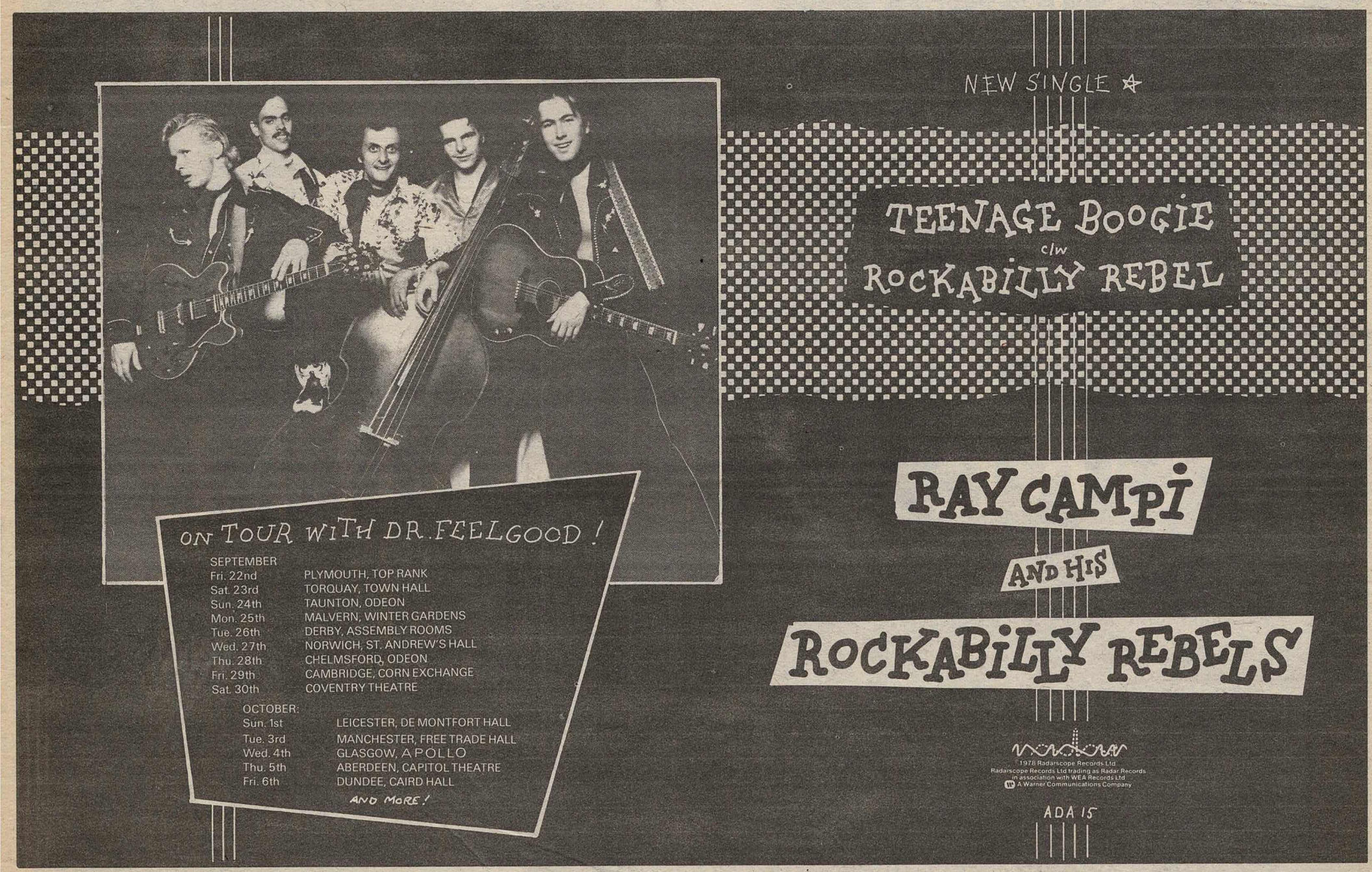
Ultravox take to the road

ULTRAVOX, who recently played a sell-out five night run at London's Marquee, begin a 24-date UK tour on September 12. And the same day they release a new album, "Systems Of Romance".

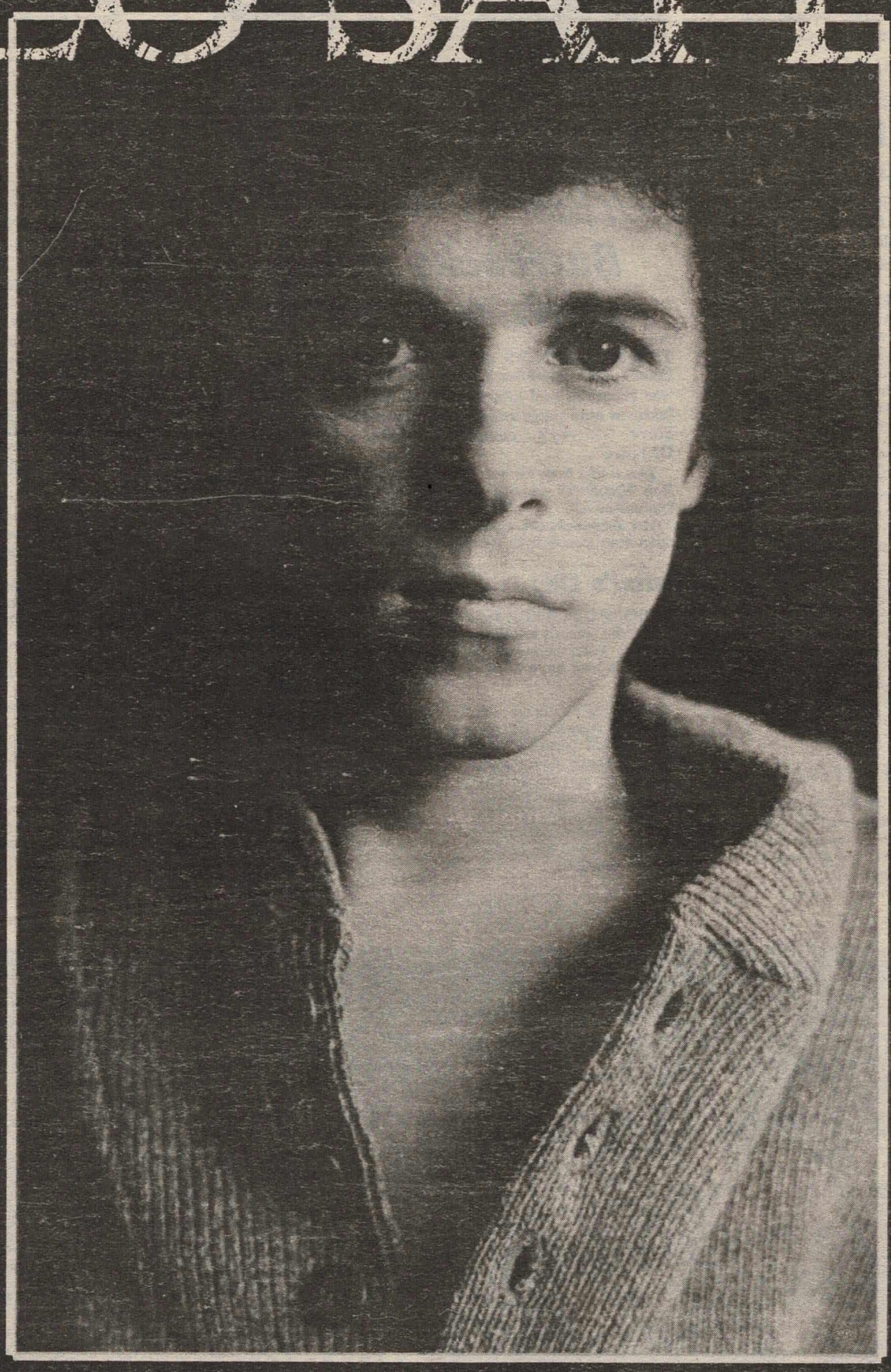
They play Nuneaton 77 Club (12), Leeds F Club (14), Scarborough Penthouse (15), Lincoln AJ's (16), Redcar Coatham Bowl (17), Doncaster Outlook (18), Nottingham Sandpiper (20), Sheffield Limit Club (21), Retford Porterhouse (22), Liverpool Eric's (23), Swansea Circles (25), Newport Stowaway (27), Plymouth (28), Bristol Yates Leisure Centre (29), St Albans City Hall (30), Birmingham Barbarellas (October 3), Preston Poly (4), Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (5), Manchester The Factory (6), Wakefield Unity Hall (7), Edinburgh Astoria (10), Aberdeen Rafters (11), Dunfermline Kinema (12), and Middlesbrough Rock Garden (13).

Cancelled . . .

BRITISH TOURS by American artists Andrew Gold and Jessy Dixon have been cancelled.



LEO SAYER



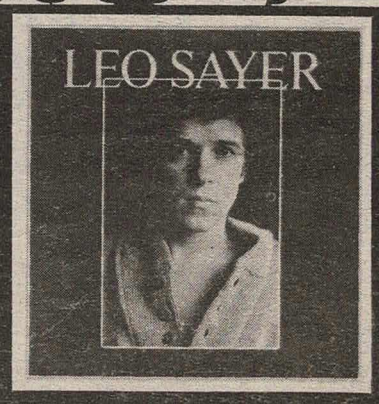
PURE AND SIMPLE.

Leo Sayer. It's the name of the man and the title of his latest album. On it you'll find a mixture of his own compositions, songs by Jackson Browne, Andy Fairweather Low, and classics like Buddy Holly's 'Raining in My Heart.'

Leo Sayer is an album that's more introspective than his previous albums. Naturally there are some real rockers as well but it's on the slower numbers that the Leo Sayer magic will reach out and touch you.

Listen to Leo Sayer. He's a man who's been through several changes himself. Perhaps you know the feeling. You'll certainly find it on his latest album.

Listen, that's all. Just listen.

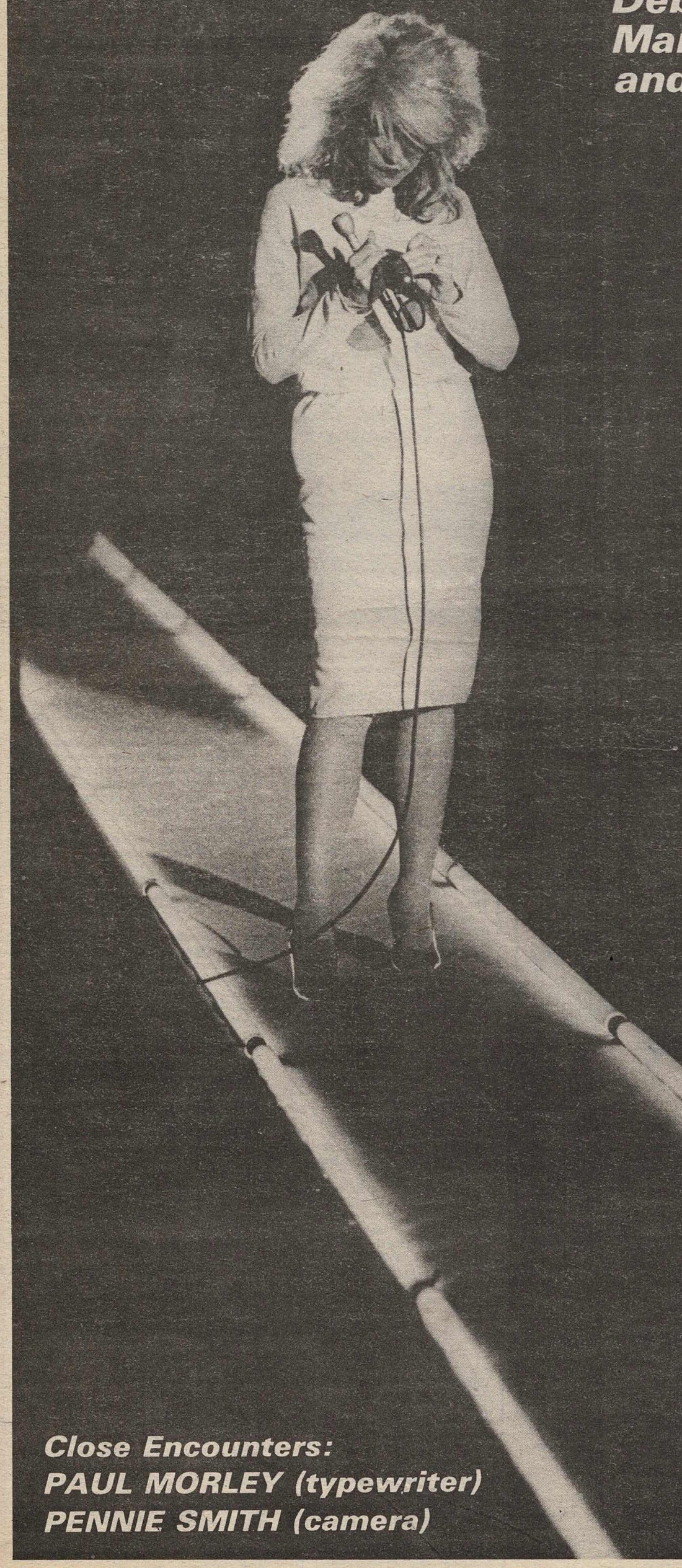


LEO SAYER CDL 1198
ALSO AVAILABLE ON CASSETTE

Chrysalis

BLONDIE AND THE BEAST

Debbie Harry & Co. Meet Market Penetration Uptown and Live To Tell The Tale.



DEBBIE HARRY: a few more brisk calculations in the dry equation, and she will be a star. A household name. An object. An illusion. Well designed, well marketed. It's a modern story, of manipulation and desires, of repression and escapism, of cosmetics, the media, sex. . . and short, sharp pop music/muzak.

It's fun to observe. You can buy buy buy a series of shiny bedroom-dominating posters of her face and half-hidden body areas. The pulp dailies consider her worth exploiting . . . Judith Simons of the *Daily Express* decides with relief that Harry and her boyfriend Chris Stein are just like any other well brought up couple — articulate, polite . . . in reality just bored and tolerant. "They are getting married," the *Express* article blushes, falsely.

"That story'll probably cause a suicide," Harry carelessly remarks.

Debbie Harry is 33, a sequin over five foot and a trifle podgy. Her nails are different lengths, her ragged, bleached hair almost black around the back. Her face is wide, slightly oriental, with tired eyes and features at odds with each other. She spits. She burps. She looks like the girl who sits next to you at college. Boyfriend Chris Stein thinks she's pretty.

She slouches next to me on a sofa in a plush, decorative flat off Kings Rd and seems pretty dowdy; "I may not look real good now" she generously concedes, "but some make-up . . ." Ah. Yes. The transformation!

"Most of what I do is wear tons of make-up around the eyes to make me look mysterious . . . my skin isn't that bad, it's not that I have to cover up huge pits in my face or something — I don't look horrendous, I don't think. I just look like regular y'know. I become glamorous when I put the make-up on."

Let's dwell on the glamour . . . for without this ingredient it's dubious that as many consumers would be attached to Blondie's abreviated pop music. Blondie is a group . . . but that's now how it works. Without Harry's visual pull Blondie would be lucky to be similarly placed.

Debbie Harry, with her looks of luminous vacancy, her glossy, colourful mask, the coyly risque clothes, the air of innocence with the beginnings of an inviting grin, is a caricatured idea of femininity based on the product of a masculine society.

She borders on the grotesque — like the adrogynous face of Dietrich or Garbo — yet shimmers and emanates, a symbol that challenges the male position of secure chauvinism. And the little girls, they've got a crush on her.

This wild, sweet doll with the decorated eyes and masses of carefully disordered hair, has dragged Blondie to an all but American world-wide success.

IT'S DIFFICULT to determine Blondie's role in the creation of all this. It's admitted that it was no accident that the group was named after the artificial colour of the vocalist's hair. The group ruefully recall early New York Days when the *Soho News* would use large pictures of Harry to accompany a gig guide without mentioning the band.

Yet it does seem that when the group appreciated the centralisation of the media in smaller countries they used Harry to gain attention. There are piles of carefully posed pictures that exist for the dailies to use. Last week it was Harry as a schoolgirl in the *Mirror*.

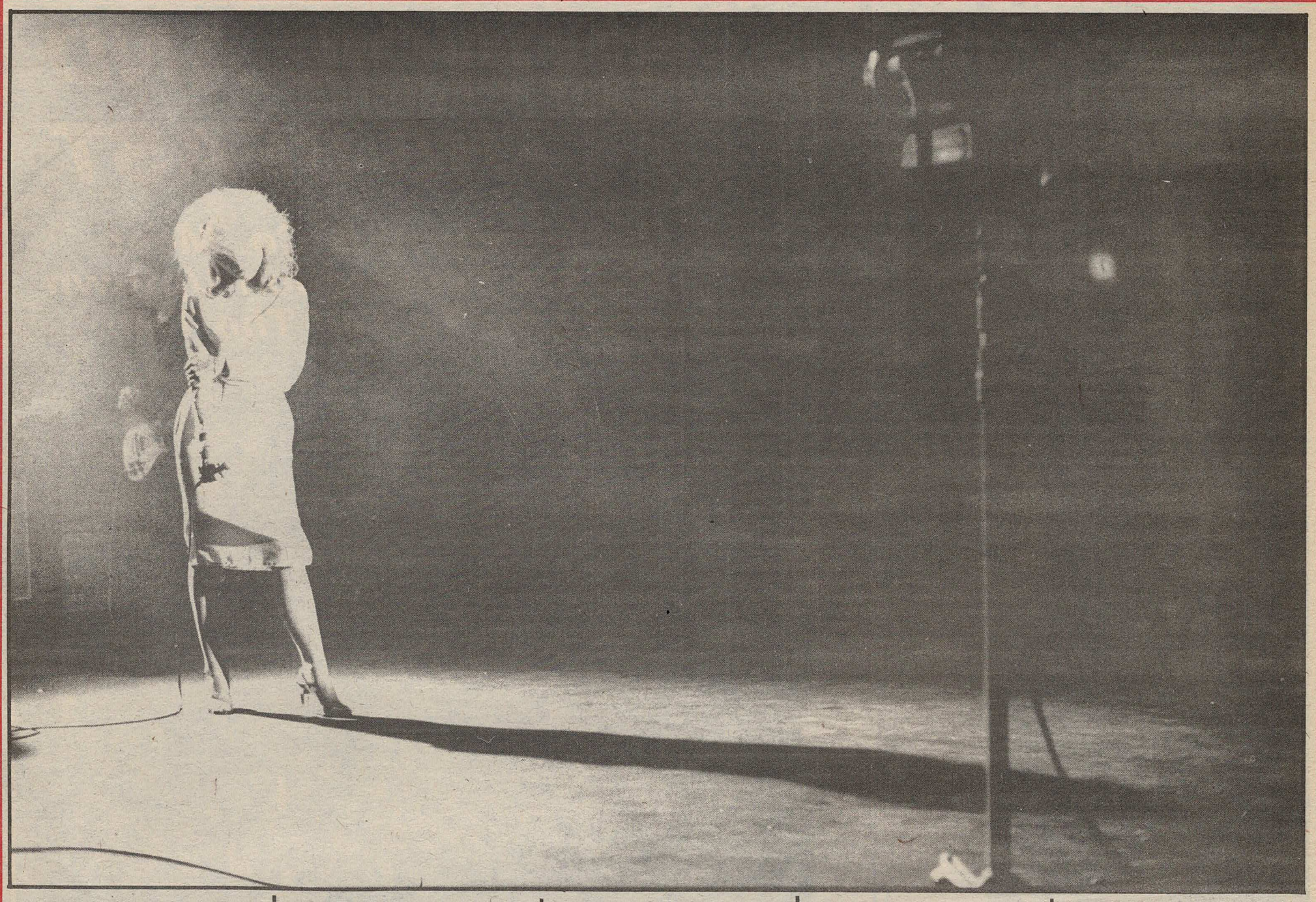
The early attempt to gain attention has got out of hand. The group are now at pains to convey the feeling that Harry is just a legitimate front person. They did not create a symbol, they merely wanted their vocalist to look as sharp as the rest of the band. The media did the rest.

Keyboardsman James Destri argues: "Like, if the Rolling Stones were called The Big Lips after Mick Jagger, it'd still be the same unit of energy. It's just like identifying with the singer and she's the focal point. It's worth the occasional slagging from the press that the band are just her backing musicians, which we know personally is not true. After a while the press will realise there's something else here."

Harry herself emits little care about anything. The curiously glazed, self-contained look of the illusion apparently represents her attitude. Slouched on the sofa in the flat hired for Blondie's brief British stay, she laconically outlines her heavy schedule: meeting the press and rehearsing . . . "I've been doing a lot I'd feel better having more social life, just hanging out . . ." Her thoughts begin to wander. "I'm beginning to wonder about my inspiration."

Continues over page

Close Encounters:
PAUL MORLEY (typewriter)
PENNIE SMITH (camera)



BLONDIE

■ From previous page

whether I'll have any again. Rock'n'roll inspiration. Street level inspiration." Her washed out pessimism is pitiful.

There's an upward curl at the corners of her thick pale lips when her new-found fame is mentioned, but it's still the answer of a caged animal. "It's really funny, most of the time, going out — the punks, the kids, they're ok, it's people like shopkeepers and stuff like that, y'know, they have a different attitude, they have a tendancy to yell obscene things at me. More so than before."

She considers the concentration on her sexuality to be the result of honesty. "Yeah, it's my own fault. By talking. By being real. If I was unreal it would be much easier. Unreal about what I was . . ." Images of days of choosy promiscuity surely flicker through her mind, but her blank look remains. ". . . about what I am. It's nerve-racking now. I should have kept my big mouth shut."

But surely it's how she looks, dresses and what she implies that's the problem. "Yeah" she glumly agrees, "my image is really strong. But y'know, that's like a gift. That's my gift." The gift of a second rate beautician. "Y'know, the glamour is part of Blondie, the best sort of groups have always had that visual plus music plus entertaining."

But, hasn't, in this case, the visual, the image, got out of hand? "I don't think so."

Well, for example, you can get four separate types of Debbie Harry posters — that's more than Farrah Fawcett-Majors or Cheryl Ladd, and that seems entirely alien to where the band come from, what they're trying to do.

"Well, all those posters are independent. I get no money from them."

Sure. But that's the image people are getting, and you don't seem to have hindered the process.

"Well I'm going to have to stop that. Unfortunately I'm going to have to make a rule that there's going to be no photographers at my gigs whatever." There's a trace of a sigh. "I know a lot of people are going to be upset by that, but I also know that a lot of people are probably sick of seeing my picture in the paper. That's the way it's going to have to be."

SHE KEEPS herself at a distance from all the exposure, both through the pressure of work and desire. "When I see things about me I go like THIS!" she gestures, unusually extrovert, depicting cracking up. — "If I read anything cruel I have to have a couple of days to get over it or else I freak out. If it came at me all the time I'd go round throwing acid in people's faces or become a sniper."

As coincidental proof, Chris Stein, who'd been sitting a few feet away perhaps in silent protection, interrupts our halting converstation in mock urgency. He's holding a copy of last week's *NME*. "We have a message for Danny Baker." The lad had breathlessly non-reviewed their single. He wasn't keen. *"Go fuck yourself!!* You want to know what he says?"

No, don't tell me anything," Debbie implores. "We didn't choose the single," she mumbles, to no one in particular, "so at least that's on our side. Blame somebody else! Yes, that's it, it wasn't our selection, though we do like the song."

So why did they let Chrysalis put it out? She turns to me, a little shocked. "Why? We've nothing to say about it. It's not in our contract." She turns to Stein. "I think it's time to slag off Blondie. They were nice to us for a while . . ."

Stein: "They build them up then they knock them down. Hey' there's something about the cover."

Harry: "The licking."

Stein: "Yeah." he reads a bit, ending with Danny's lights outside the church witticism. "What's he mean?"

Harry: "He means we have bingo in the basement."

Stein: "The difficulty is, when we're slagged off, it's not so much the music but, well, here it's the picture sleeve, he's given one sentence about the music."

Harry; meanwhile, is getting angry. "That guy wants to put on a blond wig and do what I do and see how good he is. I could write Danny Baker's column but he couldn't do what I do."

Stein: "Right on!"

Her resentment erupts into a verbal challenge. ".. and you can quote me on that. Tell him he can take me on, he can come on stage and sing a Damned song and I'll write his damned column for him!"

It seemed a good place to conclude conversation with Debbie Harry, me musing if only she *could* sing like Petula Clark.

MY MEETING with the group Blondie was in three parts, which superficially signifies the breakdown of the unit: first with three members of the band in a flat above Debbie and Chris's, then Stein, then Harry.

Stein had hinted at derision and division within the group provoked by media attention centering on Harry, and inevitably through that, to a lesser extent on himself. "It happens, yeah" he shrugs, "It's bound to. It's there, what can you do? But it doesn't get in the way, there are more demanding outside group tensions ... like bureaucratic difficulties," he trails off.

"Marriage? That story will probably cause a suicide."

Actually, keyboardsman and founder member James Destri, recent recruits guitarist Frank Infante and bassist Nigel Harrison, (drummer Clem Burke was out of the room discovering he had German measles) have an admiration and affection for their vocalist that goes deeper than any mere diplomatic disguising of the rifts for press purposes.

Destri, of boyish charm, who writes a lot of the groups material and who spoke with unhurried articulation, summed up the group's opinion on the unevenness of attention: "The thing about Debbie getting the press is hard, especially early on, but we eventually decided that if we're good, it will come to us in time.

"But the thing is, there's two sides to it. I probably would never have had music published as early as I did if it wasn't for Debbie's charisma. Debbie's charisma is helping me get 'Picture This', a song I co-wrote, up into the charts. There's two sides to the coin — people ask isn't it really hard working with Debbie Harry, people never ask isn't it nice, isn't it good — which it is.

"We gave a star, we're glad to have a star, but you must remember we would never have got as far if the representation within ourselves had been stifled — which it's never been. The thing that makes Blondie albums good — which they are — is the fact that they are six people."

SO BLONDIE are a group of musicians. Let's dwell on the music. Blondie music has always been a leisurely nostalgia combined with slumming, primitive modern charge and approach. Their pop songs are multi-levelled pieces, slightly more than a minor listening experience. Details of adventure are few, but compatible with the prime necessities : hooks, melody and impact. Harry's flimsy vocals emphasise an aspect of delicacy. It's a very easy sound, smooth, shiny and hollow, like a china egg. It's superior radio music, and Blondie's new album "Parallel Lines" sees them further entrenched into the ideology of the radio record, with major emphasis on depth and beat for the American market. A consolidation of position at one end, and in terms of the *sound* of the record, a direct aim at the crucial, almost impregnable American barrier.

It is produced by Mike Chapman, whose surname will be more familiar if you couple it with Chinn. On paper this seems as interesting a move as Talking Heads and Devo using Brian Eno. In Blondie's instance maybe there was a lack of conflict between the two parties, Chapman's own ideas dominating over Blondie's more experimental desires. Stein commented: "The new album is very definable, normal stuff. We had a few ideas that Chapman didn't want to go on ... spacier parts that were left off the final mix. Everyone asks if we're selling out by going commercial, but I view it as a challenge to try to produce something that has mass appeal. To me it's more a challenge to try and write hit songs than to do something esoteric."

Destri: "The electronics on the album suffered, but the clarity is so good. Chapman's very perceptive and hardworking. A good pop production, and Chapman's excellent for that. The electronics are subdued, I'm really sorry about that, but it we'd made an album with Brian Eno I don't think we'd have had the commercial accessibility we're going to get with this."

Two apparent opposites emerge: Eno to Chapman, conflict to composure, chaos to cool, experimentation to accessibility. Two different formulae. Blondie maybe wish to balance these two lines?

Destri: "Yeah, I want exactly that. With this album I wanted a cut that would please the artists — I wanted the album to jump around. I think the rest of the group wanted to . . . but Mike was asked to do a clean pop job by Chrysalis and I can't blame Chrysalis for wanting him to do that."

Marks of a compromise that don't seem to hurt Blondie's feelings too much. It's a compromise that gives them a direction, and a purpose, that they seem pleased to take. Destri has no hang ups about calling Blondie a pop group. "I consider Roxy Music a pop group. A different definition of 'pop'."

The group take very seriously the processes of creating what Chris Stein calls 'mass appeal' music. an ulterior motive is a further sweetening of the bitter compromise pill. Their purpose? "What we want to do," Destri charms "is to get as many people interested in Blondie as possible so we can show them what we really believe! Not exactly any means to an end, but we'll use as many hooks as possible to get an audience and then show them what we really want to do!"

Infante and Harrison, slightly taken aback at Destri's candid impetuousness, chorus "But we're doing what we want to do now," and Destri hurriedly agrees. But the message is across.

This is the Bowie Theory. Here is an important influence on the group. The shrewd and planned attitude of building the large audience, and then to some extent freewheeling whilst still creatively active. What Blondie would love to do is prepare a record of music less rounded, less pretty. More spontaneous, not produced to

■ Continues page 38

Don't look back, it's here!

**Boston have returned with another incredible album
'Don't Look Back'—
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'Boston' debut album.
Take off to a new world with Boston and Don't Look Back.**

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STEALIN' HOME

I used to think Albertos was a Spurs centre-forward until I read . . .

THRILLS

Beating on the prat with a baseball bat — BRUCE MITCHELL offers C. P. LEE a lesson in America's favourite sporting pastime. Pic: ROBERTA BAYLEY

TALES OF THE ROACH MOTEL

***C. P. LEE** of Alberto Y Lost Trios Paranoias pens a Letter From America to his alter-ego Norman Sleak, who finds the grisly missive lying on the mat after the long hitch back from Reading*

DEAR NORMAN,

Wow, eh Norm, here I am in New York with Bruce and it's weird. Not a bit like Manchester.

They all talk funny and wave their arms around a lot. I think the reason they wave their arms around a lot is because it's 90 degrees here in the Big Apple (bloody Baking Apple if you ask me), as us hep cats call it.

Do you remember what my mum told us before we left England? About how on telly things were dead violent in New York? Well, boy oh boy, was she right. Seven of us got mugged on the plane when we were only halfway over the Atlantic. The pilot — a nice guy when he'd sobered up — explained that it was all part of their service to get us used to the American way of life. The Americans are a very thoughtful people like that.

Like the big black man who offered to take our bags for us at the airport. Like I feel really sorry for him, because he was so kind helping us out, but us being tired as newts from the flight, lost sight of him in the crowd. I bet he'll still be there when we catch our flight back. Anyway, Norman, I digress . . .

The first thing that I noticed about New York (apart from the heat and the violence) was, there wasn't any — wait for it, Norm — no dogshit! That's right. You see, they passed a law (ha ha) two weeks ago that made it a crime to leave your dog's shit in the street. You have to buy little plastic shovels called 'poop scoops'; and it's been such a success that on the street where our hotel is (I think it's called the Bowery) lots of people were taking advantage of the clean-up by lying down on the sidewalk. Some of these guys were so overcome with happiness that they'd bought a drink to celebrate, and I think one or two of them might have had a bit too much. It must have been drink because there wasn't any food in their vomit.

This Bowery place has got a club on it called CBGB's, and they let us in for nothing when we told them that we were George Harrison's cousin. It was a really strange place, full of what Bruce called ambience, but the only one I saw was outside, helping a poor lad who'd OD'd.

The police in New York have a special medical technique for helping people who've had a bit too much of anything. It's a bit like acupuncture, only instead of needles, they use long pieces of wood to hit the pressure points with.

I don't know what the lads at home would make of the band that were playing at this gig. They were called The Cramps, and they're a transvestite rockabilly punk group. I know it's not my place to criticise but — if they were playing in our back garden I'd draw the curtains.

Mind you, we were lucky to see anybody, 'cos we nearly didn't get out of the hotel. You see, the first thing we did was put the telly on. Eh up Norm, it's brill! It goes on forever. 24 hours a day. I tell you what — I bet the cameraman's knackered. Every night at 9.30 they show old Groucho Marx quiz shows, but as a punishment for particularly hideous crimes they make you sit up all night and watch people like Jackson Browne or Harry Chapin in concert.

Mind you, there are thirteen channels to choose from, so with nerves of steel and a steady hand you can keep flipping the channels until you find something that you like. It took us four days, and then it was *Monty Python* on the educational channel.

The standard of shows over here makes *Crossroads* look like it was produced by the Royal Shakespeare Company, and with all the ads they show we wondered why they just didn't forget the programmes and show the ads.

Tell you what Norm, we went to see this belting black lad called Bo Diddley, and he was bloody great. If he ever put a record out I think he might have a hit. Mind you he was a bit of a drag at times, playing loads of riffs I've heard white bands use — still, he was very entertaining which is more than can be said for the band that were on before him. They played for five hours between eleven and midnight, and they came from Texas.

I think they were called The Big Fat Slobs In T-Shirts Boogie Band and they all had beards and ponytails (maybe they were on horse?). They made Bruce cry, but I didn't think they were that good.

Eh, guess what Norm? Guess who came into the bar of our hotel when I was trying to fix my digital watch? Patti bloody Smith, that's who. I got such a shock! It transpires she was staying there while she had new roaches fitted in her other hotel.

Now steady on Norm, not the kind of roaches you're thinking of. If you tried smoking one of these fookers they'd beat the shit out of you. It's a bug. A big bug.

It's not even an it. It's a them. Millions of them. They advertise loads of things on the telly that you can buy to kill them with. Like napalm and baseball bats. The best one is a box called the 'Roach Motel'. "They check in, but they don't check out."

As they enter, they trigger off a very small machine gun, being as how they're immune to almost all known insecticides. Scientists reckon that the roaches will develop body armour and then even the 'roach motel' will go out of business.

One of the drawbacks to New York, eh Norm? Still, you've got to take the rough with the smooth. Like for instance, the radio. Most of the black people over here seem to carry huge portable radios around with them everywhere. If you're really hip you have it slung over your shoulder on a Fender guitar strap. Cool uh?

However, now for the rough bit. I always thought that the Yanks were well off. They're not, and what's more I can prove it, because the radio stations have only got three records. They play them all the time. Just like that episode of *The Goodies* when they ran a pirate radio station and the only thing they could broadcast was "A Walk In The Black Forest". In New York, day in and day out, they play "Yoothawannathawan are you sure? Yes I am, OOH OOH OOH", — Travoltanewton clone in sickening excess of terminal ersatz grease; and the Monday morning sickness fever of thank God it's Tuesday, with the grunting groan of bitch goddess Donna Summer time I sigh, other time I lithp. Record number three on our countdown of ecstasy here on WNBC are the fabulous Bee Gees, but to be honest Norm, I don't remember very much after they announce them, because I turn green and the buttons pop off my shirt and arghhh . . .

Well Norman, time for me to go and wring out my shirt. You'd fit in well here Norman, except you'd have to trade your greatcoat in for a ponytail and a Lone Star T-shirt. Oh yeah, one bad point, they haven't got any mandies over here, only downers. Still, boys will be boys as the girls all say, so keep dropping those pills Norm and scratch a few records for me till I get back.

Have A Nice Day,
C. P. LEE
New York, August, '78

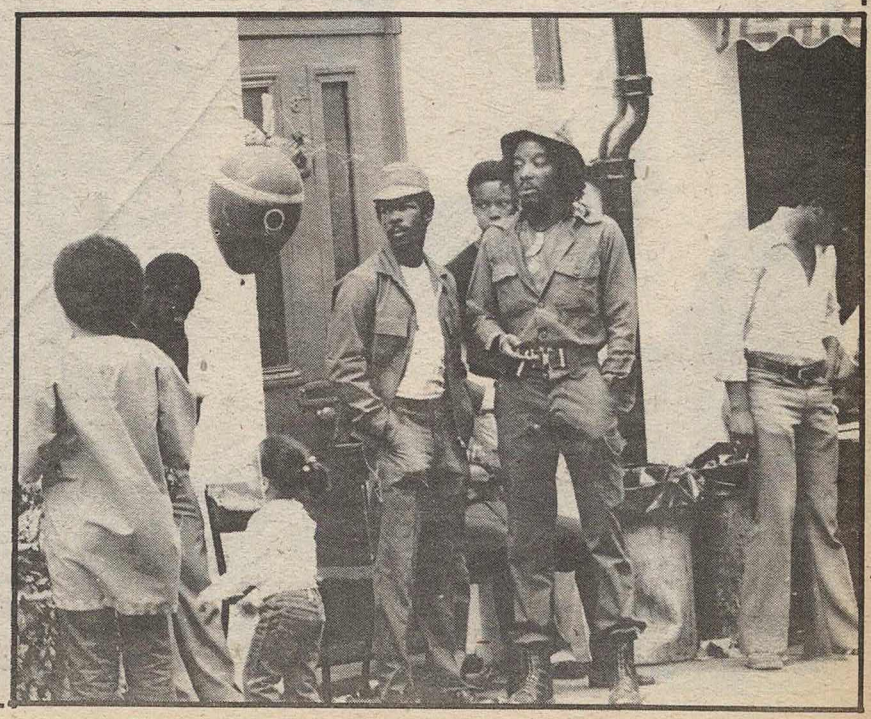
THRILLS

. . . MEANWHILE, BACK HERE IN REAL LIFE . . .

AFTER a pre-event buzz of honky paranoia, the Notting Hill Carnival turned out to be a low-key, enjoyable event. Credit for this must go to reduced crowds, greyish weather, and the massive saturation tactics of 'Hammer' McNee and his boys in blue, whose constant crowd manipulation never allowed the rudis in the crowd to build up a head of steam. Plenty of action, no bang.

Pictures: CHRIS L. URCA

THRILLS



ODEON CLOSURE BUNGLED

FOR TEN YEARS the good councillor had impatiently tried to shut down rock concerts at the Hammersmith Odeon, and last Wednesday his real chance seemed to have come.

There was a lot of indignant hot air steaming out of Councillor Simon Knott's nose before the Works Executive Committee meeting. It was there that he was going to whip his colleagues to arms and object to the GLC granting the Odeon another music licence.

Indeed, the future of an imprtant London rock theatre was in the balance.

Not only is Councillor Knott the Liberal leader on the council — in fact, he's one half of the Libbys' contingent of just *two* — but he's the man who 15 years ago had made sure late night movies were banned at the same venue.

With good reason, the rock business trembled as this 47-year-old stockbroker told of his petition signed by 338 stout locals who didn't much care for the "excessive noise and disturbance" caused at the Odeon.

By Knott's account it's a regular little Babylon down there under the Hammersmith flyover.

"The noise when they pour out of the Odeon is disgusting," Knott trumpeted. "The quality of life in that area has been degraded. The GLC closed down sex cinemas in Soho, and this is worse than pornography.

"It has got to stop."

The police and GLC were at the meeting. So too was the Odeon manager, with the PR and legal beaver from the owners, Rank. And seven true locals dropped by to ensure justice was done.

But the Odeon Get-Knotted Campaign was embarrassingly anti-climactic.

Apparently, Mr Knott hadn't known that any objections to a new music licence should have been lodged with the GLC at the end of July, *unless* they were particularly strong grievances.

Councillor Knott's, it was deemed, weren't.

The rock biz and Odeon people sighed with relief at the stay of this bureaucratic execution.

A Labour committee member, Councillor Les Wicks, sensibly said: "I am sure we wouldn't get anywhere unless we had many more specific examples of disturbances.

"I propose that we monitor concerts, have complaints going to one person, and then oppose the licence next year if we find it necessary."

But what would the ramifications have been if Knott hadn't been entangled by the local government red tape?

He wasn't complaining about the way the theatre's run, just the racket and parking problems created by a couple of thousand people using the Odeon. And if he'd prevented another licence being granted, then he would have set a precedent.

In other words, it might have been goodbye to the Rainbow, Palladium, Wembley, Music Machine and Lyceum.

Rank's PR Chris Moore was understandably pleased that Knott's campaign had come to such an ineffective end.

"Thank goodness it was really a non-event," he said.

Although over the years Knott has written letters of complaint to Rank, his most recent campaign was caused by the long queues for Dylan tickets. But Phil Leivers, the Odeon manager, guaranteed it wouldn't happen again.

He diplomatically added: "From now on I will make even more effort to quieten fans down before they leave."

Knott was obviously disappointed he had missed the boat. But he didn't regard it as complete failure.

"I don't expect this year's licence to be halted now," he said realistically. "But I should think that Rank's will be very heavily rapped over the knuckles by the GLC."

Naughty, naughty . . .

But watch out kids, the beady bureaucratic eye is on you for the next year. You are being *"monitored"!*

How do you like your new Big Brother?

TONY STEWART
STEPHEN GROCOTT

GLC FELLS LOCAL SPOT TO GET KNOTTED

RUDI pictured in Carnaby Street after a wash and brush-up in the NME kitchen. Note NME newshound dashing off on assignment (left). Evidence: DENIS O'REGAN.

CARBON TETRACHLORIDE —OVERCOMING THE IRISH

"THROUGH my TV vision, timelock in my brain / Minimum sensation — maximum pain."

So begins the second single from Belfast band Rudi. it's called "Overcome By Fumes" and it's a song about carbon tetrachloride (cleaning fluid) inhalation — the stuff that makes your head feel like a ball of lead on a wayward conveyor belt.

"Fumes" is a definite improvement over their debut single "Big Time", which was a moderately enjoyable first time effort released on a local independent label called Good Vibrations. But it failed to capture the

full breadth of their imaginative qualities, the foremost of which is an uncanny knack of writing brief seminal compostions centred on the time-honoured Holy Trinity and making it sound so gawdamn simple.

Rudi (the monicker is knocked off an old song by The Jook) were formed in 1975 by Ronnie Matthews and Brian Young after the latter was thunderbolted by Marc Bolan and caught the bug to play rock'n'roll.

Since then they've worked through line-up changes and logical progressions in their set content — from glam to teenybop to punk — until they arrived at their present set of 18 originals, some still ragged at the edges, but all brimming with potential.

The band line-up is Graham Marshall (drums), Gordon Blair (bass), Brian Young (guitar and vocals), and Ronnie Matthews (guitar and vocals).

Living in Ulster has given the band an opportunity to attain their own particular style by absorbing and assimilating influences without being stifled in their formative stages by over-zealous scrutiny.

But as Ronnie explains: "We've gone as far as we can in Ulster." The group now think it's time to head out and look for success in Babylon(don).

"We're not waiting for the bastards to come out here and find us, we're going out there to find them," says Brian. Which is exactly what they've just done. They were last seen camping out in Carnaby Street.

I think they've a good chance of making it; the band *know* they have. They describe their new songs as "distant lyrical and musical progressions" — songs like "All Systems Go", "Jerk" and the unrecorded classic "Time To Be Proud" — and they're right.

But the firt time I ever talked to Ron he gave me the real reason why Rudi are gonna be BIG. "We're good looking," he said. "We'll get our pictures in *Jackie.*"

Not much you can say to that.

GAVIN MARTIN

THRILLS

LEICESTER SQ. STREETDANCE

THE TROUBLE all began last April on a peaceful Sunday afternoon in West London's Rupert Street.

Two street performers, David Mahon and Judy Boyle, were enacting the improvised children's tale *Willie The Clinkerlet* to a small crowd of interested passers-by, when a policeman approached and, without prior warning, arrested them for "obstruction".

He chose the wrong people to arrest.

Mahon and Boyle are part of a loose grouping of musicians, actors and activists know as The Demolition Decorators. Their arrest sparked a feud with the forces of law and order that has been escalating ever since.

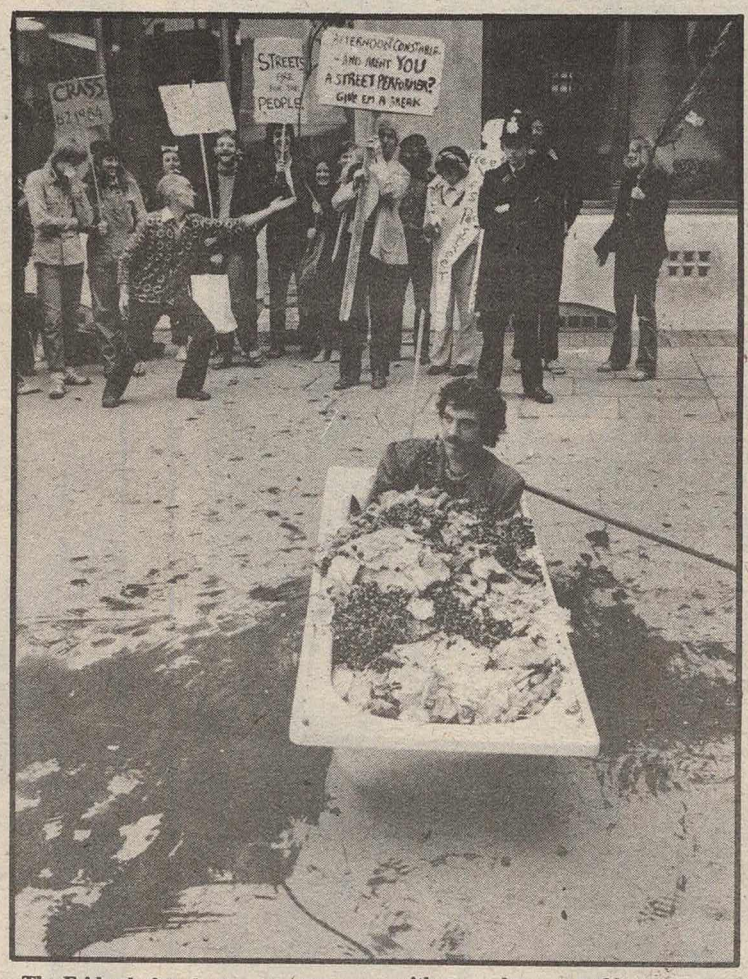
The position of street buskers has always been somewhat unclear. Where one policeman merely looks, listens and passes by, another may stop, arrest and book charges. Of late the latter breed has become the more common.

New Zealanders Boyle (22) and Mahon (21) were orginally scheduled to appear in court on August 8, where they intended to plead not guilty. The Decorators decided to make a day of it.

In court the magistrate's eyebrows ricocheted periodically as supporters sporting flamingo pink and orange hair and outlandish costumes crowded into the tiny public gallery and waited for over two hours to hear the case. However, the daily roster of prostitutes and assault cases proved interminable, and the buskers' case was adjourned until September 21.

Still, the carnival atmosphere of banjos, placards and unicycles, plus a bath full of rotting vegetables with Decorators mainman Arif sitting regally in the tub, brought a smile to the Bow Street coppers and a modicum of press coverage to the Demolition Decorators.

As it happens, the Decorators welcomed the recess. They seized the time it gave them to further their demonstrations and their free music campaign. An even bigger spectacle is promised for Bow Street come September, but meanwhile . . .



The Friday before last saw the first of the Demolition Decorators' "special events" in Leicester Square. Publicised via word of mouth and a mention in *Time Out*, the Decorators materialised in the square at 9.30 pm with mops, brooms and hoovers, sporting masks fashioned from Omo and Tampax packets. They proceeded to begin cleaning the square and handing out copies of their free music manifesto.

Left: Arif protests in colourful fashion. Pic: CHRIS SCHWARZ.

Next they set up a table with some flowers to indicate the stage area, and Arif ushered on a succession of acts; electric (battery operated) guitarist Luke, followed by the excellent Rough Theatre song'n'joke troupe, followed by German "punk soul" orchestra Mobiles Einsatz . . .

. . . Whose act was graced with the presence of two coppers, along for a jam session. They promptly yanked Arif's megaphone away and booked him for "obstruction", despite protests from the crowd, which by now numbered several hundred.

Within seconds pandemonium broke out.

In a whirr of blue lights and sirens, several police cars converged on the square — shortly to be reinforced by a van whose presence was totally superfluous in view of the strictly non-violent attitude of the crowd.

Three other Demolition crew were arrested and the police cleared the square. End of one demonstration.

Or was it?

Suddenly another sprang up. The Decorators decided to storm Bow Street nick — and about 100 demonstrators set off down the street, carrying their instant carnival with them along Longacre to greet Arif's release with a suitable celebration. His case comes up on October 5.

Undaunted, the Decorators staged a smaller scale repeat performance over the weekend. They won't come quietly.

In the meantime, Leicester Square looks a good bet for live music these Friday evenings . . .

ELISSA VAN POZNAK

THRILLS

The THREE DEGREES flew in this week to perform at a special charity dinner at The Kings Country Club, Eastbourne on 27th July in front of HRH Prince Charles. Sheila Ferguson commented on the prospect of meeting HRH Prince Charles, "We have all been longing to meet him. I understand he is only supposed to watch us, but, who knows, we might even get him up on stage for a quick boogie".

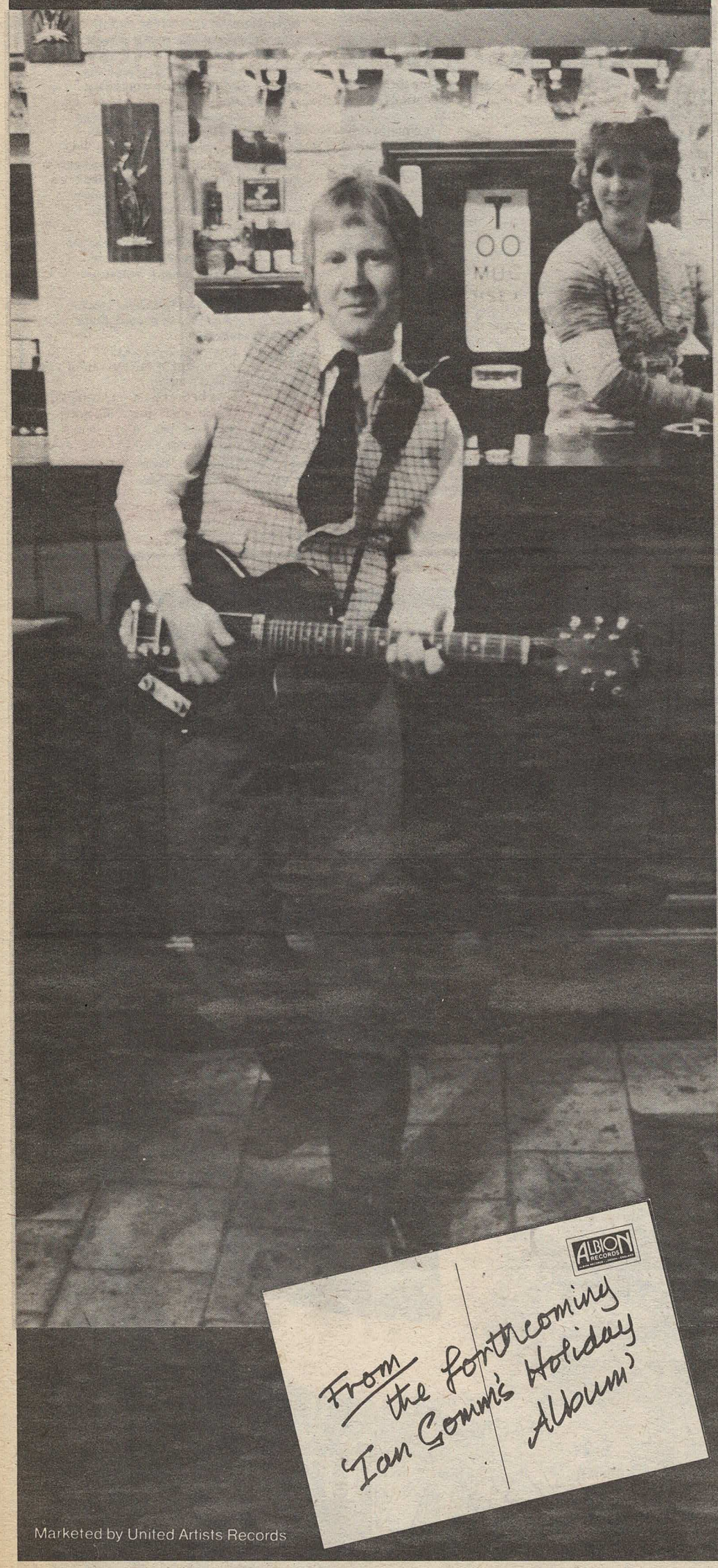
From publicist Jenny Halsall's newsletter. She can pick 'em!

IAN GOMM

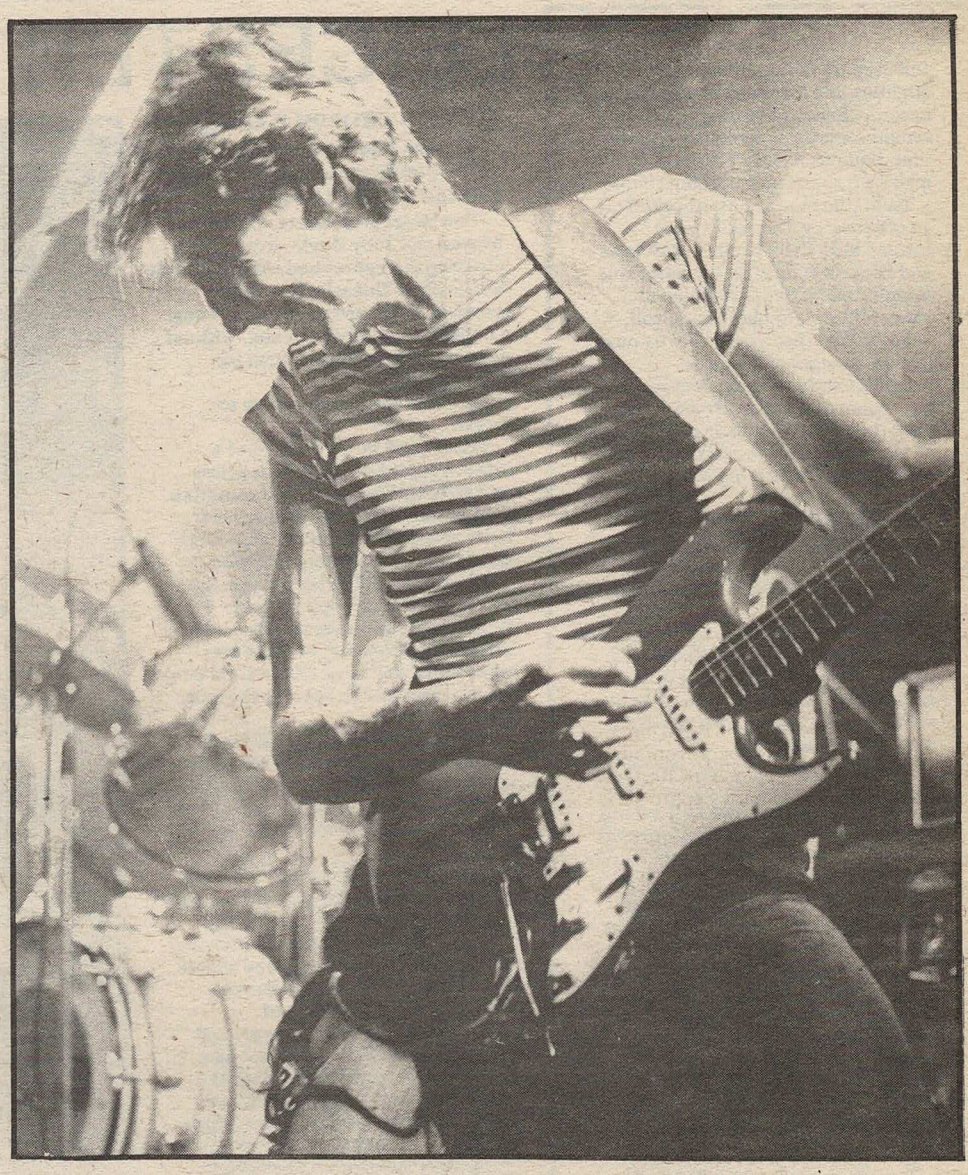
His New Single

HOLD ON

ION 2



Marketed by United Artists Records



Pic: PENNIE SMITH

AMERICAN DREAMS OF A MOTORS MECHANIC

MOTORS GUITARIST and semi-fledged solo artiste Bram Tchaikovsky was smoking with the boys upstairs when I arrived at publicist/manager Richard Ogden's bijou office in funky W.9.

"I dunno," boomed the ever-genial Ogden. "Everything I touch these days turns to red vinyl."

The majority of the Ogden roster is renowned for its distinctly heavy flavour. Not too sold on subtleties is our Dick. His philosophy: "If it makes yer ears bleed, sign it."

The Motors commenced their meteoric rise to fame with some of that loud momentum ringing in their skulls, upmarket HM with catchy riffs and mod-con promotion. So it went until their second album, "Approved", and the discovery that the Nick Garvey and Andy McMaster songwriting team was more intent on carving a niche toughening up a peculiarly British pop sound.

It was *NME's* Paul Rambali who observed in a singles column that their new 45 "Forget About You" bore a remarkable resemblance to a White Plains drifter of some summers vintage. Definitely out of time.

Yet here's earthy Bram Tchaikovsky (formerly Peter Bramall) with an accent stronger than the Lincolnshire poacher's alibi and a spanking new power trio to boot: Micky Broadbent on bass and ex-Heavy Metal Kid Keith Boyce on drums.

slow Garvey and McMaster time to tunesmith.

Not a self-confessed fan of The Motors myself, I cynically opine to Tchaikovsky that it looks like the game's up, old son. Sorry I spoke: "I'm fed up with people saying, 'ave The Motors packed up? The truth is that Andy and Nick are signed to Virgin.

"They are The Motors.

"If me or Rick quit they'd carry on, because they don't need us and we don't need them.

"In many ways I'm hoping they record the third album without us. They aren't happy on the road, whereas I love it. Andy hates performing, gets bloody sick and nervous indigestion. Nick's forte is behind a desk."

Local government, that sort of thing? "Ee, no — a mixin' desk!"

Quite the opposite is our Bram, happen. The lad gets reet peeved sitting at home writing and the like.

"I hate it. That's why we've got Battle Axe together (the band's original name — now it's just Bram Tchaikovsky) for these few dates. It was inevitable I'd tour on my own. After all, if the Motors are having six months off . . . ("to come up with more hits and make more money," Oggers interjects quickly) . . . then why the 'ell should I sit on me arse? In any case I

In this guise Tchaikovsky is set fair to sign a deal, not with Virgin, but with Andrew Lauder's Radar. All this while The Motors, save for a Marquee warm-up and a Reading date, are off the road for six months to allow the notoriously

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH TO BE WOMAN?

Not, as you might expect, Bob Marley's BMW (B.M and the Wailers, y'dig?) — but an anonymous (though exceedingly hip) BMW sent to us a person whose name we've lost.

think Andy would get fed up if it gets any more successful."

TCHAIKOVSKY has fronted bands before. One of his previous outfits, Smith, was on the verge of signing with Purple; another, Heroes, fell foul of the re-think taking place post pub-rock, punk seed sowing time.

His current solo work amounts to an EP, produced by Garvey, and some rougher ballast. Acquaintance with this material led me to surmise that his direction was several kilometres west of the commercially viable Motors.

"I can't disagree — I don't have a lot to do with it. The new single sounds like loads of things, don't like it much. But I joined on a second audition after I'd learnt Nick's style off in two weeks. The conditions were that it was Nick and Andy's band, you go in and earn your wages. So I do."

The faster and louder element in The Motors' early Mutt Lange model was not the bag Garvey had in mind, although they managed to reproduce that same feel on the road for a while until they realised it wasn't comfortable.

Under this guise they undertook a tour of America, ironically getting bracketed with the then rife new wave stigma. Despite some snotty reactions Stateside, Tchaikovsky was sufficiently impressed to consider making a living in America with his own band.

The Ogden connection will serve him well. While The Motors will probably continue as a songwriting duo in the manner of 10cc (my speculation), the Tchaikovsky approach is the old fashioned up and at 'em lads band, eminently suited to high wattage, stacks of Marshalls and a coalescence of minimum foppery plus maximum volume a la Bram's heroes Status Quo and another erstwhile Anglo trio who hopped off to America, thank God, the dreaded UFO.

Not to misrepresent Bram, though — his material is tinged with a sweetening reminiscent of Steve Miller. A track on the EP that impressed Radar is called "Sarah Smiles" (I'm sure Hall and Oates came up with summat similar).

Tchaikovsky won't feel many qualms when he bids farewell to the Lincolnshire flats and packs his toothbrush for the great unknown.

"The problem with England is the clubs — and the promoters are mostly a lot of shit. I can't be loyal to an ideal of England, and there's no future being loyal to small numbers. I've been in the business too long to get trapped. Reality is that you get no respect unless you're big in America. Look at Quo, don't mean shit there. Let's face it, the sole aim of playing America is big stages, a lot of fun and making a fook of a lot of money."

B.T. — just a Motors employee

Any deal Bram signs with Radar will cut Virgin to the quick. Upon calling Ogden in for a business chat, Virgin boss Richard Branson found himself in a pickle. Tchaikovsky had no intention of staying with the family.

It appears The Motors' management were not pleased that their infamous "Amin to de Motors" ad campaign (undeniably tasteless as it was — it won an award for same in *Variety)* was rejected by the Virgin/Epic axis in America. "Fook 'em . . . if we'd done that and been sued by Nixon it would have been great. Radar know that I'll slay the buggers over there."

Bram's interest is certainly live performance. He waxes lyrical on his attitudes to recorded sound. "Studio stuff I couldn't give two fooks for, as long as it's good. Live you use harmonisers and all these gadgets anyway."

Any success story for Bram would bring the general Motors into a conflict of interests, yes?

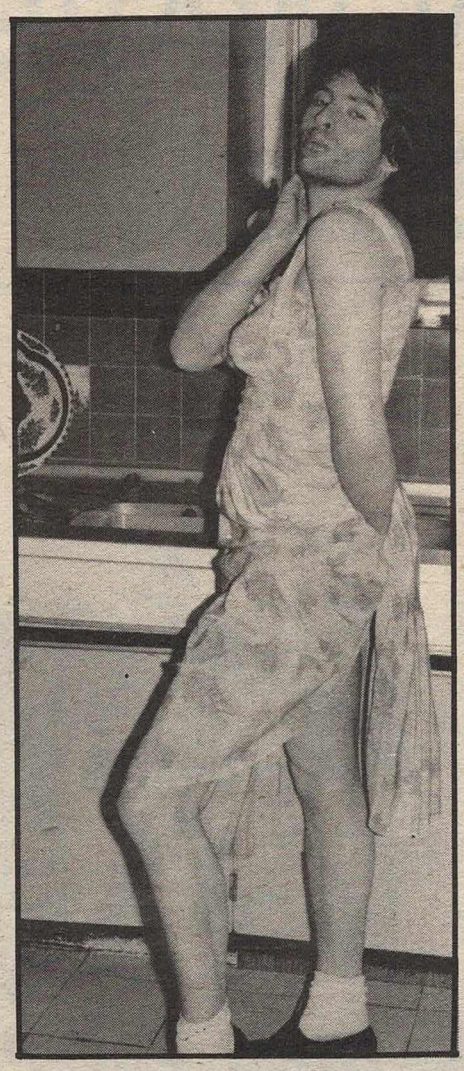
"Well, Andy (McMaster) was a bit funny about it. He's a bit crazy, tends to lash out if he thinks he's getting ripped off, which he has been. None of us are young — he's 37. The atmosphere improved after I did this, we're tighter now. Andy has come round too, y'know how it is with genius like.

"I wanted 'em to do 'Sarah Smiles' on the 'Approved' album but it didn't work so I kept it back."

Tchaikovsky avows that The Motors are still a priority in his professional life. All the evidence suggests that they offer a job he enjoys. But it *is* a job, and his own band's dealings will determine just how much he continues to enjoy it. Stay tuned.

THRILLS

BLACKMAIL CORNER



THE SLEAZY snapshot you see above passed discreetly into our grubby little hands last week.

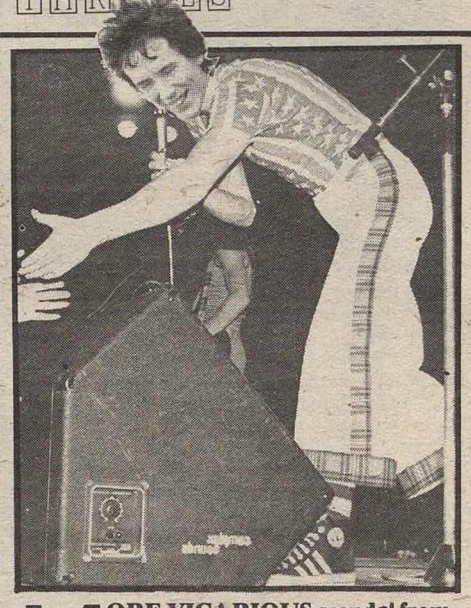
No, it's not Freddie Mercury practising his arias by the kitchen sink (where Queen are concerned perhaps that should read kitsch'n'sink) — in fact it's none other than The Tom Robinson Band's lead guitarist Danny Kustow, caught at an, ahem, party practising his . . . well, what would you call it?

Now this is the sort of thing that gives TRB a bad name.

Or at least, it's the sort of thing that makes the less enlightened among us write letters like the one that appeared in a recent issue of "Rock On' magazine, expressing a desire to do serious injury to Tom Robinson because of his sexual preferences. The letter, incidentally, won a £5 record token.

And there was BLACKMAIL CORNER thinking it had a monopoly on unprincipled behaviour . . .

THRILLS



MORE VICARIOUS scandal from those lovable offenders of public good taste, The Bay City Rollers.

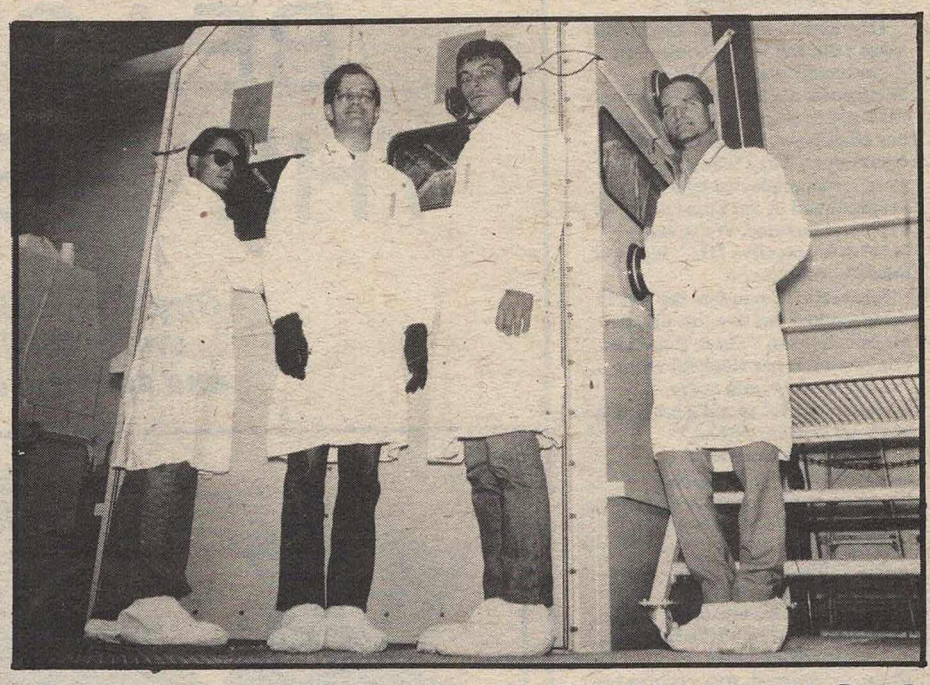
It appears singer Les McKeown blew his cool at a recent LA press conference and walked out on the band amidst a flurry of custard pies. An off-the-cuff remark from manager Tam Paton, who in fact has no intention of replacing the temperamental McKeown, led to a spate of Johnny Rotten joins the Rollers stories.

"Somebody said, 'Who would you consider replacing him with?' and I said 'Anybody from Johnny Rotten to Andy Williams'. Obviously Andy Williams isn't very newsworthy these days," joked Paton.

Nonetheless, he did enquire of *Thrills* weather Rotten currently has a manager. He hasn't, we told him.

"Sensible fellow," Paton replied. "You can tell him from me that he should stay that way."

OOR WOODY



DISCO WORLD DOMINATION

HENRY FORD should be adopted as the patron saint of disco — the music that gives true meaning to the terms assembly line and 'manufactured'.

This message came over loud and clear from reports of the recent International Disco Forum organised by the trade magazine *Billboard*.

For three days delegates from 14 countries discussed various aspects of what is now a $4 billion a year industry.

Neil Bogert, president of Casablanca Records, the most successful and aggressive of the independent companies, delivered the keynote address.

"1978," he said, "will long be remembered as the era when millions of Americans got back on their feet.

"The disco phenomenon is real.

"It is more than just the sale of millions of records. It is more than the sound that's sweeping through discos and radio stations all over the world.

"It is a major influence in the world of fashion. It is a dynamic factor in contemporary advertising. It is a message from every consumer that there has been a rediscovery of America's greatest by-product — FUN."

Pointing to the huge success of disco movies, he said disco will also "lend itself beautifully to videocassette and videodisk recordings, and a whole new art form will develop." (Note should be made of the fact that Bogert's partner in Casablanca is Peter Guber, a longtime executive of Columbia films who has studied and written at length on just this subject).

Throughout the meet, there was little talk of the music itself; after all, this was strictly business. Lenny Stevens, owner of a Philly disco called The Library, told one seminar: "If you think building a disco is anything other than a business, you probably won't be interested in what I have to say."

Disco ownership, he claimed, is "more than light and sound." The key to success is "market analysis". He even quoted the powerful steel magnate Henry Kaiser: "'Find a need and fill it' — that's how to plan a disco."

Mind you, they could have been talking about steel instead of music. One speaker said there were three steps owners of discos should bear in mind: the opening process, the operation of the facility and the control of the operation once it's open.

As in the fast food business, franchising is now a big thing. Michael O'Harro of Tramps, currently spreading nationwide in the US, said their franchising fee is $15,000 plus 5% of the gross. His personal consultant's fee is $1000 a day.

● *Next page*

RICH KIDS
NEW SINGLE OUT NOW
THOMAS·IMPOST OR
ROME
SHARP ONES
GHOSTS of princes in towers
EMI 2848

● *From previous page*

One major subject of discussion among the DJs was unionisation — and small wonder. Paris Westbrook of 2001 Clubs claimed: "DJs are important, but so are all our employees. We're not out to create stars. They follow a song-for-song playlist which is programmed in our home office by a musical director. We're not looking for creative DJs." No, just machine-minders.

Michael O'Harro had the whole thing worked out to a fine art. By his calculations, "There should be one customer per week for every two square feet, and every customer should spend a minimum of $5 per visit for drinks."

The forum even had its own tame professor — Richard Peterson, professor of sociology/ anthropology, who gave a talk entitled "Sub-Culture Ramifications of the Disco Phenomenon in America".

He called disco one of the three 20th Century revolutions in music, following jazz and rock'n'roll. Disco, he claimed, was a return to the jazz image — urbane, chic, with an element of decadence. Disco, unlike rock, provided a return to security from the police. As he put it, "there will never be a disco hit which urges 'off the pigs'".

The disco generation was also exploring a new sexuality, he claimed — sex without gender.

Like punk, disco is being led by a small bunch of independent record companies, blazing a trail for the majors to follow as soon as they scent there's enough money in it to make it a mass-market proposition. But unlike punk, which was the closest we've had to real people's music in recent years, disco's roots are purely synthetic.

As one speaker pointed out, when asked why there weren't more live acts in discos, "Disco music is heavily produced studio music. Most people don't think of disco acts as people."

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

BEACHED BY THE NEW WAVE

City Boy look back on four years under the iron fist of fashion and spill the secrets of survival ...

Ride ride ride the wild scurf . . . CITY BOY, pictured by ROB HALL.

FATE HAS always shown City Boy little mercy. They've been together four years, signed to Phonogram for three, produced a grand total of six singles and four albums — and not until August '78 did the single "5.7.0.5" scale the dizzy heights to chart success (and even that had to be re-written after being banned for being too controversial).

Yet now, after being beached by the new wave, they're still alive and well and quite amazingly unresentful.

In '75, along with superlative reviews for their debut album "City Boy", they left their native Birmingham to tour with Thin Lizzy, with their first single in the loving embrace of the Radio 1 playlist.

"We thought we'd made it," grins singer Steve Broughton.

"We were wrong," adds vocal sidekick Lol Mason.

In 1976 came an equally-acclaimed second album, "Dinner At The Ritz", taking their stage act into the realms of vaudeville and 30's music hall and steering the band even further away from the headbanging rock that was bulldozing a path across the nation's airwaves.

By May '77 their third album, "Young Men Gone West", made its appearance with a noticeably more commercial feel. Had they decided to modify their whole approach?

"It wasn't a case of modifying things," says Lol defensively, "we just went right to the other end of the spectrum. It wasn't a conscious attempt to make an ultra-commercial album."

"We started searching for a new direction," says Steve, "and we found about ten directions. As a result the album sounds like a K-Tel Greatest Hits all done by one band."

They immediately set out on a UK tour supporting The Sutherland Brothers, but audiences were still in short supply. Then, desperately in need of an ego-boost, the band headed for America five months later and slogged their way round 30 cities to a vastly greater reaction.

"It was getting less and less worth playing here," reflects Lol. "As well as losing money, it was very depressing you know, going to

Patrick Juvet

His Disco Smash

'Got A Feeling'

CAN 127

Simon Bates 'Record of the Week'

RECORDS GROUP

Casablanca Record and Film Works

Teri De Sario

Her Disco Smash

'Ain't Nothing Gonna Keep Me From You'

CAN 128

Written & Produced by BARRY GIBB

A Tony Blackburn 'Record of the Week'

Casablanca Record and Film Works

RECORDS GROUP

Darlington to play about 50 people, it just didn't make sense."

Do they think British audiences are more conditioned by what's fashionable?

Steve: "Oh no, I think they're just more restricted in their outlook, purely because of the radio situation. We've got Radio 1 here, and they didn't take to us then. The Top 40 radio stations in America didn't want to know about us either, but we picked up a lot of plays on the album stations in the States — which gave us a kind of cult following."

So if there'd been more album stations in the UK,would they have caught on any faster?

"Without a doubt," asserts Steve, "I think our stuff is tailor-made for album programmes. If there was just one album station then everyone would have a much wider choice. It would be a really positive move for rock music."

"5.7.0.5", however, did eventually make it on British radio, after enjoying a little success in Germany and Holland in its uncensored form, entitled "Turn On To Jesus" . They reckon the only reason it got played over there was that no-one could understand a single word.

What was it about, anyway?

"Filth," comes Steve's lightning retort. "Sex and religion, which are taboo on radio the pair of them. It's about a time Lol and myself spent in the dry area of Kansas. There's no bars, the only place you can get a drink is in one of these 'religious' clubs, with topless waitresses with dollar bills stuffed in their G-strings, and out of the jukebox is blaring this 'Jesus Is The Saviour' music.

"It was bizarre — I mean that kind of thing just doesn't happen in Birmingham!"

But having to tone down their first chart single, and wait four years for any recognition for the band and its past three albums . . . didn't that provoke a little cynisism?

"Not at all," Steve says, magnanimously. "I'm just glad it happened now, as opposed to when 'Dinner At The Ritz' came out. If it had happened then we probably would have turned out to be a completely different kind of band, and made a complete mess of everything. We couldn't have handled huge egos at the time, but now we've got the experience."

Will one hit single mean an orientation towards more commercial music?

Lol: "We're not going to gear ourselves to producing hit singles to the exclusion of everything else, but we've learnt a lot about how you can appeal without losing any credibility."

Did they think about pop music in larger terms than just instant appeal?

"If you want to be so arrogant as to call it an 'art form'," says Steve, waxing philosophical, "which I don't particularly believe it is, then it's the only art form in history which has been for today. Every other art form has only been appreciated maybe hundreds of years after the creator of that art has died.

"If an artist creates something, it should be for that moment, and if it's appreciated for that moment, than it's served its purpose. It doesn't have to hang around and be a classic for ever and ever."

"We live in a disposable age," adds Lol, "and that's a disposable art. That's why they make records out of plastic — so you can recycle them."

As stalwart pre-punk musicians, do they think the new wave has been at all constructive?

Lol: "It woke up a lot of people who'd been listening to Led Zeppelin for Christ knows how long. There's a load of good people who've come out of this movement who wouldn't have been recognised before — like Ian Dury, and great new bands like the Rats and XTC."

"The only destructive thing it's done to the rock business," says Steve with a little less reserve, "is to hold us down for four years. But now you've got people going into recording studios and making records like 'Jilted John' — it's like the whole punk/new wave thing turning round and taking the piss out of itself. It's really funny. It's like us in that respect, in that it's tongue-in-cheek. It's a joke, and it should be treated as such."

You reckon you're tongue-in-cheek?

Steve: "If you can tell me anywhere else I can put my tongue, I'd be very interested to know."

Lol: "Tongue-in-cheek? After four years, you've *got* to be!"

MARK ELLEN

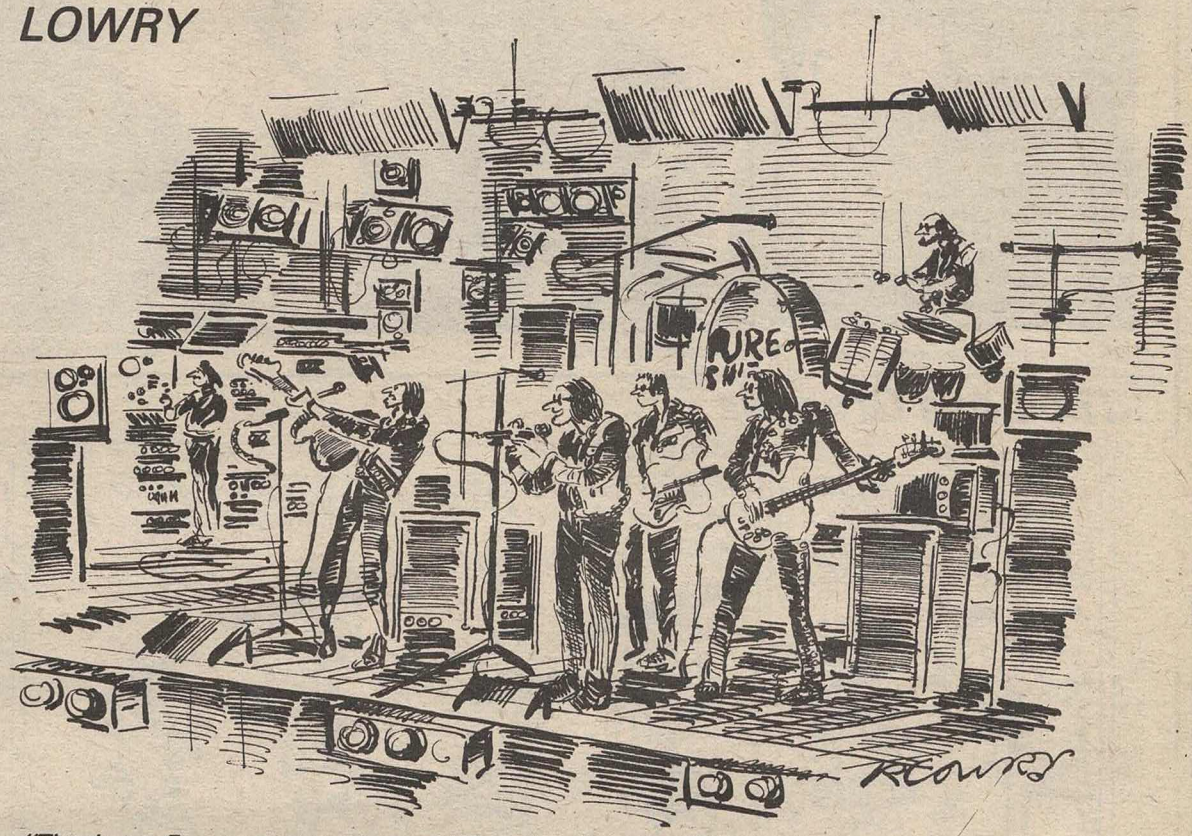
An ailing Grace Slick, 71

Great picture captions of our time. Left: People Weekly stick an unfortunate page number on the Jefferson Startrip. Right: The Liverpool Echo adds a new dimension to Darts. Rita Ray replaced?...

THRILLS

● *Nostalgic sounds from Evelyn Waugh of Darts, and from Allan Clarke of The Hollies.*

LOWRY



"Thank you. For our next number we'd like to insult any intelligence you may possess with fireworks, dry ice, smoke bombs, histrionic posturing, pretentious back projections, oafish bawling and turgid guitar scratching at brain damaging noise levels."

You're meant to be looking at the Commodore you fools ... *Pic: DENIS O'REGAN*

COMMODORES: MOTOWN'S BLACK BEATLES

HOW'S about it, Expressways Moosik? We're broadcastin' at ya from the command module, Commodore Steamship, Commodore Country, sitting right down town, Tuskogee, Alabama, modulatin', right straddled at 27-25. We'ear tell you bin out o' toon of our station. Go hang it in your ear, big brothers, 'cause now we're keyed up on your charts you can't be denying a comeback. Ah-kinda let the locals know w'as hap'nin'; check it? Break-break.

Ten-four, Commodore. This here's Honkey Ridge; can I speak a piece? We 'preciate the heavy duty obligation and if you'll 'scuse the cotton-pickin' nod out we'll run down a 10-13 on your situation. Understand though, I'm tight-tied in a 10-60 squeeze-out on this communication. Break.

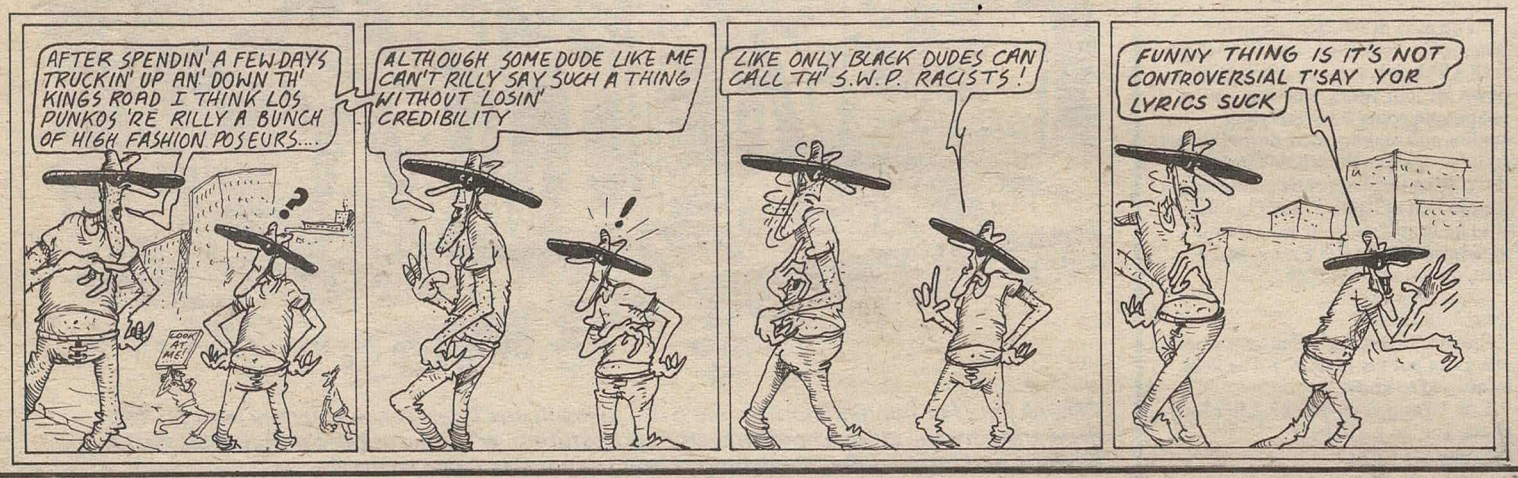
Ah-right, 4-10 big brother. Good Lord have mercy. Kinda sorry, sorry, sorry to hear that, that's for doggone sure. Just kinda squeeze the fruit, ya dig? The dog got his tail pointed straight up in the air, giving in the wind and turning to ya. Easy-speak the people, watch those turkey tearjerkers good buddy and bodacious 73. I'll be passing the numbers to ya and playing dead.

COMMODORES are Motown's Black Beatles. At least, that's what the corporation would like you to believe and in terms of the group's international popularity they're telling no lies. They're probably the biggest black act in the world.

CBS would contest that Earth, Wind & Fire are the main men. I'm not sure. I know it's a close-run thang an'my money's on Commodores 'cause when they're not CB jive-talking they're making music that's a deal more realistic than the Kalimba crew.

'Course, there's realism and realism. Like when you're backed up in a British side-street and getting the shit kicked out of you by a bunch of demented goons, you're unlikely to be humming love songs through your busted teeth or thinking of

The Lone Groover — BENYON


AFTER SPENDIN' A FEW DAYS TRUCKIN' UP AN' DOWN TH' KINGS ROAD I THINK LOS PUNKOS 'RE RILLY A BUNCH OF HIGH FASHION POSEURS....
LOOK AT ME!
ALTHOUGH SOME DUDE LIKE ME CAN'T RILLY SAY SUCH A THING WITHOUT LOSIN' CREDIBILITY
LIKE ONLY BLACK DUDES CAN CALL TH' S.W.P. RACISTS!
FUNNY THING IS IT'S NOT CONTROVERSIAL T'SAY YOR LYRICS SUCK

Daily [illegible]
8p (CHANNEL ISLANDS 8p)
WEDNESDAY, AUG[illegible] 1978

DIRK and STIG embark on solo careers

RUTLES SPLIT SENSATION!

By William Dempster

The world has been rocked recently with the announcement that the Rutles have disbanded.
The Pre-Fab Four – as they came to be known – rose from obscurity to become the world's most famous group. Now that they have split, Dirk and Stig have already begun a solo project which promises to overshadow anything the Rutles ever accomplished.

Dirk and Stig – who founded the Rutles with Barry and Ron – have recorded the internationally famous rock anthem. 'Ging Gang Goolie' as their first solo single.
But not content with recording their own tribute to the Scout and Guide movements, Dirk and Stig have also turned their caustic wit to motor cycling superstar Barry Sheene. Flip side of the single is 'Mr Sheene', an acid rock track in the George Formby mould.
"I thought Mr. Sheene was a furniture polish before I discovered Brut 33" said Stig. "Then Dirk introduced me to Barry at the Frinton 500 race meeting and we soon became close friends."

GING GANG GOOLIE
c/w
Mister Sheene
EMI 2852

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An Able Label Production

introducing The Smashed Kneecap as the hot new dance fad.

On the other hand, if you're a part of the black American generation that is finally achieving some degree of equal opportunity and freedom of expression, you're just as unlikely to be whining about how hard done-by you are or composing diatribes against 'the system.'

It is on that level that Commodores are more accessible than E, W&F, for whereas the latter are on a mystic trip of Cosmic Awareness that results in some horrendously pretentious guff in their songs, these guys are just unaffected pop-rockers dealing in romance 'n' sex 'n' dancin'.

Their world-wide success didn't arrive overnight. The six singer/writer/musicians at the hub of the enterprise first got together as The Jays at school in Tuskegee in the late-'60s.

One vacation they journeyed up to New York to starve then run into Benny Ashburn, an ex-liquor salesman turned small-time entrepreneur who found them a gig in Harlem and became their manager.

Big Badger Belly, as he was dubbed when the group got on their CB kick, is still the genial giant behind the group as well as overseeing Commodores Entertainment Corp.

Initially his hustling resulted in a one-off flop single on Atlantic and some summer residences in unlikely venues, like the job on board S.S. France that brought them to Europe eight or nine years ago, when they appeared at Ronnie Scott's amid a blaze of indifference.

About the same time, circa 1970, they were contracted to Motown via Suzanne dePasse and immediately confused the corporation hierachy because, as a self-contained group, they didn't fit into the established roundabout of house producers, arrangers and writers using house musicians to back pliable singers.

After the group finished school little happened for about three years except a tour with The Jackson 5 and a few exploratory sessions produced by Gloria Jones and Pam Sawyer, from which a couple of singles were released on the corp's Mowest subsidiary.

Then in 1974, transfered to the parent label, they finally hit with a funky instrumental called "Machine Gun", written by keyboard player Milan Williams and produced by the group with James Carmichael, their production partner on all but one of their subsequent recordings.

Largely through disco reaction, "Machine Gun" also crept into the British Top 20 in 1974 but it wasn't until "Easy" caught the public ear last summer that the group was again successful over here. Meanwhile, they'd been breaking big all over the world, predominantly with harmonic love ballads written and built around lead singer Lionel Richie.

Their strength is that they've absorbed numerous musical traits without creating anonymous, grey lowest-common-denominator musak. Their records reflect enough of the different styles to appeal to diverse audiences.

They're not strictly disco; most of their uptempo cuts are too complex for the endless boogie. Yet they're funky enough to shift all but real peg-legs onto the dance floor.

Neither are they strictly sweet soul; their ballads are often as close to straight white pop as they are to yesteryear's soul music. Yet their harmonies and the vocal mannerisms of Richie are 'black' enough to appeal to the majority of folk who enjoyed more traditional soul groups.

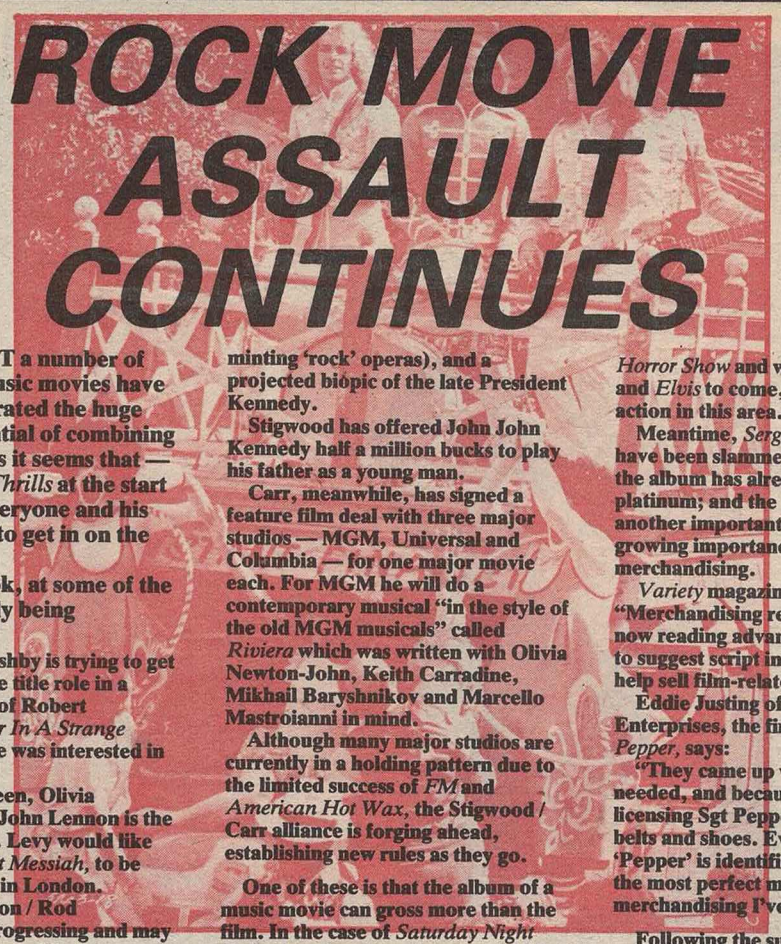
Also, probably unconsciously — a natural result of the different personalities within the group — their songs bridge age groups and races. For instance, their latest hit, "Three Times A Lady," is a natural smash with the highly-strung MOR market, whereas they can just as easily slip into a jive rap that would undoubtedly, gosh, shock the same audience.

Finally, the production of their records is second to none. "Three Times A Lady" in less capable hands would have been just another godawful sloppy dirge. Some, like the turkey tearjerkers 'round here, would maintain it is anyway. Me, I reckon that if any group feels inclined to indulge its sentimentality to such an extreme, at least let them do it half as well as Commodores.

CLIFF WHITE

THRILLS

ROCK MOVIE ASSAULT CONTINUES



Fun people in "Sergeant Pepper"

NOW THAT a number of major music movies have demonstrated the huge megabuck potential of combining the two mediums it seems that — as predicted in *Thrills* at the start of the year — everyone and his uncle are trying to get in on the act.

Just take a look, at some of the projects currently being discussed:

- **Director Hal Ashby is trying to get Mick Jagger for the title role in a screen adaptation of Robert Heinlein's *Stranger In A Strange Land,* a role Bowie was interested in some years back.**
- **Bruce Springsteen, Olivia Newton-John and John Lennon is the line-up William A. Levy would like for his movie *Street Messiah,* to be filmed on location in London.**
- ***Jet Lag,* the Elton / Rod collaboration, is progressing and may co-star Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon.**
- **Phil Walden, Capricorn Records boss, is readying *The Otis Redding Story,* reconstructing his friendship with the man during the Civil Rights era in the South.**
- **Alice Cooper and Wolfman Jack are discussing plans for a modern-day horror musical.**

Music movie boom pioneers Robert Stigwood and Alan Carr also have a number of new projects in the works, although their partnership looks in danger of dissolving. Stigwood plans a sequel to *Saturday Night Fever* (with or without Travolta), a sequel to *Grease* (currently titled *Summer School*), a movie of *Evita,* (he has had Messrs Rice & Lloyd-Webber under contract ever since they began minting 'rock' operas), and a projected biopic of the late President Kennedy.

Stigwood has offered John John Kennedy half a million bucks to play his father as a young man.

Carr, meanwhile, has signed a feature film deal with three major studios — MGM, Universal and Columbia — for one major movie each. For MGM he will do a contemporary musical "in the style of the old MGM musicals" called *Riviera* which was written with Olivia Newton-John, Keith Carradine, Mikhail Baryshnikov and Marcello Mastroianni in mind.

Although many major studios are currently in a holding pattern due to the limited success of *FM* and *American Hot Wax,* the Stigwood / Carr alliance is forging ahead, establishing new rules as they go.

One of these is that the album of a music movie can gross more than the film. In the case of *Saturday Night Fever* the album has already sold 22 million units worldwide, topping the *combined* sales of Carole King, Peter Frampton and Fleetwood Mac, the next three best-selling albums of all time; it has grossed 285 million dollars compared to the movie's take of 110 million dollars.

The same is true of *Grease,* whose huge success has led to the entertainment conglomerates turning their attention to the stage musical in a big way.

After all, the original Broadway producers of *Grease* became instant millionaires on the sale of the screen rights, and have since earned another sizeable fortune through their 12 per cent share of the movie's gross.

With the *Dracula* boom, the success in the U.S. of *The Rocky Horror Show* and with movies of *Evita* and *Elvis* to come, expect a lot more action in this area.

Meantime, *Sergeant Pepper* may have been slammed by the critics but the album has already shipped triple platinum; and the movie highlights another important trend — the growing importance of merchandising.

***Variety* magazine reports: "Merchandising representatives are now reading advance film treatments to suggest script inserts of ideas to help sell film-related items."**

Eddie Justing of Ancillary Enterprises, the firm merchandising *Pepper,* says:

"They came up with the logo that I needed, and because of that we are licensing Sgt Pepper jeans, shirts, belts and shoes. Everything in 'Pepper' is identified with logos. It is the most perfect movie for merchandising I've ever seen."

Following the success of *The Stud,* the album of which sold 250,000 copies in two months, Brent Walker are moving in the same direction. They have now hired Dick Rowe, former A & R boss at Decca, as consultant on their record and music activities.

Rowe is currently working on an album of space disco music to tie-in with *Foes,* a cheap-budget alien encounter movie Brent Walker have acquired for distribution in the UK. They too are now studying film scripts on the basis of their music merchandising potential.

What about art, I hear you say. That just doesn't come into it.

DICK TRACY

THE END

ALVIN LEE RETURNS

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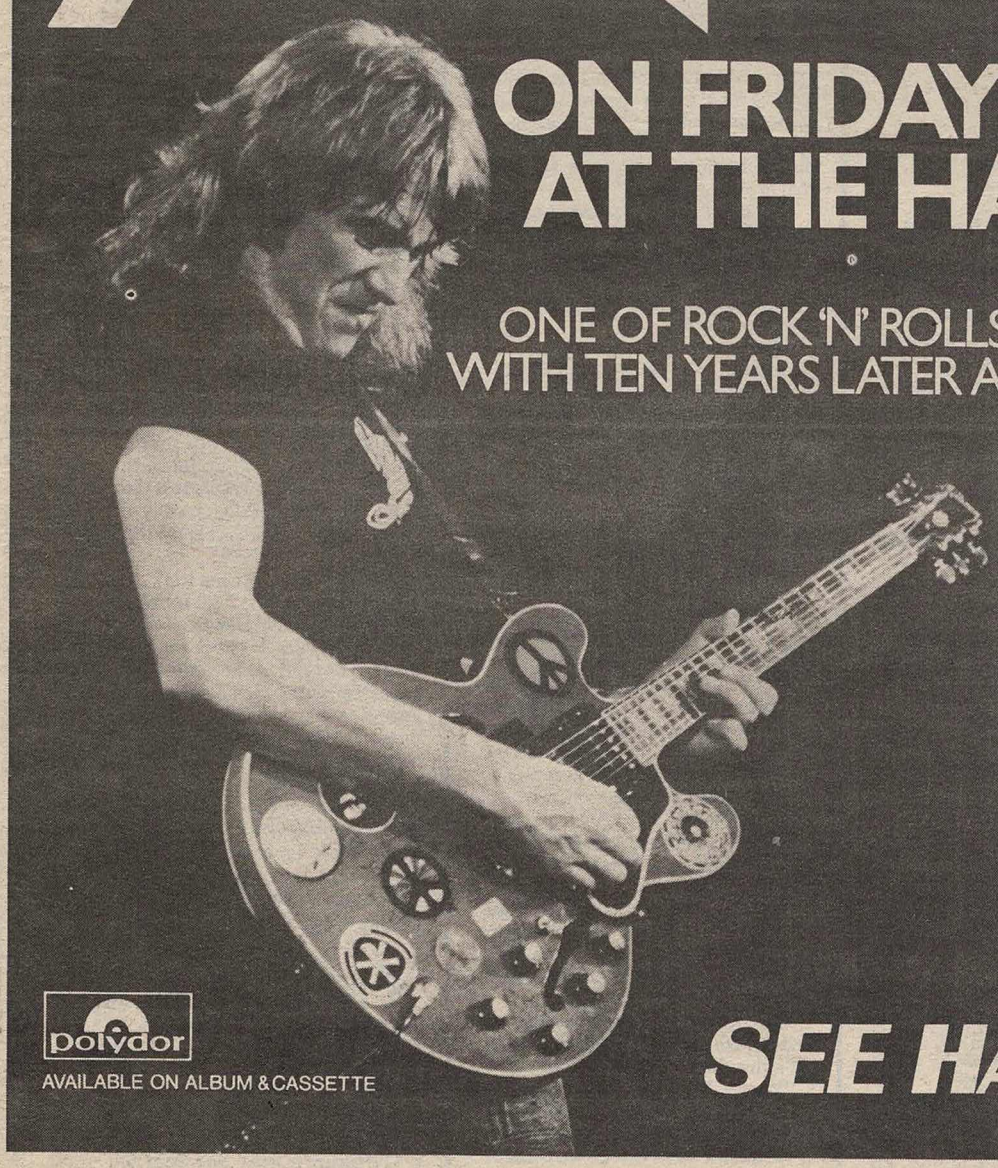

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By MILES

From left: CHRIS CROSS, WARREN CANN, BILLY CURRIE

JOHN FOXX

Vee hav vays of makink you experiment

"IF YOU Vant, Give Me Love" by S. Quatro read the label on the jukebox. The bar was filled with a motley crew of locals: Wolfgang, Hans and Jurgen, one of whom periodically shattered a glass on the floor and cursed.

At least I assume it was a curse. Like everything else, it was in German — since our location was a small village near the Rhein, a few miles from Connie Plank's wunderstudio near Koln.

I'd always thought Plank's studio was in the middle of a steelworks, surrounded by hissing steam and clanking heavy industrial processes. But surprise, surprise — as the car sped out of the wonderful modern-age Koln/Bonn airport and past the Zeppelin factory we were in the middle of beautiful tranquil woodland.

The studio isn't even in a village but backs on to mountains and a clear lake. And the music which fills the ancient courtyard is the music of Ultravox.

ATTEMPTS at doing something a little different in the progressive rock field all too often result in vapid poetics and a lot of inept noodling on the Moog synthesizer.

However, recently, and concurrent with the new wave explosion — and therefore largely either obscured by or confused with it — has emerged a new sound. Yes, another new sound!

Unfortunately, this piece is not about Germans. It's about ULTRAVOX. However, it does take place in Germany. Will that do?

This one is crisp, clean, digital, slightly mechanical yet showing an inchoative eroticism — a geometric, jerky quickstep. In this loose category I would place the work of Eno, XTC, Talking Heads, Pere Ubu, Devo, Bowie's "Low" and "Heroes".

Part of the sound comes from the work of Neu, Cluster, La Dusseldorf and, of course, Kraftwerk.

Another part perhaps, comes from Roxy Music. And Ultravox are also in this area, which is why I was visiting them in Germany.

Eno is a key figure in all this. He produced some of the tracks on Ultravox's first album and he and Connie Plank produced Devo's first album in this studio.

It was here also than Plank recorded the early Kraftwerk — in fact "Autobahn" was the first album recorded when the studio was completed.

Eno, of course, worked with Bowie in Germany and recently produced Talking Heads' second album, "More Songs About Buildings And Food", in Nassau where the Island Records studio has the same MCI board as the one at Connie's.

Eno is the link, the primary catalyst acting on groups in an area of music which is the practical application of cybernetics to rock: Pere Ubu employ 'systems' and 'processes' in the creation of their music just as Kraftwerk do.

The decision of Ultravox to record their third album in Germany was, therefore, a pretty obvious one — as John Foxx, lead singer and principal composer, explained . . .

"It was because there was nowhere in England that really had the experience to handle the things that we wanted to do. It's mostly geared to rock & roll or pop music in England. We wanted to find some place where we could try things out without being under the pressure of studio time.

"Also, because Connie has worked in the past with the German electronic bands he has the experience and the facilities.

"The thing that's exciting about this place is that things are being made here as we are working — in the electronics workshop. They're constantly improving the equipment and half-way through a session something will be brought in that we can use."

Here Warren Cann mentioned how he was trying to get a distorted sound on his drums and the electronic workshop cooked up a distorter. (It's surprisingly hard to get a good distorted sound in a modern studio. Everything works against it). Building one gave them a few ideas, so they went on and a built a mark two model for themselves.

So here the group were. No distractions. No sex even — just sunsets, lakes and the local brew.

ULTRAVOX had a hard time when they started out. They joined Island a few months after Roxy Music left and the critics made a meal out of the similarity that sometimes occurs in the voices of John Foxx and Bryan Ferry—partly due to the fact that both are from the North of England.

When not being accused of being Roxy Music they were accused of jumping on the punk bandwagon, presumably on the basis that if you didn't look like Peter Frampton you must be a punk.

Ultravox never claimed to be a punk band. They started out liking groups like Neu and Tangerine Dream, though they did appreciate the new wave they found themselves in the middle of.

Foxx explained: "Probably we didn't fit into whatever was going on last year in a very easy manner. We weren't a punk band. But we had one brush with this thing called 'image' — which was the cover of the first album. It wasn't as contrived as it seemed. We just went out in the yard and had this photograph taken.

"We're quite happy to be ourselves because we aren't a corporate body, we're different individuals, very strongly different. But we've agreed to come together and we've found a way of working together that gives us a way of life that we enjoy a lot. It really is as simple as that. Because we can do all the things we want to do, like experimentally.

"We can get very excited on stage. We can make contact of a kind with a lot of people. And it enables us to live the way we want to. That's as much as we want."

So no labels — except possibly the first British electronic band. Though even this they might question . . .

"We feel *European*. The sort of background and melodies we tend to come out with just seemed to be sort of Germanic even before we came here. That's always been there."

ONE thing which characterises these new bands is a well worked out approach to their work.

"We've got a whole new way of working," said John. "We start off with an idea for a song and a sort of atmosphere that we want to have on it. Then we find the noises that are appropriate to that atmosphere, and then follow that through and ideas come on.

"We get mistaken ideas sometimes, especially with synthesizers. But it's great! We can't really predict what we're going to end up with. That's what makes the excitement."

So how d'you think all this will go down in England?

"No idea!"

They laugh.

All this may sound very mechanical and soulless, but it's not.

"That's one thing that we've not forgotten. The emotional side is very important to us. It sounds very programmed and computerised and it is — but only because we feel that's a more elegant and efficient way of getting whatever we feel into the music."

Any danger of getting too electronic is watched out for by Canadian drummer Warren Cann.

"I don't want to knock people who are into the electronic side of experimental music but to me it always seems they get so far out that they start disappearing up their own backsides.

"What I like about what we're doing is that we manage to keep power — although not necessarily a heavy thing. I mean, we might keep the power based around, say, an emotion, a feeling of a song, an atmosphere."

YOU CAN hear yourself how this fusion of rock and electronics sounds by checking out their latest single, "Slow Motion", which is even available (as usual) as a 12". It's not the best track from the album (called "Systems Of Romance," out on September 8) but it is characteristic of their sound.

The future is here. See what you think.

Dr. Feelgood.

Down At The Doctors

NEW SINGLE UP 36444

The Doctor On Tour

September	28 CHELMSFORD Odeon	6 DUNDEE Caird Hall	14 HASTINGS Pier	22 BRISTOL Colston Hall
22 PLYMOUTH Top Rank	29 CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange	7 EDINBURGH Odeon	15 HEMEL HEMSTEAD Pavillion	24 CARDIFF Top Rank
23 TORQUAY Town Hall	30 COVENTRY Theatre	8 NEWCASTLE City Hall	16 READING Top Rank	25 SWANSEA Top Rank
24 TAUNTON Odeon	October	9 LIVERPOOL Empire	18 BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens	26 OXFORD New Theatre
25 MALVERN Winter Gardens	1 LEICESTER De Montfort	10 SHEFFIELD City Hall	19 PORTSMOUTH Guild Hall	27 ILFORD Odeon
26 DERBY Assembly Rooms	3 MANCHESTER Free Trade	11 BRADFORD St Georges Hall	20 CANTERBURY Odeon	28 HAMMERSMITH Odeon
27 NORWICH St Andrews Hall	5 ABERDEEN Capitol	13 BRIGHTON Top Rank	21 BIRMINGHAM Odeon	29 HAMMERSMITH Odeon

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September

2 **Aylesbury** Friars
3 **Chelmsford** Chancellor Hall
6 **Leeds** Fforde Green
7 **Leeds** Fforde Green
8 **Newcastle** Mayfair
11 **Plymouth** Woods Centre
12 **Penzance** The Garden
13 **Wakefield** Unity Hall
14 **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden
15 **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden
16 **Nr Doncaster** Bircote Sports Centre
17 **Hemel Hempstead** Pavilion
20 **Yeovil** Johnson Hall
22 **Bath** Pavilion
23 **Slough** College
28 **Middleton** Civic
29 **Huddersfield** Polytechnic
30 **Huddersfield** Polytechnic

October

6 **Dundee** University
7 **Stirling** University
8 **Aberdeen** Ruffles
9 **Edinburgh** Tiffany's
10 **Glasgow** Strathclyde University
12 **Belfast** Ulster Hall
13 **Portrush** Arcadia
14 **Cork** Arcadia
15 **Dublin** McGonagles
17 **Leicester** University
18 **Liverpool** University
19 **Batley** Crumpet Club
20 **Manchester** Salford University
21 **Bradford** University
22 **Saltburn** Philmore Country Club
23 **Carlisle** Market Hall
25 **Sheffield** Top Rank
26 **Malvern** Winter Gardens
27 **Aberystwyth** University
28 **Birmingham** University
29 **Colchester** Woods Centre
30 **Hastings** Pier
31 **Canterbury** Odeon

November

1 **Keele** University
2 **Birmingham** The Gig
3 **Redford** Porterhouse
4 **Lincoln** A J's
5 **London** Roundhouse

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SINGLES

● **LIMP TRUNCHEON AWARD**

WHITE S.S.: Mercy Killing (C.I.A. Records). These chaps seem desperately determined to present themselves as a fiendishly sinister fascist plot. Their name obviously has Nazi connotations, unless S.S. stands for Shit Shovellers. Equally, there are copious lyric sheets setting out their political opinions, which are intended to be right-wing and *risque*, but just seem muddled. On the one hand, they favour euthanasia (often seen as a libertarian cause), while on the other they condemn pornography. Their singer boasts at one stage: *"I'm gonna shock you from your complacency"*. But he never gets close.

The daftest part of the whole exercise is the music itself: a stale Doobie Brothers rehash. As outrageous exhibitionists, these guys simply fail to get out of the closet. Mercy killing seems the best they can hope for. As concentration camp guards, they would have made very good poodle breeders.

THE PLEASERS: You Don't Know (Arista). In the dim and distant past (i.e. last year) The Pleasers were being touted as the next big thing on the strength of their uncanny knack of imitating the early Beatles. So far this particular talent has paid The Pleasers no dividends. One reason is that Eric Idle cornered the Beatles' nostalgia market with The Rutles. Another is that while The Pleasers are great at writing pastiches of Beatles' album tracks, they're less impressive with their attempts at hit singles. To be precise, they write flops. This is another one. It could perhaps have found a place on "With The Beatles" discreetly tucked away on side two. But as for the singles charts in 1978, that bird has flown.

LINDISFARNE: Juke Box Gypsy (Mercury). A deceptively slight pop song by Alan Hull which grows in strength the more you hear it. Just the thing to consolidate Lindisfarne's comeback. The group have been accused of adopting a smoother approach to their music, as though they've turned their back on Newcastle Brown drinkers in favour of the Tequila Sunrise set. No doubt there's some truth in this charge. But Hull and his lot established their radical, working class credentials way back. It's difficult to blame them now for seeking a wider audience.

BOSTON: Don't Look Back (Epic). Looking back appears to be exactly what Tom Scholtz did in concocting this attempt at a new "More Than A Feeling". Same blueprint, same overdubbing. Sadly, not the same calibre of tune at all. What's lacking is a memorable melody and a catchy chorus. No amount of agonised studio work can make up for that.

HEART: Magazine (Arista). This particular magazine sounds as though it's been hanging round too long in dentists' waiting rooms. That's because its release has been held up by legal squabbles between record companies. (Artistic freedom is a wonderful thing). The sad truth, however, is that it's difficult to tell why the moguls bothered to fight. The Sisters Wilson have nice, cute voices, and a slick rock band, but this is a dreary, unmemorable song. Fleetwood Plastic Mac.

● **SINGLE OF THE WEEK**

STATUS QUO: Again And Again (Vertigo). Suitably repetitive title for repetitious group. But then repetition has always been an essential quality of the best pop and rock.

Indeed, at times Quo have seemed more punk-like than most new wave bands. Their songs were fast, frantic, and effortlessly dumb long before The Ramones turned all that into an art form, and many of their followers are brutish enough to make Sid Vicious look like Norman Scott.

The fact that the Quo have long hair is neither here nor there. (Rumours that those flowing locks have been shorn must be untrue, since you can still hear all that hair getting caught in their guitar strings). Anyway, the point is that rock just does not come any more simple-minded than this these days. Quo have clearly learnt very little in all their years in the biz, and a jolly good thing too.

The chorus sounds a bit like "Little Queenie", but involves the phrase "Again and again" repeated again and again. Sort of repetition squared. There are two snags. Even Quo followers must draw the line somewhere, and the 300 previous Quo singles may prove enough to satiate even them.

Also, producer Pip Williams has added redundant brass and keyboards to the opening chords. Sheer blasphemy.

LEO SAYER: I Can't Stop Loving You (Chrysalis). Not to be confused with the classic Ray Charles tear-jerker, this mawkish little song finds Leo at his least endearing. It's an attempt, perhaps, to score a hit as big as the dire "When I Need You" of some years back. Sayer's more fun when he does disco. His voice is simply too whining to carry off big ballads like this with any conviction.

MILLIE JACKSON: Sweet Music Man (Spring). The song's no great shakes, but Millie's superb vocals put all the strangulated wheezing of white "soul" singers in perspective. No matter that Millie has some paltry lyrics, she performs with a passion that transcends their banality. Lovely.

NINA SIMONE: Baltimore (CTI). A cult figure from the '60s, Nina Simone could usually be relied upon for a gritty, emotional performance. Maybe the years have made her blander. This Randy Newman song has been given a gilded reggae facade, and Ms Simone's vocal matches its glossy style. The whole thing seems entirely inappropriate, both for the town and the lyrics.

BILL HALEY AND THE COMETS: The Saints Rock'n'Roll (MCA EP). "From the Album 'Armchair Rock'n'Roll'." That's what it says here, and they're not joking. All Bill Haley's songs sound like re-makes of "Rock Around The Clock" and these are no exception. It's true that Haley's as much of a

Reviewed this week by BOB EDMANDS

founding father as Elvis was, but no one ever accused him of being energetic.

YVONNE ELLIMAN: Savannah (RSO). Somewhat daringly, Ms Elliman has put out a single that *wasn't* written by The Bee Gees. No matter that this song is an overblown, pompous singalong, Ms Elliman gets the chance to show off her vocal range instead of mumbling away over a dumb disco riff. Good to see that she amounts to rather more than just another subsidiary of The Gibb Bros Industries (Inc) Co Ltd Corporation and Nephews.

KEVIN LAMB: On The Wrong Track (Arista). You said it. If Kevin Lamb had been on the right track, he'd still be only as much fun as a goods train full of nutty slack. Macho vocals on a plodding ballad that's never once in danger of jumping the rails. Totally buffered.

THE BROTHERS JOHNSON: Ain't We Funkin' Now (A and M). If disco is ever to be raised above the level of pap, then The Brothers Johnson are the guys to do it. This cut sounds disturbingly like KC and the Sunshine Band's "That's The Way I Like It", but the appeal of the Bros lies in their distinctive style. A spikey rhythm guitar sound, ponderous bass, and cartoon character vocals. Plus you get Quincy Jones' arrangements which are glossy but inspired. The only oddity here is that their last hit "Strawberry Letter 23" is on the flip, effortlessly upstaging the A-side.

SHERRY: Let's Go Wild (Magnet). What an absurd idea. Whoever heard of a "wild" disco record? As a musical form, it's far too calculated and inflexible to allow any spontaneity. Besides, no one's going to get too excited by the sentiments expressed here. Consider the opening lines of the lyrics: *"When I'm wrapped up in your arms, I feel the power of your charms."* Let's go mild.

L.T.D.: Holding On (A and M). L.T.D. as in limited, and holding on as in skin of the teeth. A 12" disco single that's 12" too many.

THE SUBURBS: Memory; FINGERPRINTS: Space Girl; SPOOKS: 1980-1990 (Twin Tone EP); THE B-52s: Rock Lobster (B-52s). The Ramones apart, a lot of American new wave music has always seemed intrinsically daft. Like British cowboy films shot on the South Downs. Two of the three EPs from Twin Tone records in Minneapolis make this point well enough.

The Suburbs and Fingerprints both owe an obvious debt to the early days of British punk. The songs are pointlessly fast, the vocals butch and unkempt. In contrast, The Spooks have a novel style. The singer sounds a bit like Arthur Brown in his heyday, and there's a sort of cosmic Bo Diddley backing which helps create a nicely surreal effect. Pity the band are all so pretty looking.

The B-52s from Athens, Georgia would have had a daring name at the height of the Vietnam war. As it happens, they're quite a weird group. A singer who sounds like he could do voice overs on Walt Disney nature films, and a nicely bizarre song about lobsters. Worth investigating.

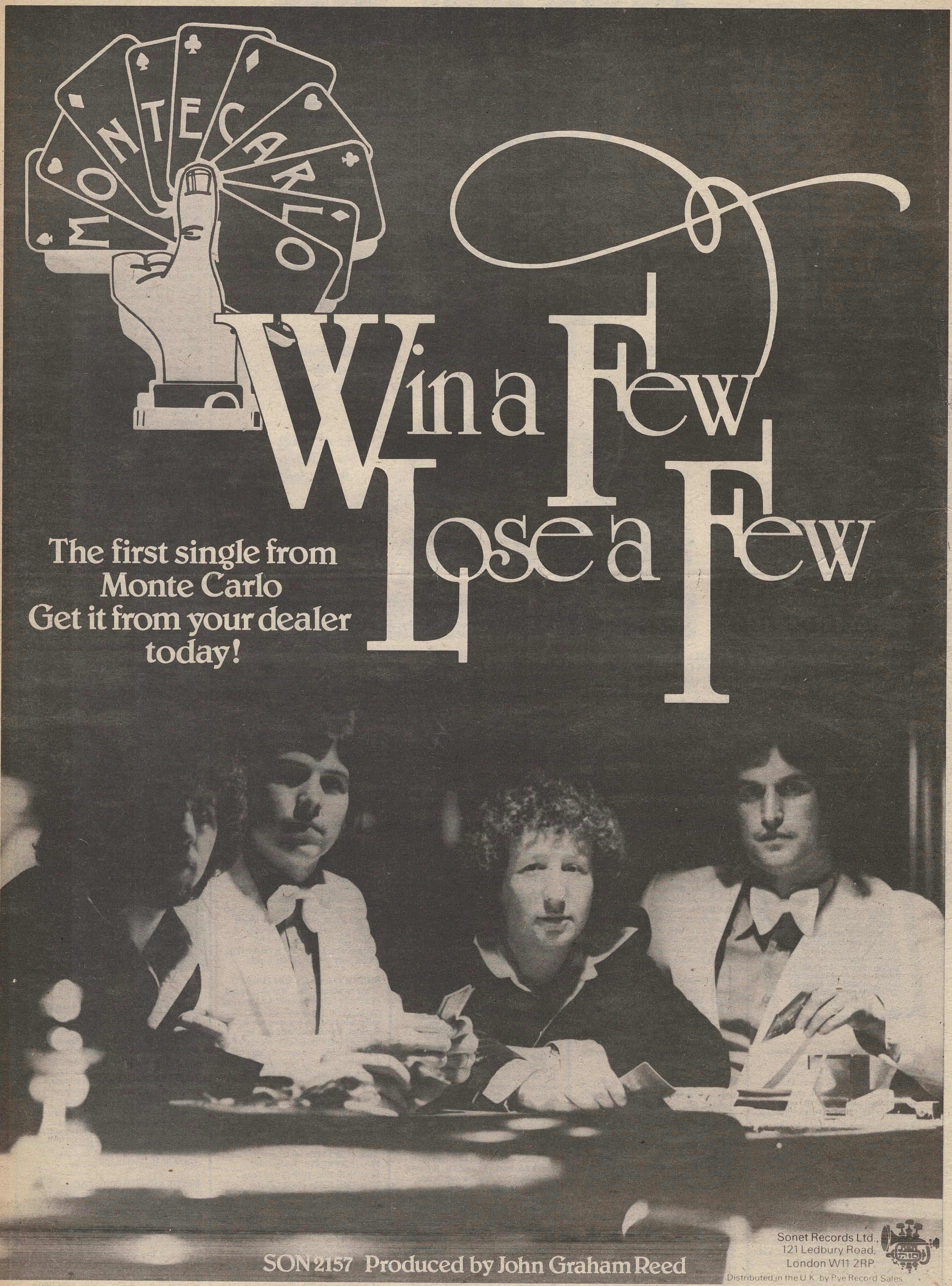
THE BRATZ: The Bratz Are Coming (Famous Records). With a name like the Bratz, why does their lead singer sound as though he's wearing a chunky knit sweater and auditioning for the Spinners? Maybe he's really a truly howling rock vocalist, but it doesn't come across on this home made single. Still, there's a couple of nifty guitarists somewhere in there, and the arrangement is ambitious. The song mainly consists of its title, but there's no harm in that.

THE GENTS: Get Out Of My Bed (Gents). This band's hard rock style recalls Eddie And The Hot Rods, but it's a pity they've named themselves after a toilet. Not that there's anything supersoft about them. Indeed, this has the sort of attack that kills 99% of household germs. Well worth taking the plunge and splashing out on. One day they'll probably pull out the big one.

Y TRWYNAU COCH: "Wastod Ar Y Tu Fas" (Recordiau Sgwar). Strictly a load of coch. These guys are Welsh, they sing in Welsh, and aim at a Welsh audience. Odd then that they bother to send out their press releases in English. Apparently, once translated their name turns out to be "The Red Noses" and the song is called "Always On The Outside". Seems an appropriate title. A nice tune, but they might as well be singing in Chinese for all the attention they're going to get. Correction — Latin would be a more suitable choice if they want to be deliberately perverse.

LITTLE BUDDY AND THE KIDS: "Hanging Out" (Honeymoon); JOHNNY KEY WITH THE KOOL KATS: "Fallin' For You" (Alligator). If much American new wave sounds silly, it's totally convincing compared to British rockabilly. Little Buddy And The Kids are so earnest in their mock American accents that you can't help but be amused. Great sleeve, though. Johnny Key And The Kool Kats have got the cracker vocals better together, but when there's such a vast catalogue of higher grade American material available, it's not clear who they think will buy it.

KEITH ARMSTRONG: "An Amazing Grace" (Old Knew Wave Records). Keith Armstrong evidently fancies himself as the new wave's answer to Larry Adler. "An Amazing Grace" is (of all things) a harmonica instrumental. Like a speeded-up version of The William Tell Overture. Still, at least the gob stays in the gob-iron instead of spraying the punters.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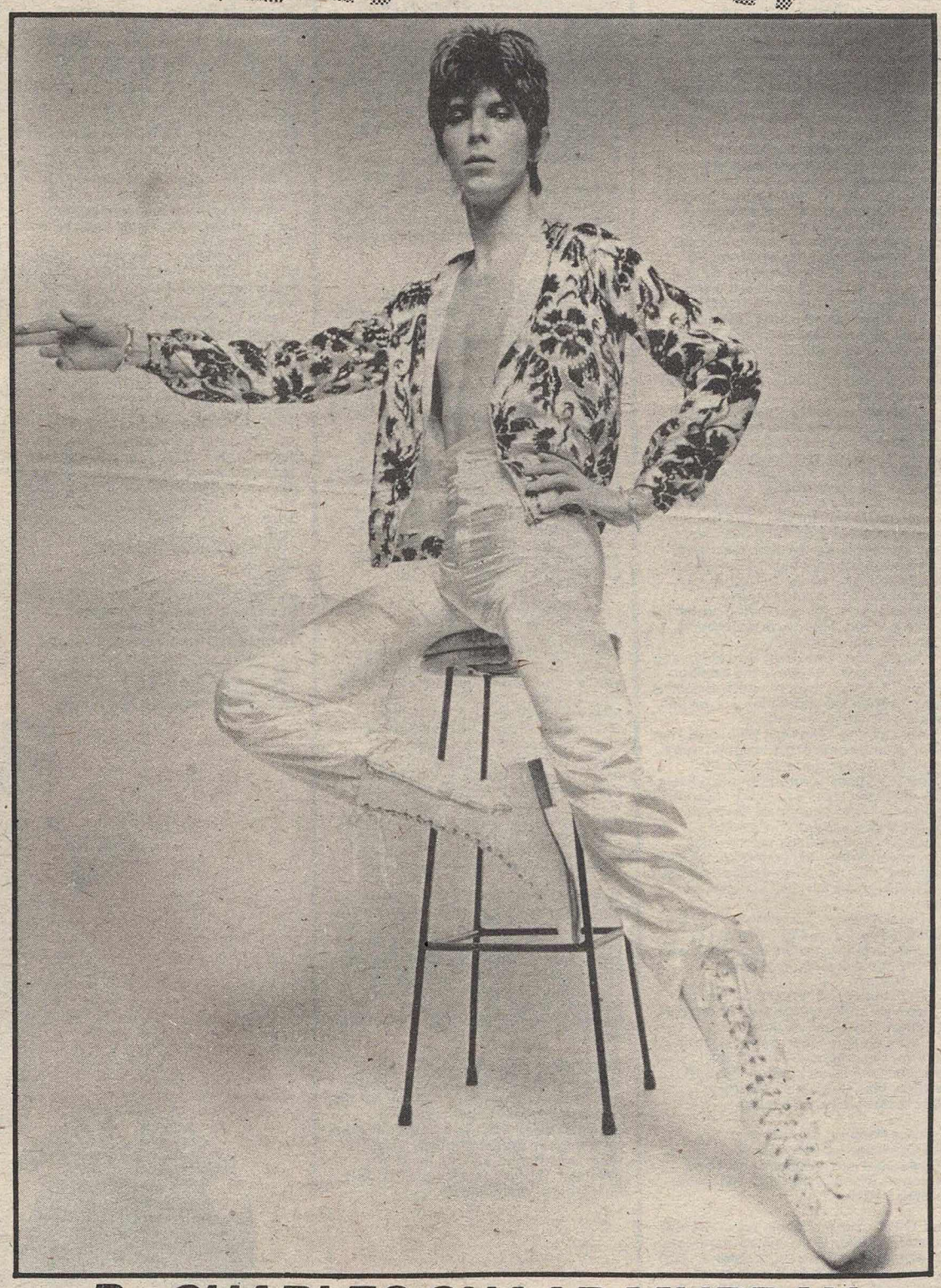
THE NME CONSUMER'S GUIDE TO DAVID BOWIE

PART ONE: PIN UPS



By CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY & ROY CARR

DAVIE JONES WITH THE KING BEES
(A) Liza Jane (Conn)
(B) Louie Louie Go Home (Revere)
Production: Leslie Conn. Musical Director: Leslie Conn. Vocalion Pop V. 9221. Released: June 1964.

ENCOURAGED BY the first wave of public enthusiasm for The Rolling Stones, Vocalion-Pop (a now-defunct subsidiary of Decca Records principally devoted to jazz and R&B) was eager to sign similar bands whom they hoped would catch the public imagination on a similar scale. They chanced their arm with two groups: David John And The Mood (from Preston) and Davie Jones with The King Bees (from Bromley).

The debut singles of both bands were released simultaneously, with consecutive catalogue numbers and joint advertising. To this day, many Bowiephiles are convinced that David led both groups and was responsible for both records, but despite the similarities of name, label and style, Bowie's band The King Bees was entirely unconnected with The Mood.

"Liza Jane" (written and produced by their then manager Leslie Conn) is mainstream sub-Stones British R&B. The only factor that distinguishes this record from countless others of the time is Bowie's contribution of clumsy, asthmatic saxophone and energetic if undisciplined vocal. The B-side, a Beatlesque treatment of a mediocre Paul Revere And The Raiders number, features a lead vocal which is such a horrendously inept pastiche of John Lennon that we're inclined to believe that one of the King Bees was responsible. Interestingly enough, Miffy Charnley, who sang lead on the David John And The Mood single, displays more mannerisms in common with latter-day Bowie than does the authentic article.

THE MANISH BOYS
(A) I Pity The Fool (Malone)
(B) Take My Tip (Jones)
Production: Shel Talmy. Parlophone R 5250. Released: March 5 1965.

LIKE THE Rolling Stones, Bowie's next band copped their fame from the title of a Muddy Waters song. Appropriately enough, the number they chose for what was to be their only recording was the urban blues classic "I Pity The Fool", made famous by blues singer Bobby 'Blue' Bland and written by 'Deadric Malone' (a collective pseudonym for various members of Bland's band).

Over an extremely sympathetic and sensitive accompaniment which featured sterling guitar fills and a beefy though badly recorded brass section, Bowie handles the song in a manner that pays tribute to the conventions and stylistic devices of black blues without ever resorting to slavish imitations of the master.

"Take My Tip" was the first of his own compositions that Bowie ever recorded, and it is firmly based in the tradition of the jazzier wing of British R&B, utilising the style of the organ-dominated bands led by Georgie Fame and Zoot Money. The track is chiefly notable for its lightly swinging backbeat, intriguing melody and tongue-twisting lyric.

An almost identical version of "Take My Tip" by one Kenny Miller (also produced by Shel Talmy) was released two months earlier as the B-side of "Restless" (Stateside SS 405).

DAVY JONES
(A) You've Got A Habit Of Leaving (Jones)
(B) Baby Loves That Way (Jones)
Production: Shel Talmy. Parlophone R 5315. Released: August 20 1965.

SO WHO are you, anyway? "You've Got A Habit Of Leaving" sounds almost exactly like The Who's then-current noise — the Talmy connection (Shel was then also producing The Who and The Kinks) can't have hurt. Vintage Pop Art, it's startlingly similar to "Anyway Anyhow Anywhere" apart from Bowie's fey vocal and tubercular mouth-harp. We'd love to know who plays on it . . .

The B-side opens with shriekingly trebly guitar, and Bowie sounds far more comfortable with the tempo. Alarmingly similar to the way "You Really Got A Hold On Me" would've sounded if the young 'Oo had gotten their hands on it.

DAVID BOWIE AND THE LOWER THIRD
(A) Can't Help Thinking About Me (Bowie)
(B) And I Say To Myself (Bowie)
Production: Uncredited (most likely to be Tony Hatch). Pye 7N 17020. Released: January 14 1966.

BY NOW, Bowie (the change of name had been prompted by a desire to avoid confusion with Davy Jones of The Monkees) had built up a more than reasonable following by supporting The High Numbers (later to become The Who) at Radio Luxembourg-sponsored Marquee gigs. At this time, he was managed by ex-Moody Blues roadie Ralph Morten (soon supplanted by impresario Ken Pitt) and was recording for Pye under the direction of Tony Hatch (stop laughing at the back there!)

This recording displays precious few traces of Bowie's R&B beginnings, but predates his Anthony Newley fixation. Without doubt the most outstanding of his trio of Pye singles, it is introverted Mod pop which bears recognisable kinship to less aggressive work of The Kinks, The Who and — slightly more remotely — the Stones. With this performance, Bowie would seem to have outgrown the more obvious influences of his youth to emerge with a vocal style simultaneously sensitive, dignified and above all confident. The song could very well be drawing — however peripherally — on the composer's disrupted and disruptive home life.

DAVID BOWIE
(A) Do Anything You Say (Bowie)
(B) Good Morning Girl (Bowie)
Production: Uncredited (again, probably Tony Hatch). Pye 7N 17079. Released: April 1 1966.

FROM THIS point on, Bowie recorded strictly as a solo artist, since Ken Pitt saw him as something more than a member of or front-man for a club band. Appropriately, it was released on All Fools Day.

A startlingly derivative and lacklustre brace of originals could scarcely be imagined, falling as awkwardly as they do between a variety of stools. The A-side sounds like the type of song that Ray Davies was discarding as unworthy of The Kinks and offering to unknowns who would remain so. "Good Morning Girl" is an unlikely hybrid of early Who and Flamingo School, saved only by an interesting interlude where Bowie scats along with the lead guitar.

(A) I Dig Everything (Bowie)
(B) I'm Not Losing Sleep (Bowie)
Production: Uncredited (probably Tony Hatch). Pye 7N 17157. Released: August 19 1966.

NOT BY any stretch of the imagination an auspicious artefact from our subject's formative years. With the obligatory pumping Hammond organ and exotic percussion, it bears an unfortunate resemblance to the less impressive work of the Paul Jones-fronted line-up of Manfred Mann. The vocal is uncharacteristically nervous. Bowie could conceiveably have appeared crooning this in the mandatory discotheque sequence of any crappy "Swingin' London" movie of the time.

The coupling is a put-down song of the type that Pete Townshend was occasionally writing at the time; it attempts to be acerbic but succeeds only in being petulant.

(A) Rubber Band (Bowie)
(B) London Boys (Bowie)
Produced: Mike Vernon. Deram DM 107. Released: Decmeber 2 1966.

AN EARLY manifestation of the Edwardian fixation that afflicted the more whimsical areas of mid-'60s Britpop (The Kinks' "Arthur Or The Rise And Fall Of The British Empire" and The Beatles' "Sgt Pepper" were its fullest flowering). Very much in the serio-comic show-tune/art-song idiom exemplified by the Anthony Newley/Lesle Bricusse score for *Stop The World I Want To Get Off*, it tells the faintly absurd tale of a World War 1 hero losing his sweetheart to the leader of an afternoon-in-the-park brass band. The faintly ludicrous melodrama of Bowie's vocal delivery is counterpointed by the elephantine caperings of the tuba and cornet.

The B-side is a far more serious affair, and probably the most moving and pertinent work that Bowie produced prior to "Space Oddity". Sung in the second person to a young provincial would-be Mod trying to run with the hip kids in the Big Smoke, "The London Boys" is a slow, agonised portrayal of the inevitable comedown from the amphetamine exhilaration of "My Generation".

If anything, this song is doubly relevant in 1978 as a whole new generation of London Boys take their chances in Wardour Street.

Apochrypha: legend has it that a group of the time known as The Elastic Band were once making a dreadful mess of trying to record a Bowie song in the studio, thus prompting Bowie's anguished cry of *"Rubber Band, you're playing my tune out of tune."*

(A) The Laughing Gnome (Bowie)
(B) The Gospel According To Tony Day (Bowie)
Produced: Mike Vernon. Deram DM 123. Released: April 14 1967. Reissued: September 8 1973.

UNDOUBTEDLY THE most embarrassing example of Bowie juvenalia to be reactivated after his graduation to Big League stardom (in fact, when it reached No. 4 in the charts and sold in excess of 250,000 copies six years after its initial release about the only unembarressed party was Decca Records).

The principal gimmick of "The Laughing Gnome" was the timeless technical standby of kiddie records from The Chipmunks to The Smurfs: the speeded-up elf voice. Interestingly enough, Bowie has used the technique of varispeed vocals to far more serious effect on his later records. Possibly the most generous assessment of "The Laughing Gnome" would be as Bowie's equivalent to The Beatles' "Yellow Submarine."

The B-side is a harsh catalogue of failure and disillusionment, a chronicle of individual defeats. A more incongruous running mate for "The Laughing Gnome" is well-nigh inconceivable.

LOVE YOU TILL TUESDAY
Side One: Uncle Arthur/Sell Me A Coat/Rubber Band/Love You Till Tuesday/There Is A Happy Land/We Are Hungry Men/When I Live My Dream
Side Two: Little Bombadier/Silly Boy Blue/Come And Buy My Toys/Join The Gang/She's Got Medals/Maid Of Bond Street/Please Mr Gravedigger
Produced: Mike Vernon. Arranged: Dek Fearnley, David Bowie. Deram DML 1007. Released: June 1967.

A LISTENER strictly accustomed to David Bowie in his assorted '70s guises would probably find "Love You Till Tuesday" either shocking or else simply quaint. Its musical ethos is theatrical in the most literal possible sense — a far cry from the primitive R&B and Swinging London pop of Bowie's previous (and commercially unsuccessful) recordings.

It becomes considerably less baffling, however, when the backstage politics are taken into consideration.

In his role as Bowie's manager and

Continues over page

From previous page

general Uncle figure, Kenneth Pitt had evidently decided that rock and roll in general and groups in particular had only a limited long-term potential. Pitt therefore resurrected the '50s cliche of the "all-round enterainer".

Having previously been associated with singer/actor/lyricist/comic/playwright Anthony Newley, Pitt — no rock and roller — had little faith in rock and roll as a long-term vehicle for his boy's burgeoning talents. Rock's only solo megastar Elvis Presley had scuttled to the middle of the road with almost indecent haste after being demobbed and no-one of Pitt's background could have foreseen that the likes of Bob Dylan, The Rolling Stones and The Who would still be going strong a dozen years later.

The 19-year-old Bowie had developed into an articulate and observant songwriter, a growth which could not be obscured by any amount of bloodless orchestration and matinee melodrama. A song like "We Are Hungry Men" retains its apocalyptic desperation despite the Light Programme low comedy of the Kenneth Williams-style introduction with which Bowie has chosen to saddle the piece.

The theme of resisting the onset of adulthood is approached twice: once whimsically in "Uncle Arthur", the tale of an ageing momma's boy, and once with real regret in "There Is A Happy Land", an eerie pre-echo of "After All".

Seeing London is examined with varying degrees of seriousness in "Maid Of Bond Street" and "Join Our Gang", the latter a penetrating but witty poke at then-current hip foibles. The title track is pure West End Musical fodder, and the album closes with "Please Mr Gravedigger", a macabre duet for voice and sound-effects.

Despite Pitt's hopes for the contrary, Bowie didn't end up as the new Tommy Steele. For which relief, much thanks.

(A) Love You Till Tuesday
(B) Did You Ever Have A Dream
Production: Mike Vernon. Musical Director (A) Ivor Raymond (B) Dek Fearnley. Deram DM 135. Released: July 15 1967.

BOWIE RE-RECORDED the vocal track for the single version of the title track from his album and coupled it with a superficially witty slice of good-time film-flam loosely based on John Sebastian's Lovin' Soonful song "Did You Ever Have To Make Up Your Mind". It ends, somewhat mordantly, with the clatter of breaking crockery.

Incidentally, "Love You Till Tuesday" was the title theme for a Pitt movie project which was never completed.

(A) Space Oddity (Bowie)
(B) Wild Eyed Boy From Freecloud (Bowie)
Production: Gus Dudgeon. Arrangement: David Bowie, Paul Buckmaster. Philips BF 1801. Released: July 11, 1969.

THERE HAD been a two-year break in transmission between "Space Oddity" and "Love You Till Tuesday". For an instant news update, take a deep breath . . .

Bowie had dumped Anthony Newley in favour of Bob Dylan, danced in a Lyons Maid TV commercial, minuetted in the BBC-TV play *The Pistol Shot*, earned the princely sum of £30 for the 20-minute movie *The Image*, made a briefer-than-brief appearance in *The Virgin Soldiers*, and failed auditions for *Sunday Bloody Sunday* and *The Triple Echo*. Perhaps feeling that the movie world would have to wait, he got turned on to mime and make-up by Lindsay Kemp and Buddhism by expatriate Lama monk Chimi Youngdong Rimpoche. Most important, he met a dynamic American girl named Mary Angela Barnett through Lou Reizner, who signed him to Mercury Records.

End of deep breath.

Plus, of course, he finally scored himself a hit with the adventurous "Space Oddity", a song which he'd written a year earlier for the *Love You Till Tuesday* movie after being mesmerised by Stanly Kubrick's epoch-making *2001: A Space Oddyssey*. The song was eventually utilised as a theme for television coverage of the moonwalk.

Obviously, the TV boys hadn't scrutinised the lyrics. "Space Oddity" is a tale of the most crushing and profound alienation: Bowie's astronaut hero Major Tom achieves lift-off, looks back on the planet and decides to cut off all communication and never return. This theme of withdrawal was one to which Bowie would return on subsequent occasions, notably on the "Low" album where the retreat was into inner rather than outer space.

"Space Oddity" remained in Bowie's performing repertoire for many years, perhaps most outstandingly in an acoustic incarnation where he was accompanied only by Mick Ronson on bass (preferred by many to the chocolate-box orchestration of the original, this version can be heard on "The Santa Monica Bootleg").

"Wild Eyed Boy From Freecloud", the tale of a youth persecuted and imprisoned far from home, appears here in a skeletal arrangement for cello and acoustic guitar, far removed from the more grandiose version included in the "David Bowie" album. An Italian-language version "Ragezza Sola, Ragazza Sola" (Philips BW 704 208) earned a fistful of lire and may explain why Bowie occasionally appeared at Italian Song Festivals.

DAVID BOWIE
Side One: Space Oddity(*)/Unwashed And Somewhat Slightly Dazed/Letter To Hermione/Cygnet Comittee.
Side Two: Janine/An Occasional Dream/The Wild-Eyed Boy From Freecloud/God Knows I'm Good/Memory Of A Free Festival. Production: Tony Visconti; except(*) Gus Dudgeon. Arrangement: David Bowie, Tony Visconti; except(*) David Bowie, Paul Buckmaster. Philips SBL 7912. Released: November 4 1969. Reissued as "Space Oddity" (RCA LSP 4813) November 1972.

TIME FOR another deep breath. 1969 had been an eventful year for DB; prior to the release of the "Space Oddity" single, he'd been appearing on the February/March Tyrannosaurus Rex UK concert tour performing a one-man mime based around the Communist Chinese invasion of Tibet. In his last attempt to conform to what Kenneth Pitt demanded of him, he participated in two Continental Song Festivals (Malta and Italy) held in August of that year, performing "When I Live My Dream" from the "Tuesday" album. At the former he was awarded a commemorative statuette, which we're sure is one of his most prized possessions to this day.

On a more personal level, the year was scarred by the death of Bowie's father and he went into seclusion until October, reappearing to join Humble Pie's debut tour, for which he had been booked by Andrew Loog Oldham to appear as a mime artist. To Oldham's chagrin, Bowie insisted on appearing as a solo singer to the accompaniment of his Gibson 12-string acoustic.

Unhappily, Bowie received a decidedly rough ride from an audience more attuned to the rock and roll dynamics of Humble Pie — then featuring Bowie's old chum Peter Frampton on lead guitar — and Dave Edmunds' Love Sculpture. Interestingly enough, the final act on the bill was a performing elephant called Changes!

Immediately after the tour, he appeared at Sunderland Empire on a bill with Herman's Hermits and The Troggs, but despite his hit single and all his live performances, the album stiffed out completely. It was an odd mixture of material that referred back to his past and material that foreshadowed his future. Some of it belonged in '67 and some of it to '72, but in 1969 the end result was totally un-contemporary.

Basically, "David Bowie" can be viewed in retrospect as all that Bowie had been and a little of what he would become all jumbled up and fighting for control: a rag-bag of ideas all getting in each others' way.

"Unwashed And Somewhat Slightly Dazed" depicts the artist beginning to see himself as a rock and roll rebel once again. The lyrics aren't even remotely pretty or fey (try *"I'm a phallus in pigtails and there's blood on my nose/my tissue is rotting where the rats chew my bones"* for size), and the combination of dreadful mouth-harp and shambolic Bo Diddley beat must have taken DB right back to the days of the King Bees. "Letter To Hermione" says farewell to an old flame in distinctively tender and loving terms, and the same romance is revisited in "An Occasional Dream".

"God Knows I'm Good" is a sharp and compssionate vignette in the tradition of the "Tuesday" album which concerns an apprehended shop-lifter. . .and then there's "Cygnet Committee."

Anticipating "The Man Who Sold The World" and some of the tougher, more metaphysical material on "Hunky Dory", "Cygnet Committee" introduces the character who — in many different guises — was to dominate the next stage of Bowie's work. The song's protagonist is a thinker who breaks down barriers for his younger followers, but finds that he has only provided them with the means to reject and destroy him.

The Superman in decline he may be, but whether he be Ziggy Satdust or Bewlay Brother, it is the Superman who recurs again and again in Bowie's mature work.

The versions of "Freecloud" and "Festival" contained herein are radically different from their 45 editions.

There are three incarnations of this album: the original UK issue, the original USA issue (retitled "Man Of Words, Man Of Music"; Mercury SR61246) and the RCA reissue.

(A) The Prettiest Star (Bowie)
(B) Conversation Piece (Bowie)
Production and arrangement: Tony Visconti. Mercury MF 1135. Released: March 6 1970.

AT THIS juncture, Bowie, Tony Visconti and Marc Bolan were charter members of a highly exclusive mutual admiration society. When Bowie was under contract to Denny Cordell at Deram, he was introduced to Visconti, a Brooklyn draft-dodger who was Cordell's assistant at the time. By '68, Cordell, Visconti and the various acts signed to their production company (The Move, Procol Harum, Joe Cocker and Tyrannosaurus Rex) had switched outlets to EMI's Regal Zonophone label, but Visconti was producing Bowie's records in an independent capacity for Mercury. Though Gus Dugeon had masterminded the "Space Oddity" single, Visconti became Bowie's resident producer and was to remain so for the duration of Bowie's stay with Mercury.

Slower, smoother and more delicate than the better known '73 RCA remake, "The Prettiest Star" dates from the period when Bowie was heavily influenced by Bolan and Visconti: in fact, Bolan plays lead guitar on this track and when Bowie re-recorded it, Mick Ronson hardly deviated from Bolan's original blueprint.

"Conversation Piece" is an unlikely combination of a neo-Poco country-rock backing-track and a song that sounds like a musical setting of a Harold Pinter monologue.

THE WORLD OF DAVID BOWIE
Side One: Uncle Arthur/Love You Till Tuesday(**)/There Is A Happy Land/Little Bombadier/Sell Me A Coat/Silly Boy Blue/The London Boys.
Side Two: Karma Man/Rubber Band/Let Me Sleep Beside You/Come And Buy My Toys/She's Got Medals/In The Heat Of The Morning (***)/When I Live My Dream.
Production: Mike Vernon; except(***) Tony Visconti. Arrangement: Dek Fearnley; except (**) Ivor Raymonde (***) Tony Visconti. Decca SPA 58. Released: March 1970.

BASICALLY, a reissue of "Love You Till Tuesday" with "Join The Gang" and "Please Mr Gravedigger" ommited in favour of "The London Boys", "Let Me Sleep Beside You", "In The Heat Of The Morning" and "Karma Man." "The London Boys" was the only one of the four so far to have seen vinyl, albeit in single form. "Karma Man" is an observation piece about a fairground, while "Morning" and "Sleep" are far more rock and roll oriented than anything Ken Pitt would've approved at the time: hard riffing and a sensual come-on.

Decca re-issued this compilation in '73 with a new cover photo to conform with Bowie's "Ziggy Stardust" image of the time.

(A) Memory Of A Free Festival Part 1 (Bowie)
(B) Memory Of A Free Festival Part 2 (Bowie)
Production: Tony Visconti. Mercury 6052026. Released: June 26 1970.

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS of a decidedly hippie kind, and an extended rework of the song that had closed the "David Bowie" LP: a rhapsodic and highly lysergic souvenir of a free festival that Bowie had organised for the Beckenham Arts Lab. "It was ragged, it was naive, it was heaven. . ." It was also Bowie's first use of rock and roll instrumentation for several years with a crunching rhythm section and assertive lead guitar underneath the psychedelic meanderings.

(A) Holy Holy (*) (Bowie)
(B) Black Country Rock (**) (Bowie)
Production: (*) A Blue Mink Production (possibly by Herbie Flowers) (**) Tony Visconti. Mercury 6052049. Released: January 17 1971.

WITH THIS single, Bolan's influence is so much in the ascendent that it virtually amounts to a case of demonic possession. Through a hallucinatory gauze of acoustic guitars, clunking percussion and neo-Oriental lead guitar, Bowie intones his rejection of Buddhism in favour of the enticing evils of the night. The melody line is asymetrical and labyrinthine in the approved Bolan manner, but whether you find it attractive or not is entirely dependent on your attitude to the pre-rock Tyrannosaurus Rex.

On "Black Country Rock", Bolan is satirised rather than adoringly mimicked, with the enthusiastic assistance of Mick Ronson, a young and heavily Beck-influenced rock guitarist who'd been recommended to Bowie by Gus Dudgeon and Paul Buckmaster after his excellent work on Michael Chapman's "Fully Qualified Survivor" album. Ronson's fiery, fluent lead guitar, ready grasp of musical theory and arranging flair made him Bowie's right hand man from here on in up till "Diamond Dogs". With Ronson at his side, Bowie was able to take a headlong dive into rock and roll, thus pre-dating Bolan's T. Rex manifestation, though the latter beat him to teen-idolhood.

THE MAN WHO SOLD THE WORLD
Side One: The Width Of A Circle/All The Madmen/Black Country Rock/After All.
Side Two: Running Gun Blues/Saviour Machine/She Shook Me Cold/The Man Who Sold The World/The Supermen.
Production: Tony Visconti. Mercury 6338 041. Released: April 1971 (re-issued November 1972 as RCA LSP 4816).

AND THIS is where the story *really* starts. For the first time in years, Bowie was back working with a real live full-tilt rock band (briefly known as David Bowie's Hype). The trio in question were Mick Ronson (guitarist), Tony Visconti (bass) and Ronno's old chum Mick "Woody" Woodmansey replacing John Cambridge behind the drums.

Discreet touches of orchestration still remained (mostly courtesy of Ralph Mace's synthesiser), but basically DB relied on Ronson firepower and the awesome weight of the rhythm section (Visconti having availed himself of producers' perks and whacked his bass right up in the mix at every opportunity). If the music was heavy (and you'd have to be totally mandied out not to realise just *how* heavy), the songs were even heavier. Why, the theological implications alone are staggering!

On this, his second and last Mercury album, Bowie unloaded everything that was floating around in his head to provide a comprehensively dark worldview: nothing less than an obituary for humanity. "The world is doomed! We're not capable of making it any better: people just aren't going to have reasonable destinies," he remarked at the time.

The vision Bowie presents here is one of unrelieved chaos and terror (the only respite is hanging out on Black Country Rock), which may explain why American listeners and critics found the album far more accessible than their *enlightened* British counterparts.

Assassins, madmen, occultists, deranged computers, dormant elder gods, children possessed of secrets beyond their parents' imaginings (the cast of "There Is A Happy Land" restored to a newer and more terrible innocence) and polysexual imagery compounded the blow struck by the album's startling cover. . .the new Bowie was dealing in strange and disturbing commodities.

The eight-minute-plus opening shot, "The Width Of A Circle" should have served to announce that the all-electric DB meant business and that business amounted to uneasy listening. Over the stabbing raunch of the power trio, Bowie declaims his tale of a surrender in hell: spiritual rape by a mysterious character who is the unquestioned ruler of his cosmology. In the final section of the number, Ronson And Co unleash R'n'B riffing of sufficiently savagery to make Led Zeppelin flinch. Look back in (Kenneth) Anger.

"All The Madmen" presents a picture all the bleaker for being closer to home. In this depiction of a world so bereft of reason that the last sane men are the ones in the asylums, Bowie demands from all his listeners a reassessment of their most basic assumptions concerning the society *they* live in. The last track on side 1, "After All" shows us a children's party as a Brechtian nightmare. The Ubermensch philosophy which was to flower on "Hunky Dory" here raises its head for the first time: *"Man is an obstacle sad as the clown (oh by jingo) so believe in nothing and he won't let you down (oh by jingo)."* For the "oh by jingo" refrain, Bowie re-discovers the varispeed vocal techniques toyed with on "The Laughing Gnome". Nothing is wasted. . .

Over on side two, we find the paranoid Vietnam veteran of "Running Gun Blues" picking off innocent civilians (instead of innocent Vietnamese) from the top of a tower, a nightmare as compelling as the headlines from which it was torn. In "Saviour Machine" we meet the omnipotent computer begging its subjects to disobey it before it destroys them, before its contempt for them becomes too great for it to let them live.

Ronson pulls out all his guitar-hero strokes for "She Shook Me Cold" as DB presents himself as the young stud searching for the one girl who can do *him* in.

The final brace of songs (the title track and "The Superman") recall the basic premise of the work of the late fantasist H.P. Lovecraft: "all my stories," he wrote, "are based on the fundamental lore or legend that this world was at one time inhabited by another race who, in practising black magic, lost their foothold and were expelled, yet live outside ever ready to take possesion of the earth again."

Maybe they're already here!

There's a lot more that could be written about this album, but we'd prefer you to have the fun of unravelling the rest for yourself. If less people had been put off by the cover (Bowie reclining gracefully on a chaise-longue in a perfectly *delightful* gown which he described straight-faced as a "man's dress") they would have realised that DB was giving them everything they ever wanted from a Zeppelin or Sabbath plus so much more they might not be able to cope with it.

"The most merciful thing in the world," wrote H.P. Lovecraft, "is the inability of the human mind to correlate its contents."

Occasionally, Bowie must have doubted that this particular mercy even existed.

HUNKY DORY
Side One: Changes(*)/Oh You Pretty Thing/Eight Line Poem/Life On Mar?(*)/Kooks(*)/Quicksand(*).
Side Two: Fill Your Heart(*)/Andy Warhol/Song For Bob Dylan/Queen Bitch/The Bewlay Brothers(*).
Production: Ken Scott (assisted by the actor). Arrangement: (*) Mick Ronson. RCA SF8244. Released: December 1971.

BY NOW, Tony Visconti was out of the picture as Bowie moved from Mercury to RCA and Tony DeFries (then working for Gem) entered Bowie's life. Visconti was replaced as producer by Ken Scott, who had acted as engineer on "The Man Who Sold The World" and fulfilled the same function on Gus Dudgeon's productions for Elton John, and as bassist by Trevor Bolder, who'd played in Hull blues band The Rats alongside Ronson and Woodmansey.

The only part-timer on the team was pianist Rick Wakeman, who almost jacked in his gig with The Strawbs to tour with Bowie, but having refused their offer was never heard from again.

Certainly, "Hunky Dory" was one of the most misleadingly titled rock albums extant: an eerily seductive confection of attractive melodies and light frothy textures juxtaposed with lyrics which were for the most part as complex and serious as those found on the previous album.

Where he had previously attacked the listener with the full-frontal assault of a bludgeoningly heavy power trio, this biazarre bid for the impulse-buying Chrismas market was gift-wrapped with Rick Wakeman's marzipan piano and Mick Ronson's satin-ribbed string arrangemtns. Once taken off-guard by the sheer surface prettiness of some of the material, you were then wide open for a set of thoroughly disturbing observations, predictions and fantasies.

The opening "Changes", dominated by Wakeman's elegant pianistics and Ronson's florid strings, sets the scene with reflective verses and a stuttering Who-like chorus. Bowie combines his theme of Modern Kids as a New Race with a statement of his philosophy of perpetual change and the warning *"Look out, all you rock and rollers."* He then takes Paul McCartney's clumping "Martha My Dear" piano style to wholly unexpected conclusions with "Oh You Pretty Things".

Once again, he celebrates the impending obsolescence of the human race in favour of a mystic union between arriving aliens and the youth of the present society. When Peter "Herman" Noone recorded this song —

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general Uncle figure, Kenneth Pitt had evidently decided that rock and roll in general and groups in particular had only a limited long-term potential. Pitt therefore resurrected the '50s cliche of the "all-round enterainer".

Having previously been associated with singer/actor/lyricist/comic/playwright Anthony Newley, Pitt — no rock and roller — had little faith in rock and roll as a long-term vehicle for his boy's burgeoning talents. Rock's only solo megastar Elvis Presley had scuttled to the middle of the road with almost indecent haste after being demobbed and no-one of Pitt's background could have foreseen that the likes of Bob Dylan, The Rolling Stones and The Who would still be going strong a dozen years later.

The 19-year-old Bowie had developed into an articulate and observant songwriter, a growth which could not be obscured by any amount of bloodless orchestration and matinee melodrama. A song like "We Are Hungry Men" retains its apocalyptic desperation despite the Light Programme low comedy of the Kenneth Williams-style introduction with which Bowie has chosen to saddle the piece.

The theme of resisting the onset of adulthood is approached twice: once whimsically in "Uncle Arthur", the tale of an ageing momma's boy, and once with real regret in "There Is A Happy Land", an eerie pre-echo of "After All".

Seeing London is examined with varying degrees of seriousness in "Maid Of Bond Street" and "Join Our Gang", the latter a penetrating but witty poke at then-current hip foibles. The title track is pure West End Musical fodder, and the album closes with "Please Mr Gravedigger", a macabre duet for voice and sound-effects.

Despite Pitt's hopes for the contrary, Bowie didn't end up as the new Tommy Steele. For which relief, much thanks.

(A) Love You Till Tuesday
(B) Did You Ever Have A Dream
Production: Mike Vernon. Musical Director (A) Ivor Raymond (B) Dek Fearnley. Deram DM 135. Released: July 15 1967.

BOWIE RE-RECORDED the vocal track for the single version of the title track from his album and coupled it with a superficially witty slice of good-time flim-flam loosely based on John Sebastian's Lovin' Soonful song "Did You Ever Have To Make Up Your Mind". It ends, somewhat mordantly, with the clatter of breaking crockery.

Incidentally, "Love You Till Tuesday" was the title theme for a Pitt movie project which was never completed.

(A) Space Oddity (Bowie)
(B) Wild Eyed Boy From Freecloud (Bowie)
Production: Gus Dudgeon. Arrangement: David Bowie, Paul Buckmaster. Philips BF 1801. Released: July 11, 1969.

THERE HAD been a two-year break in transmission between "Space Oddity" and "Love You Till Tuesday". For an instant news update, take a deep breath . . .

Bowie had dumped Anthony Newley in favour of Bob Dylan, danced in a Lyons Maid TV commercial, minuetted in the BBC-TV play *The Pistol Shot*, earned the princely sum of £30 for the 20-minute movie *The Image*, made a briefer-than-brief appearance in *The Virgin Soldiers*, and failed auditions for *Sunday Bloody Sunday* and *The Triple Echo*. Perhaps feeling that the movie world would have to wait, he got turned on to mime and make-up by Lindsay Kemp and Buddhism by expatriate Lama monk Chimi Youngdong Rimpoche. Most important, he met a dynamic American girl named Mary Angela Barnett through Lou Reizner, who signed him to Mercury Records.

End of deep breath.

Plus, of course, he finally scored himself a hit with the adventurous "Space Oddity", a song which he'd written a year earlier for the *Love You Till Tuesday* movie after being mesmerised by Stanly Kubrick's epoch-making *2001: A Space Oddyssey*. The song was eventually utilised as a theme for television coverage of the moonwalk.

Obviously, the TV boys hadn't scrutinised the lyrics. "Space Oddity" is a tale of the most crushing and profound alienation: Bowie's astronaut hero Major Tom achieves lift-off, looks back on the planet and decides to cut off all communication and never return. This theme of withdrawal was one to which Bowie would return on subsequent occasions, notably on the "Low" album where the retreat was into inner rather than outer space.

"Space Oddity" remained in Bowie's performing repertoire for many years, perhaps most outstandingly in an acoustic incarnation where he was accompanied only by Mick Ronson on bass (preferred by many to the chocolate-box orchestration of the original, this version can be heard on "The Santa Monica Bootleg").

"Wild Eyed Boy From Freecloud", the tale of a youth persecuted and imprisoned far from home, appears here in a skeletal arrangement for cello and acoustic guitar, far removed from the more grandiose version included in the "David Bowie" album. An Italian-language version "Ragazza Sola, Ragazza Sola" (Philips BW 704 208) earned a fistful of lire and may explain why Bowie occasionally appeared at Italian Song Festivals.

DAVID BOWIE
Side One: Space Oddity(*)/Unwashed And Somewhat Slightly Dazed/Letter To Hermione/Cygnet Comittee.
Side Two: Janine/An Occasional Dream/The Wild-Eyed Boy From Freecloud/God Knows I'm Good/Memory Of A Free Festival.
Production: Tony Visconti; except(*) Gus Dudgeon. Arrangement: David Bowie, Tony Visconti; except(*) David Bowie, Paul Buckmaster. Philips SBL 7912. Released: November 4 1969. Reissued as "Space Oddity" (RCA LSP 4813) November 1972.

TIME FOR another deep breath. 1969 had been an eventful year for DB; prior to the release of the "Space Oddity" single, he'd been appearing on the February/March Tyrannosaurus Rex UK concert tour performing a one-man mime based around the Communist Chinese invasion of Tibet. In his last attempt to conform to what Kenneth Pitt demanded of him, he participated in two Continental Song Festivals (Malta and Italy) held in August of that year, performing "When I Live My Dream" from the "Tuesday" album. At the former he was awarded a commemorative statuette, which we're sure is one of his most prized possessions to this day.

On a more personal level, the year was scarred by the death of Bowie's father and he went into seclusion until October, reappearing to join Humble Pie's debut tour, for which he had been booked by Andrew Loog Oldham to appear as a mime artist. To Oldham's chagrin, Bowie insisted on appearing as a solo singer to the accompaniment of his Gibson 12-string acoustic.

Unhappily, Bowie received a decidedly rough ride from an audience more attuned to the rock and roll dynamics of Humble Pie — then featuring Bowie's old chum Peter Frampton on lead guitar — and Dave Edmunds' Love Sculpture. Interestingly enough, the final act on the bill was a performing elephant called Changes!

Immediately after the tour, he appeared at Sunderland Empire on a bill with Herman's Hermits and The Troggs, but despite his hit single and all his live performances, the album stiffed out completely. It was an odd mixture of material that referred back to his past and material that foreshadowed his future. Some of it belonged in '67 and some of it to '72, but in 1969 the end result was totally un-contemporary.

Basically, "David Bowie" can be viewed in retrospect as all that Bowie had been and a little of what he would become all jumbled up and fighting for control: a rag-bag of ideas all getting in each others' way.

"Unwashed And Somewhat Slightly Dazed" depicts the artist beginning to see himself as a rock and roll rebel once again. The lyrics aren't even remotely pretty or fey (try *"I'm a phallus in pigtails and there's blood on my nose/my tissue is rotting where the rats chew my bones"* for size), and the combination of dreadful mouth-harp and shambolic Bo Diddley beat must have taken DB right back to the days of the King Bees. "Letter To Hermione" says farewell to an old flame in distinctively tender and loving terms, and the same romance is revisited in "An Occasional Dream".

"God Knows I'm Good" is a sharp and compssionate vignette in the tradition of the "Tuesday" album which concerns an apprehended shop-lifter. . .and then there's "Cygnet Committee."

Anticipating "The Man Who Sold The World" and some of the tougher, more metaphysical material on "Hunky Dory", "Cygnet Committee" introduces the character who — in many different guises — was to dominate the next stage of Bowie's work. The song's protagonist is a thinker who breaks down barriers for his younger followers, but finds that he has only provided them with the means to reject and destroy him.

The Superman in decline he may be, but whether he be Ziggy Satdust or Bewlay Brother, it is the Superman who recurs again and again in Bowie's mature work.

The versions of "Freecloud" and "Festival" contained herein are radically different from their 45 editions.

There are three incarnations of this album: the original UK issue, the original USA issue (retitled "Man Of Words, Man Of Music"; Mercury SR61246) and the RCA reissue.

(A) The Prettiest Star (Bowie)
(B) Conversation Piece (Bowie)
Production and arrangement: Tony Visconti. Mercury MF 1135. Released: March 6 1970.

AT THIS juncture, Bowie, Tony Visconti and Marc Bolan were charter members of a highly exclusive mutual admiration society. When Bowie was under contract to Denny Cordell at Deram, he was introduced to Visconti, a Brooklyn draft-dodger who was Cordell's assistant at the time. By '68, Cordell, Visconti and the various acts signed to their production company (The Move, Procol Harum, Joe Cocker and Tyrannosaurus Rex) had switched outlets to EMI's Regal Zonophone label, but Visconti was producing Bowie's records in an independent capacity for Mercury. Though Gus Dugeon had masterminded the "Space Oddity" single, Visconti became Bowie's resident producer and was to remain so for the duration of Bowie's stay with Mercury.

Slower, smoother and more delicate than the better known '73 RCA remake, "The Prettiest Star" dates from the period when Bowie was heavily influenced by Bolan and Visconti: in fact, Bolan plays lead guitar on this track and when Bowie re-recorded it, Mick Ronson hardly deviated from Bolan's original blueprint.

"Conversation Piece" is an unlikely combination of a neo-Poco country-rock backing-track and a song that sounds like a musical setting of a Harold Pinter monologue.

THE WORLD OF DAVID BOWIE
Side One: Uncle Arthur/Love You Till Tuesday(**)/There Is A Happy Land/Little Bombadier/Sell Me A Coat/Silly Boy Blue/The London Boys.
Side Two: Karma Man/Rubber Band/Let Me Sleep Beside You/Come And Buy My Toys/She's Got Medals/In The Heat Of The Morning (***)/When I Live My Dream.
Production: Mike Vernon; except(***) Tony Visconti. Arrangement: Dek Fearnley; except (**) Ivor Raymonde (***) Tony Visconti. Decca SPA 58. Released: March 1970.

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CLOSE ENCOUNTERS of a decidedly hippie kind, and an extended rework of the song that had closed the "David Bowie" LP: a rhapsodic and highly lysergic souvenir of a free festival that Bowie had organised for the Beckenham Arts Lab. "It was ragged, it was naive, it was heaven. . ." It was also Bowie's first use of rock and roll instrumentation for several years with a crunching rhythm section and assertive lead guitar underneath the psychedelic meanderings.

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(B) Black Country Rock (**) (Bowie)
Production: (*) A Blue Mink Production (possibly by Herbie Flowers) (**) Tony Visconti. Mercury 6052049. Released: January 17 1971.

WITH THIS single, Bolan's influence is so much in the ascendent that it virtually amounts to a case of demonic possession. Through a hallucinatory gauze of acoustic guitars, clunking percussion and neo-Oriental lead guitar, Bowie intones his rejection of Buddhism in favour of the enticing evils of the night. The melody line is asymetrical and labyrinthine in the approved Bolan manner, but whether you find it attractive or not is entirely dependent on your attitude to the pre-rock Tyrannosaurus Rex.

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On this, his second and last Mercury album, Bowie unloaded everything that was floating around in his head to provide a comprehensively dark worldview: nothing less than an obituary for humanity. "The world is doomed! We're not capable of making it any better: people just aren't going to have reasonable destinies," he remarked at the time.

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Continues over page

Sunday, Nov. 30th at 7.15 p.m.
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SAVE RAVE '69
in the presence of
H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET
to raise funds for the Invalid Children's Aid Association
Artists appearing (in alphabetical order)
DAVE CASH
DAVID BOWIE
DUSTY SPRINGFIELD
ED STEWART
DAVID BOWIE
Produced by Tony Visconti
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Sun., Feb. 23 BRISTOL COLSTON HALL
Sat., Mar. 1 LIVERPOOL PHILHARMONIC
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GER 6601 DAVID BOWIE AND THE LOWER THIRD
DAVID BOWIE
AND THE BUZZ

From previous page

incidentally, Herman chirps *"the earth is a beast"* in place of Bowie's crisply enunciated "the earth is a *bitch!*"— he'd probably have run screaming out of the studio if he'd understood the lyrics.

"Oh You Pretty Things" segues directly into "Eight Line Poem", a hushed still life with Ronson's muted guitar delicately framed by Bowie's leisurely piano chords. "Life On Mars?" is another masterpiece of sleight-of-hand, where Wakeman at his most ornate collides with Ronson's bombastic string arrangement and acrid guitar.

Bowie constructs a complex sequence of parallel worlds in which the heroine attempts to escape her pallid life by going to the movies only to discover that the movie *is* her life and up on the screen she sees herself going to the movies and . . .Escher would've been proud of it. Periodically, the song returns to the same scene of urban chaos as DB exclaims, *"Oh man! Look at those cavemen go, it's the freakiest show . . . is there life on Mars?"*

A brief respite is provided by "Kooks": in the light of subsequent developments, a gentle and affectionate warning to David and Angie's newborn son Zowie, with playful trumpet from Bolder.

The side closes with Bowie at his darkest and most metaphysical mood. "Quicksand" — not to be confused with the Martha and The Vandellas song of the same name — is twilight worlds apart. Over delicate yet ominous 12-string acoustic guitar, Bowie ruminates on the possible collision between the various philosophies he follows — Zen, Homo Superior, the occult — and the fact that fascism arose from similar roots.

Act Two, Scene One commences with "Fill Your Heart", a twee flower-power statement borrowed from Biff Rose and Paul Williams, which Bowie presents as what can only be assumed to be a sardonic counterpoint to the serious business which preceded it. Still, he sounds as if he had a lot of fun singing it.

"Andy Warhol" (prefaced with a studio back-chat intro), which is the first of three tribute / vignettes, allows Bowie's sense of humour to assert itself and is chiefly remarkable for what John Mendelsohn referred to in *Rolling Stone* as its "extraordinary all-acoustic-guitar arrangement" (Bowie said at the time that he was trying to do with acoustic guitars what The Velvet Underground were doing with electrics).

"Song For Bob Dylan" is a distillation of all the pleas that were then circulating for the Zim's return, featuring a vocal on the sour side of tribute and the affectionate side of parody."Queen Bitch" is a brave and for the most part successful attempt by The Actor to pen the ultimate Lou Reed/Velvets song that Lou never wrote himself.

And so to the Grand Finale. "The Bewlay Brothers" is probably Bowie's densest and most impenetrable song. Seven years after its appearance, Bowiephiles are still at loggerheads over exactly what it's about. When approached on the subject, the composer is politely unhelpful. "I can't imagine what the person who wrote that had on his mind at the time" he murmurs, though on another occasion he described it as *"Star Trek* in a leather jacket." However, it evidently means a great deal to him, since he credited some of his Iggy productions to Da Brudders and named his music publishing company "Bewlay Brothers."

For what it's worth, we believe the Bewlay Brothers to be the elder gods (in the Lovecraftian sense) referred to in some of the songs from "The Man Who Sold The World", and the authors of the book mentioned in "Oh You Pretty Things." Some of the lyrics could also be a passing reference to Bowie's brother Terry.

We should also point out that at least one Bowie scholar believes the song to be about drugs (how boring!) and that the Laughing Gnome appears in considerably more sinister guise during the fade.

(A) Changes (Bowie)
(B) Andy Warhol (Bowie)
Production: Ken Scott (assisted by the actor). RCA 2160. Released: January 7, 1972.

FOR REASONS best known only to himself and Mickie Most (torture on the RAK, perchance) Bowies had given Peter Noone the most obviously singleworthy track from "Hunky Dory", so that left "Changes." It garnered much favourable comment and buzz, but unspectacular sales.

(A) Starman (Bowie)
(B) Suffragette City (Bowie)
Production: David Bowie, Ken Scott RCA 2199. Released: April 14 1972.

THE LONG-delayed breakthrough. Since the beginning of 1972, Bowie and his band (Ronson, Woodmansey and occasionally pianist Robin Lumley) had been gigging around the British Isles performing what would later be referred to as the Ziggy Set. Bowie had grabbed the headlines by announcing his bisexuality and he and the band had adopted their new look: the make-up, dyed hair and catsuits.

The new stage act (including the celebrated electric blowjob routine where Bowie would kneel in front of Ronno, hug the guitarist's ass and delicately apply his lips and tongue to Ronson's sanded-down Les Paul Custom), the songs and the whole outrageous cencept were just commercial dynamite, and more people were interested in Bowie than at any time since the "Space Oddity" hit of three years earlier.

Inevitably, those who hadn't been paying attention regarded "Starman" as the follow-up to the saga of Major Tom.

Thematically, "Starman" is a light-hearted approach to heavier themes previously stated in "On You Pretty Things" and elsewhere. Fractionally within the four-minute barrier, "Starman" is a perfectly constructed and executed pop song which nods to both "Somewhere Over The Rainbow" and "You Keep Me Hangin' On", and which noticeably inhabits the same universe as T. Rex. Bolan was not amused and the two stars were decidedly uncomplimentary about each other in print. By the way, the song accurately predicts the plot of *Close Encounters Of The Third Kind.*

The B-side "Suffragette City" can be more profitably discussed in the context of the "Ziggy Stardust" album, which followed in June.

THE RISE AND FALL OF ZIGGY STARDUST AND THE SPIDERS FROM MARS
Side One: Five Years /Soul Love / Moonage Daydream / Starman / It Ain't Easy
Side Two: Lady Stardust /Star / Hang On To Yourself / Ziggy Stardust /Suffragette City / Rock'n'Roll Suicide
Promotion: David Bowie, Ken Scott
Arrangement: David Bowie, Mick Ronson. RCA SF8287. Released June 1972.

THE GRAND slam and arguably (at least, we'll argue for at least an hour with anyone who says different) the definitive *rock and roll* concept album, and by far the most cogent comment any rock artist has ever made on his own art form.

It was also a virtual advance diary of the next action-packed year of Bowie's career, a year which was its own artistic justification in that those next 12 months were almost the artistic statement in themselves and the records, concerts *et al* merely artefacts. It was also nothing less than an investigative journalism project on the grandest possible scale. How else can you discover precisely what rock and roll superstardom is like without actually going out and becoming a superstar? If by some fluke of fate it had backfired — and nobody less gifted than Bowie could have brought it off — it would have been the greatest personal disaster in the history of show business.

To understand the Ziggy project to its fullest extent, it is necessary to bear in mind the following statement: "It should be the clown, the pierrot medium. The music is the mask the message wears — the music is the pierrot and I, the performer, am the message."

With this album, Bowie emerged as the first and only bona fide *European* rock star. He virtually *invented* Europe as a locale where English and American rock and roll could meet on terrain equally foreign to both, but this tendency in his work would not surface fully until the innovative "Station To Station" (1975).

When on July 3, 1973, Bowie pulled the plug out on Ziggy at the Hammersmith Odeon, every glitterkid in the world went into mourning as soon as they came out of shock. However, they should have been prepared for the inevitable — hadn't Bowie already given away the end of the story right here on the album?

Ziggy was orginally conceived with built-in obsolescence. Bowie was both puppet and puppeteer, Frankenstein and monster, victim and assassin.

"Five Years" sets the scene: it describes the environment in which the rest of the album is to take place, side two being the story of Ziggy and side one examining different aspects of the situation. In "Five Years" we learn that the earth has just that long to go before it is destroyed by some impending but unspecified catastrophe. We hear the announcement and observe assorted reactions to it.

In the first of this album's almost endless string of virtuoso production devices, the drum fade-out of "Five Years" segues into the drum intro of "Soul Love", an uncharacteristically gentle paean to peace, love and tenderness. As the listener drifts away on its long soothing fade, he is suddenly bolted out of his mood by the crunching intro to "Moonage Daydream" (this song and "Hang On To Yourself" were publicly sneak-previewed on B&C/Mooncrest singles by Arnold Corns. See appendix for further details). Following Bowie's enchanting bellow of "I'm an alligator!" he announces *"I'm the space invader, I'll be a rock and rollin' bitch for you."* It features deliberately cliched SF imagery and a howling, feedback-drenched solo from Ronson that frequently developed into a live tour-de-force.

"Starman" — the then-current hit single — gives way to the album's sole non-original, Ron Davies' "It Ain't Easy" (also covered by John Baldry, Detroit and Dave Edmunds' Rockpile). It receives a taut, restrained treatment and the lyrics cast an interesting sidelight onto the rest of the album.

As the curtain rises on side two with Ronson's stately piano (he plays all the keyboards on the album in addition to his lead guitar duties), we first encounter our hero in "Lady Stardust" performing before an ecstatic audience. The song's narrator is a man hopelessly in love with the performer.

The character of Ziggy was a composite of all that Bowie found most fascinating and compelling about rock and roll. At different moments he reflects different aspects of different performers, but in this song the inspiration would appear to be Marc Bolan. The lyric states *"People stared at the make-up on his face / They laughed at his long black hair, his animal grace,"* and when Bowie performed at the Rainbow Theatre on August 19, a slide of Bolan was projected behind him as he sang. The mood is elegiac, yearning.

In "Star" we discover Ziggy outlining his game-plan for universal stardom, and at no point do creator and creation merge more totally. "Hang On To Yourself" is a delightful rock and roll concoction, with a riff one-part "Sweet Jane" to four parts "Summertime Blues". It's all-time-for-real rock and roll with one foot in the '50s and the other in the late '70s. A lot of punk rockers were into Bowie and Bolan around this time (many still are) and listening to this in mid'78 the connection is crystal clear: from the arrogant sensuality of the lyric to the Ramonic double-time buzz-saw guitar. An extra treat is that *"C'mon (pant) c'mon (pant)"* overdub towards the end. File alongside "Stray Cat Blues" in the Groupie Song Hall Of Fame and dedicate the last verse to Steve Jones.

The title track condenses the entire plot into just under three-and-a-half minutes and Ziggy begins to bear a distinct resemblance to the late star-crossed Jimi Hendrix. Narrated by one of The Spiders, the song pays tribute to Ziggy's gifts (and "God-given ass"), describes the dissentions and petty jealousy within the group, and in its last verse chronicles Ziggy's spiritual decline.

It is unwise to take the line *"When the kids had killed the man I had to break up the band"* at face value. Aware that *all* rock performers are in danger of inadvertent self-parody when inspiration flags and style degenerates into mannerism, Bowie sends Ziggy into permanent retirement both on and off vinyl. Maybe Herr Stardust is living in retirement of Powys Square these days.

"Suffragette City" finds Ziggy in the process of cracking up. Plagued by flunkies, groupies and critics he realises *'My work's down the drain"* and, in the choruses, snarls with paranoid aggression and tells the world to sod off. Set against scorching riffs from Ronson and the insistent, irritating *"Hey man!"* from the backing vocals, it's a classic rock shot. Dig the A to F chord shift.

The title of the album's final track "Rock'n'Roll Suicide" achieved the status of slogan, adorning many jacket backs of the time. The song depicts Ziggy broken and alone, consoled by his last remaining fan and it provided the emotional climax to almost all the Ziggy gigs, especially the Grande Finale at Hammersmith Odeon when, as Bowie sang *"You're not alone / gimme your hands"* thousands of little pink fingers punctured the spotlight as they stretched beseechingly towards him.

Rock and roll's greatest analysis of itself, an object lesson in how to record and layer vocals and the blueprint for rock stardom all in one package. How could anyone resist it? If you did — you were wrong.

(A) John, I'm Only Dancing (*) (Bowie)
(B) Hang On To Yourself (**) (Bowie)
Production: (*) David Bowie for Mainman. (**) David Bowie, Ken Scott for Gem. RCA 2263 Released September 1, 1972.

THERE ARE reportedly at least three separate and distinct versions of this controversial single, two of which are commercially available. This could get complicated, so pay attention, First of all, there's the *original* single version, nowadays only available on later pressings of the "Changesonebowie" compilation. The version currently available on 45 is a re-make cut during the "Aladdin Sane" sessions and included on *early* pressings of "Changesonebowie". We'll spare you all the garf about matrix numbers and such, but just remember: the album version is now on the single and the single is now on the album. For what it's worth, the re-make is much raunchier and infinitely superior.

A third version (allegedly cut during the Sigma Sound sessions in Philadelphia — which produced much of "Young Americans") is a six-minutes-plus disco cut, but it's never been released so don't worry about it. DB doesn't!

While no-one in the UK gave a shit about Bowie's much-publicised coming-out, it would appear that the single's non-appearance in Lou Reed's homeland had not a little to do with the song's explicit gay content. For some reason unknown to us, it did just great on import in Memphis, Tennessee.

Over a jaunty R&B shuffle, the narrator explains to his boyfriend that all he and the girl in question are doing is shakin' it down on the dance floor. *"John, I'm only dancing / She turns me on / but don't get me wrong / I'm only dancing."* Even if you possess the original on either album or single, it's worth shooting out and buying the current single version. A word to the wise.

"Hang On To Yourself" was straight off the album and completely unaltered.

(A) Do anything you say ? I dig everything (Bowie)
(B) Can't Help Thinking About Me/I'm Not Losing Sleep (Bowie).
Production: uncredited (most likely Tony Hatch, right?). Pye 7NX 8002 (33⅓ rpm). Released; October 6 1972.

WHEN YOU'RE hot, you're hot. You can tell because all the oldies start surfacing. The Pye bounty-hunters dragged out four of their six Bowie masters for this EP, but frustrated collectors by keeping two of them in the vaults where (to Bowie's probable relief) they still remain.

(A) The Jean Genie (*) (Bowie)
(B) Ziggy Stardust (**) (Bowie)
Production: (*) David Bowie (for Mainman) (**) David Bowie, Ken Scott (for Gem). RCA 2302. Released November 24 1972.

BACK TO bàsics: both Bowie and Ronson had a fair old chunk of British R&B buzzing around in their systems, and on "Jean Genie" a Yardbirds-play-Muddy Waters riff rubs shoulders with a lyric reminiscent of the epic sleaze of The Velvet Underground. The protagonist is loosely based on Iggy Pop, and the title is some sort of obscure pun on the name of Jean Genet, a French novelist who was no slouch at the sleaze game himself.

A trifle stiff and restrained on wax, "Jean Genie" was always a screaming yellow zonker live (as best demonstrated on "The Santa Monica Bootleg", where Bowie punches out the riff alongside Ronno on a spare Les Paul). Though it reached No 2 in the UK charts, a fellow RCA act made No 1 the following month with a single that purely by coincidence utilised the same riff. The Sweet's "Blockbuster" had a totally over-the-top gimmick production that just about covered up the inadequacies of the song. Was DB worried? Not a lot.

The B-side was another in RCA's "Collect The 'Ziggy' album on the instalment plan" series.

(A) Drive-In Saturday (Seattle-Phoenix) (Bowie)
(B) Around And Around (Berry)
Production: David Bowie, Ken Scott (for Mainman). Arrangement: David Bowie, Mick Ronson. RCA 2352. Released: April 6 1973.

BACKGROUND: WHEN Bowie launched his "Save Mott The Hoople" campaign, he first offered them a demo of "Suffragette City" which for various reasons didn't work out as intended, so he laid "All The Young Dudes" on them. Any readers over the age of five should know that that worked out just fine. The Mott/Mainman relationship subsequently deteriorated, which is why they never got their hands on "Drive-In Saturday" as a follow-up.

Written as a result of seeing strange silver domes from a train window during nocturnal transit between Seattle and Phoenix, it was premiered acoustically at Pirates' World in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, because Bowie couldn't wait to teach it to the band before performing it.

In its finished form it sounds like The Five Satins on Alpha Centauri with Bowie's wheezing alto saxophone snaking between the doowop backing vocals and the ominous whooshings of the synthesiser. The song describes a future time when active sex has become a lost art which has to be painstakingly relearned from videos of old porn movies screened at drive-ins. The lyric contains references to Mick Jagger, Twiggy *("She sighed like Twig the wonder kid")* and Carl Jung.

This single also features one of Bowie's most interesting B-sides and, for a welcome change, a track not available on album before or since, though some sources allege that it was scheduled for inclusion on "Ziggy Stardust" (where it would have been ludicrously out of place) but was displaced by "Starman" (which fitted perfectly).

If you've ever wondered what the Yardbirds with Jeff Beck would've sounded like playing Uncle Chuck's "Around And Around", wonder no more — it sounds great!

ALADDIN SANE
Side One: Watch That Man (New York) / Aladdin Sane 1913-1938-197? (RHMS Ellinis) / Drive-In Saturday (Seattle-Phoenix) / Panic In Detroit (Detroit) / Cracked Actor (Los Angeles).
Side Two: Tim (New Orleans) / The Prettiest Star (Gloucester Road) / Let's Spend The Night Together (Jagger-Richard) / The Jean Genie (Detroit & New York) / Lady Grinning Soul (London).
PRODUCTION : David Bowie, Ken Scott (for Mainman). Arrangement: David Bowie, Mick Ronson. RCA RS 1001. Released April 1973.

"ALADDIN SANE" was the first album that Bowie made from a position of stardom, and it was all too obvious that the heat was on and that he was under pressure from fans, critics and the business *("Hey man! Oh Henry, leave me alone . . . ")* The songs were written too fast, recorded too fast and mixed too fast. The album is fragmented and even though it contains much excellent material the whole is oddly unsatisfying: considerably less than the sum of the parts.

No better example of this hurried shoddiness can be found than the lead-in track "Watch That Man". A solid brass-driven rocker in the Stones' "Exile" tradition, it doesn't even sound like a finished mix: Bowie's vocal is thin, tinny and virtually buried under the weight of the horns, guitars and backing vocals. Somewhere in the confusion Ronson can be detected peeling off a few standard Keef licks. The lyric sounds like a first draft, with some uncharacteristically clumsy lines that a writer of Bowie's acuity could certainly have improved given more time.

The backing track that Bowie and Ronson subsequently put together for the 1974 Lulu version (Polydor 2001 490) cuts this one into little tiny pieces.

The title track, which follows, is far more fully realised. An examination of the prelude to war and one of DB's most European pieces, it contains virtuoso pianistics from New Yorker Mike Garson (jazz pianist and Scientologist) who'd joined the team during the '72 US tour. Starting with ominous cocktail doodlings and over the course of the track disintegrating into razor-sharp splinters reminiscent of avant-jazzer Cecil Taylor, Garson's contribution dominates the entire piece.

"Saturday" is up next and is succeeded by "Panic In Detroit", easily the best Bowie composition premiered herein. With a driving three-chord riff set to a heavily percussive Salsa variation on the Bo Diddley beat, it emerges as a tense and riveting account of political violence in the Motor City, with Juanita Franklin and Linda Lewis wailing soulfully in the background. The lyric contains oblique references to framed White Panther leader and former MC5 manager John Sinclair, at that time still serving a 10-year sentence for possession of two joints.

"Cracked Actor", set to one of Ronno's patented guitar-slamming Yardbird riffs, reveals that during his travels Bowie had heard some hot Hollywood poop about one of Tinseltown's respected middle-aged actors that never made it into Rona Barrett's column. It reveals little else except that Bowie's capabilities with a mouth-harp are decidedly limited.

Bowie's second overtly European effort ("Time") attempts to make a clean Brecht of things.

The overall impression is of a live run-through in a deserted theatre, but again the lyric sounds strained and incomplete, as if Bowie had had insufficient time (no pun intended, Dave, just a bit of loose karma) to explore its obvious potentials. With such a weak lyric, the musical melodrama sounds faintly absurd. The "Billy Dolls" referred to in the lyric is the late Billy Murcia, original drummer of the New York Dolls, who OD'ed in his bathroom in a London hotel after a night down the Speakeasy.

"Prettiest Star" follows the arrangement of the 1970 Mercury version: it's just better performed, that's all. From there, Bowie sails straight into a brilliantly audacious re-interpretation of the Stones' "Let's Spend The Night Together". There is absolutely no attempt made to disguise the fact that he's not only come for your daughters, but for your sons as well and in no particular order — and just leave the coke where we can reach it without getting out of bed.

With dive-bombing synthesisers, clanking Garsonian piano and a sardonically screeching guitar Bowie performs the unprecedented feat of beating the Stones on one of their own songs. Dig the spoken passage and the electronic dry-hump at the end. It was issued on the Continent as a single, by the way.

It seems like an eternity before "The Jean Genie" comes in: more thoughtful programming would probably have resulted in "Genie" beginning the moment the last chord of "Night" dies away.

American soul singer Claudia Lennear seems to have the ability to refresh rock stars that other girls cannot reach. The inspiration for the Stones' "Brown Sugar", her encounter with Mr Bowie stimulated him to pen "Lady Grinning Soul", a touching little tribute to her charms. Garson on piano and Ronson on electric and acoustic axes perform heroically. Ms Lennear has yet to reply in song to either Mick or David.

"Aladdin Sane" was naturally a best seller, but many devout Bowie freaks were disappointed and neutral parties unimpressed. People offended by what they considered to be the "contrived" nature of the whole Ziggy trip jumped on it with both feet.

Trivia notes: Bowie's original track listing for this album contained a song entitled "Zion", but "Lady Grinning Soul" appeared in its stead. "John, I'm Only Dancing" was presumably excluded from this album on the grounds that "Aladdin" already included two recent A-sides and one retread. This would also explain why Bowie changed his mind about including his own version of "All The Young Dudes" (Mott's '72 monster hit).

Originally released in a lavish gatefold sleeve stuffed with fan club application forms and the like, its packaging has become drastically simplified in subsequent pressings.

(A) Life On Mars? (*) (Bowie)
(B) The Man Who Sold The World (**) (Bowie)
Production (*) Ken Scott assisted by the actor (**) Tony Visconti RCA 2316. Released: June 22, 1973.
AS CAN be deduced from its No 3 chart placing, both Bowie and RCA were justified in their belief that this "Hunky Dory" extract would now receive the attention that it deserved. Both sides identical to the album versions.

(A) The Laughing Gnome (Bowie).
(B) The Gospel According To Tony Day (Bowie)
Production: Mike Vernon. Deram DM 123. Released September 8 1973.

OH BY jingo, how embarassing (snigger).

(A) Sorrow (Feldman - Goldstein - Gottehrer)
(B) Amsterdam (Brel - Shuman)
Production: Ken Scott, David Bowie. RCA 2424. Released September 28 1973.

AS A preview of "Pin Ups" — a personal selection of '60s Britrock golden moments — Bowie somehow managed to select the least successful performance of the lot for the first post-"retirement" single. Updating the Merseys' old hit with a thoroughly poncy string arrangement (hang your head, Ronson) and ridiculously effete vocals, "Sorrow" gave more comfort to his enemies than his fans.

The B-side was no more encouraging: a hammy, drunken overstatement of Jacques Brel's "Amsterdam" sung to an acoustic guitar and a hungover engineer, it sounds positively tacky when compared to the magnificent reading given to the same composer's "My Death" on "The Santa Monica Bootleg" and on a *Russell Harty Plus* show earlier in '73.

(The authors regret that no correspondence can be entered into on the subjects of bootlegs or rarities.)

SILVER SCREEN

Convoy

Directed by Sam Peckinpah
Starring Kris Kristofferson, Ernest Borgnine and Ali McGraw
(EMI)

REACTIONS TO Sam Peckinpah's movies range from liberal outrage to a mindless and bloodthirsty approval. At his best — *Guns In The Afternoon, Major Dundee, The Wild Bunch, Bring Me The Head Of Alfredo Garcia* — his vision relegates these reactions to the irrelevance of noises off. His latest isn't his best — but that doesn't mean a hunting licence for the snipers either.

Peckinpah, a South-Westerner of pioneer stock, was weaned on the Old Testament and The Law — it sure shows — and has added to these granite inflexibilities a taste for the fatalistic philosophy of Old Mexico. Not much point, then, pulling his claw-hammer coat to the issues of school milk and useful debate.

In *Convoy* he has found a modern equivalent for the Western in the code and community of America's truckers. Macho, anti-union, a-political, individualistic, they resemble the loggers of Kesey's *Sometimes A Great Notion,* and although the story duplicates *Sugerland Express* in its spontaneous populist possession, Peckinpah's thrust is darkly anarchic rather than humanitarian.

Rubber Duck (Kris Kristofferson) has a long-running feud with the sheriff (Ernest Borgnine), a bribe-taking, trap-setting blight on the highway who likes nothing better than chawing truckers' ass. That he's bitten off more than he can chaw here becomes evident when he picks on a black driver (Franklyn Ajaye) and finds a full-scale slow-motion truck-stop brawl on his hands. Truckers, like The Wild Bunch —"we're not associated with anyone" — stick together like shit to a blanket.

With Rubber Duck at the head, and the sheriff in flustered pursuit, the convoy of trucks hightail it for the state line into New Mexico. News travels fast on CB radio, recruiting a massive column of motorised goodbuddies — "Ah'd plumb admire t'join yuh, Rubbuh" — crashing the barriers and drumming up brass band welcomes in the townships. Plain folks detest regulations, regulate themselves.

Higher authorities take a venal hand, but are unilaterally bumped to the rails because this is strictly between The Last Of The Breed. Borgnine doesn't hit it off with the FBI, and Kristofferson can't abide the pragmatic State Governor who tries to climb on his bandwagon, and in the last analysis — well, nearly — it's down to the sheriff's machine gun and the unstoppable Rubber Duck's cargo of explosives.

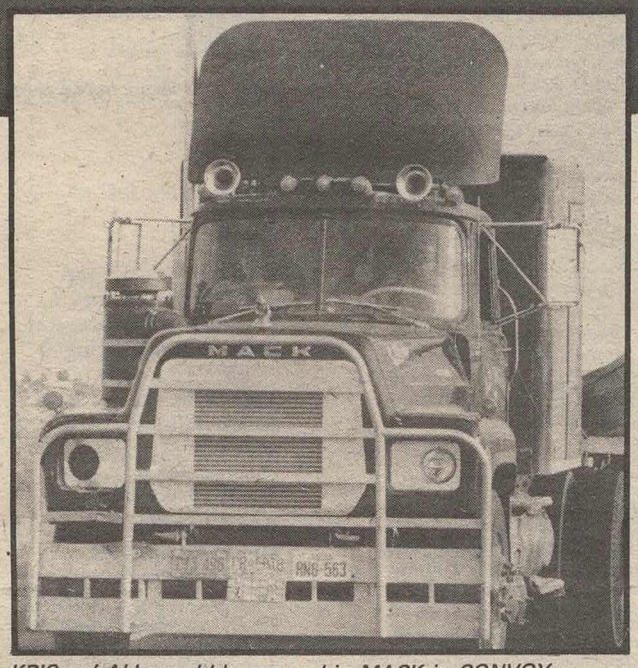
Convoy is a stuntman's nightmare which makes for exhilarating cinema. Mutual of Omaha would be mad to touch Bob Herron who, doubling for Borgnine, skids a car off the turnpike, through a hoarding, across a barn roof and bellyflops into the shrubbery — and madder yet to extend Hearth and Home to any of the sunbaked hamlets that become omelettes under the 18-wheelers.

Scenes that linger include the sinister line-up of huffing juggernauts before the assault on the jailhouse, the dust trails during the chase, and the mechanised cavalry skyline at nightfall. Characterisation is a lot less detailed, confusing the flat for the epic.

The role of Ali McGraw, a photo-journalist who hitches a ride, is intended as a sort of In-Tourist guide to regulate our opinion of the truckers' world. "Why do they always follow you?" she asks Kristofferson, and gets a dusty answer: grassroots leaders simply ARE. Like the hero of *Guns In The Afternoon* he intends to enter his house justified, even if that entails a pine box.

The movie lacks the terrifying Jacobean imagination of his best work, but fills the vacuum with playful self-parody to conclude an Olympian laughter. Junior Bonnet.

Brian Case



KRIS an' ALI squabble over a big MACK in CONVOY

Game Of Death

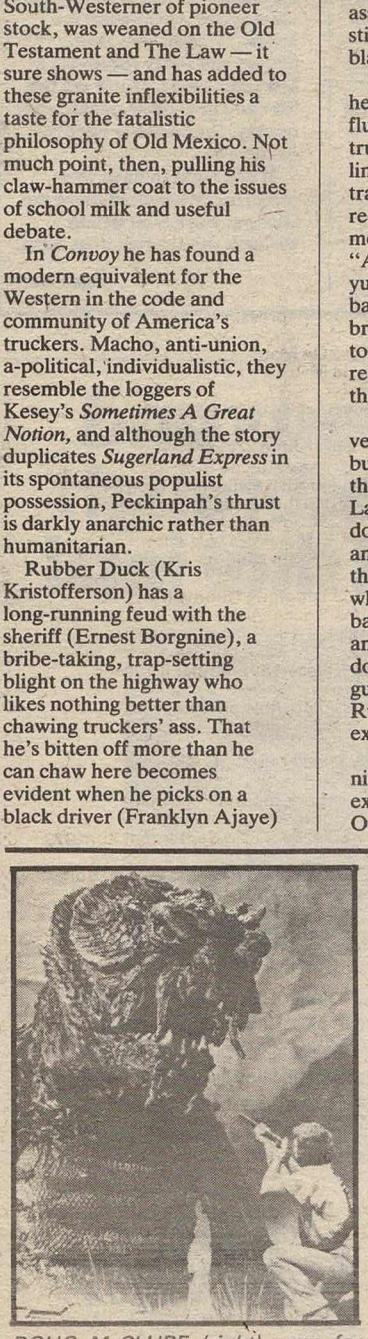
Directed by Robert Clouse
Starring Bruce Lee
(EMI)

BRUCE LEE's last (unfinished) movie gets resurrected — the Kung Fu industry's ***Giant*** *with Lee as Dean.*

Lee surfaces to take out his enemies one by one and the familiar revenge pattern arrives at a predictable finale. Requisite ham performances and opponents are sprinkled around with the nonchalance of soy sauce.

But the old magic prevails. Still a few kicks for devotees of the crouching killer.

David Brittain



DOUG McCLURE (right) goes for the big one.

Warlords Of Atlantis

Directed by Kevin Connor
Starring Doug McClure and Peter Gilmore
(EMI)

FINE, UPRIGHT family entertainment from the people who brought you *The Land That Time Forgot* and other equally low budget, high yield boob'n'monster fantasy romps.

While the plot is updated to include such evergreen mysteries as the Bermuda Triangle, aliens and a colourful, if dilapidated, city of Atlantis, the action differs in barely perceptible surface detail.

Which is, of course, of absolutely no concern to the film's target audience, who will thrill to the Zaargs, Claargs and giant mutated squids and eels, and gasp with relief as Doug McClure — playing the adventurous but dependable daddy figure — leads his charge of tinhorn Victorian explorers and other incidental types to safety.

Real-life daddies, meanwhile, will be able to find justification of sorts for surrendering their Saturday afternoon in the sight of Lea Brodie's increasingly soggy cleavage.

Mum will have to make do with envious admiration of Cyd Charisse's legs, still insured for millions of dollars, and as miserable an excuse for a career as this film is for the ongoing qualtity lapse of *Dr Who.*

Paul Rambali

COOL COMBO

Sven Klang's Combo

Directed by Stellan Olsson
Starring Lars Goran Nilsson
(Essential)

DOFF THE BERETS, boys. The Swedish cinema, hitherto hot stuff at death and depression, has come up with a low-budget feature which tops all of Hollywood's attempts to capture the jazz life on celluloid. Where the Americans invariably centre on characters so outspan and inflated — Bird, Bix, Billie — that you wonder which way the airstream is blowing, director Olsson has filmed a conflict of ideas.

His central character is a catalyst, not a hero, with the result that instead of the usual gee-whizzing cast of ants — "He wasn't shit around a paternity suit, but Christ could he wail!" — we get a community we care about, regardless of musical talent.

Sven Klang, the bassist bandleader of a small-town semi-pro outfit, recruits a new alto player who is way out of their league. His initial smugness soon sours as he realises that the new man is also light-years ahead of the audience, a closed circuit of obsession, and knocking off his little bird, the band vocalist.

The rest of the band are beautifully observed — the over-enthusiastic dabblings of the pianist, the poetic but ungifted ache of the drummer, the cheapskate rectitude of the leader. Lars Goran Nilsson is not only a superb altoist, but plays precisely that '50s mixture of solipsism and cautious mysticism, curt until cornered when he will give vent to apostrophic ramblings.

It's not unlike a Milos Forman film in its gentle humour, the camera delighting in the tatty dance halls and the everyday awkwardness of the average man. There's a great comic scene where the pianist and drummer sneak hits from the altoman's drink, believing it to be a narcotic, and then attack their instruments like men possessed; it's gin.

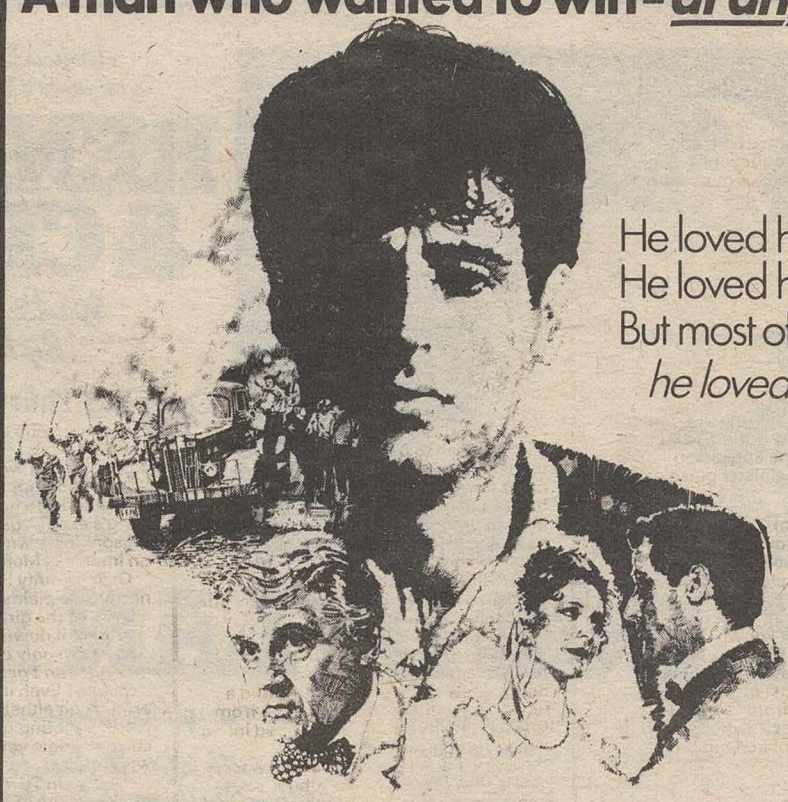
The real action is between concepts of music, catering industry or gauntlet. "Arrangements? What's the point?" says Sven, while Lasse blows his Bopper's heart out on the parade ground — "I don't give a shit for the Queen, the Flag or the Army!" — and abruptly deserts.

Period detail is accurate, but it isn't a nostalgia film. The music, and the argument, won't lie down.

Brian Case

"Come back with that sax, Eugene — there's more SILVER SCREEN over page!"

A man who wanted to win - *at any price!*



He loved his wife
He loved his men.
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he loved power!

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SILVER SCREEN

An Unmarried Woman

Directed by Paul Mazursky
Starring Jill Clayburgh and Alan Bates
(Fox)

PAUL MAZURSKY creates fairy tales for Sunday supplement readers. *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice* documented the problems of wealthy Californian couples confronted with a large bed and therapy hang-ups, while *An Unmarried Woman* deals with the forced liberation of a woman whose husband deserts both her and her penthouse for a young girl.

As with all Mazursky's films the dialogue is pointed, performance noteworthy (in this case Jill Clayburgh as Erica), and there are topical quirks enough to lend the well-heeled characters a certain credibility — street realism for the golden slipper set. So why is *An Unmarried Woman* infuriating?

Because when dealing with encounter groups Mazursky also shakes a finger at the absurdities of West Coast trivia, yet here success depends on a willingness to suspend disbelief for total empathy with the main character and her gilded difficulties.

Erica does her anguish around the New York art scene, where she holds down a part time job. For fulfilment, you understand, not for money. Without sex for seven whole weeks — gosh — Erica is driven to see a shrink, paid for by hubby. The shrink (a poker-faced zombie rumoured to be Mazursky's own) tells her to get it on with just anybody. The fact that Jill Clayburgh is a decade younger than the middle-aged has-been she is portraying, and has an uncanny ability to simultaneously suffer *and* look radiant, means Erica is as popular as a startlet.

Enter Alan Bates, handsome, sensitive, famous artist and a man of such outstanding wonderfulness, this is obviously Hollywood, not New York. Listen, I hung around those same Soho parties in a similar state to Erica's, but the only interesting artist there was a 52-year-old unemployed signpainter. However, after two meetings, Mr Yummy wants to live in but Erica prefers to be in love. He creates expensive globs of painted canvas; she scrambles eggs.

Life has a new meaning.

Am I jealous? You betcha, honey. I'll trade my triumphs for Erica's kind of suffering any day.

Martha Ellen Zenfall

Punk In London

Directed by Wolfgang Buld

ON THE WAY to the ICA I tried to outline briefly to my new girlfriend about punk and the times we had. While she had wasted time in discos the whole of London was being alight! When I was 19 it was a very good year . . .

The least said about this numbingly dull piece of magic lantern the better for all. Shown on an ash tray size screen, ***Punk In London*** *appears to last about four days when in fact I'm assured it was only 90 minutes. The 'sound' is in mumbling bubbling mess that frequently conks out altogether and even when you strain through your strumpet it's only stuff like: "Well, er, the, er, reason for punk rock being so great is that it's political, and before punk came along nobody had ever thought about singing political songs . . . " (ex Lurker Arturo Bassick).*

Take no notice of the hand out because there is no Pistols or Clash, nor is there any Buzzcocks or Roxy Club shots ('cept exterior). However there is lots of Wayne County, Chelsea, Miles Copeland, Killjoys, Alan Edwards and the manager of the Marquee.

Lots of people got up and left before they too grew a beak and feathers and those who stayed (mainly hard core punks in full dress) felt pretty daft when the lights came up.

Danny Baker

MARTIN MULL in FM, bemused by BRENDA's VENUS

FM

Directed by John A Alonzo
(CIC)

FM CONTAINS the germ of a good idea, a progressive Los Angeles radio station fighting to retain its integrity against the sore odds of commercialism and advertiser's greed. But germs spread diseases and the film soon falls foul of the ills it attempts to expose.

The plot, the dialogue and the cast of 'wacky' Americans are merely another symptom of the rampant psychobabble junk which constitutes the average American's intelligence quota.

The fabric has less balls than a Walt Disney weepy and the piling on of melodramatic sub-plots (the fading vet jock, the breathy mother symbol DJ who quits for good then returns to fight the good fight, the stereotype 'what it is' spade) finally proves so lacking in reality that any serious point is lost amidst the wailing of audience raspberries.

The real selling angle of the film is the music. But hold on — aside from the title song (Steely Dan), and two in-concert appearances by Linda Ronstadt (awful as usual) and Jimmy Buffett (see Ronstadt), the much heralded cast of star names is an almightly con, their tunes featuring only as background drone. Tom Petty loses much credibility for appearing in the flesh, particularly as we've read about his supposed dislike of the LA coke smoothies.

In John Alonzo's version of America, army lieutenants toke finest SE Asian and the policemen don't shoot on sight. The cast divides into goodies and baddies until finally the station boss turns up on his white horse to restore a mythical nirvana.

***FM* is worse than escapist. Shot on a shoestring — the only set is the inside of QSKY (motto: "We never come down to earth") — the film heralds the imminent cheapening of the movie industry with soiled rock and roll bucks.**

Dig this — Irv Azoff's management mafia pulls in vinyl appearances from the Eagles, Walsh, the Dan, Scaggs and Petty (probably a few more, too). Don't see this film and give these people your money, they neither need nor deserve it.

If you want to have your intelligence unsulted there are cheaper ways than sitting through this excruciating mess.

Max Bell

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These Shoes Were Made For . . .

JOHN W HAMBLETT in search of the Soul of the North

UNABLE TO DECIDE whether it's apprehension or excitement that's making me so jumpy, I step off the bus and tag onto the tail end of the leather coats in the queue.

A cruising police car, probably on the lookout to make up their night quota, gives the kids something to talk about — everybody has a story to tell about the police each more fantastic and unbelievable than the one before.

It's 11.30pm and the doors don't open till midnight. The young hopefuls in front of me can't be more than 12 or 13. They make me feel old as Hades, which makes me think that perhaps this ain't such a good idea after all. In fact I'm not even sure what I'm doing here. Come to that I'm not sure what anybody else is doing here either. For my part I suppose I could put it down to nostalgia — though that wouldn't be strictly true — but what the hell have 12 year old snots got to be nostalgic about?

Kay Gee-Bee, Sheffield? Yeah well, when I was a regular Northern Soul freak this wasn't even a venue.

. . .I remember when I was a kid, younger than them, eight maybe nine. On Sunday afternoons in summer we'd invariably be playing football in the park — football was extremely important to me then as I'd fairly well made my mind up to turn professional when I quit school — and at some stage in the afternoon, the game would come to a temporary halt as one or other of us picked up on the high, rattling buzz coming up the hill from the main road and pass the word round.

Almost immediately the first scoot would tip the crest and hone into focus. They were Lammis mostly, though the real hard-core rode Vespas, mirrors everywhere, it seemed, and tank aerials with small triangular flags, no crash helmets and some with back rests supporting the most beautiful girls anywhere ever. They would pass us by in one circuit, laid back and cock sure, then cut their engines and cool their heels at the park gates, smoothing their expensive haircuts and maybe polishing the dirt off their polaroids. We would continue our game, playing harder than ever, showing off no doubt.

Some of them lived on the same estate as me. A couple were my friends' older brothers, which made me crazy jealous on account of how they'd sometimes bum rides up and down the front of the park and talk knowingly of their brothers' soul music, which meant exactly nothing to me then. I didn't know what this soul music thing was, but I was pretty sure they didn't play it on the radio — and I didn't have a record player in those days.

After Dennis Law and Jimmy Greaves those boys on their shiny motor scooters were the absolute to me. As far as I was concerned they were the sharpest, coolest, most in control cats on planet Earth. And I don't think I believed in God. . .

WELL, THE FIRST wave of kids are in and the evening's first jock is spinning a clutch of newies — at least they're new ones on me but, there again, it's been five, maybe six years since I saw the inside of a Northern Soul club.

The usual type of place this — big, well-sprung dancefloor, tables and chairs, all functional rather than decorative around three sides of the floor, a couple of outsize helicopter fans hung from the low ceiling and minimal lighting.

There's a low, shaky-looking stage at the bottom end of the room on which the jocks do their thing.

Off to the right of the stage there's a small room with a lunch counter peddling soft refreshment. I hang out here for a while drinking hot chocolate. Soon a young guy with a now-you-see-me, now-you-don't moustache and a green Fred Perry attaches himself to me and we talk a while. He is maybe 16 or 17 and he thinks I'm a new face. This makes me smile.

A couple of years later my father bought us our first record player; it was a portable and, when the lid was down, it looked like a red dirty white valise. Meanwhile my friends' older brothers had either married or poled off to college to grow their hair long — whichever, they'd lost interest in their precious soul music, so my buddy would bring the records round to my house and we'd play them and work out secret dance routines, both fantastic and awkward.

Weekends we'd cut off to the youth club dance, though in reality it was the girls who did all the dancing. We would just sit around and watch, sipping Cokes or coffee and smoking under-age cigarettes, frantically trying to look at least five years older than we actually were. The only work-outs we'd ever do to music in public was down the Roller Rina where the jock would play Tamla all afternoon and we would skate round and round in circles like madmen until we were dog beat.

Eventually, when we were old enough, we started hanging out in real soul clubs where we got to actually put some of the secret dance training into operation on genuine dance floors. Of course, by this time the mods had all but faded from the scene completely. Their music lived on, I suppose, through us though I can't claim that we were ever aware of upholding any kind of tradition, honourable or otherwise. I mean, it wasn't anything so conscious as that, it was simply the most unstoppable dance music ever. I'm not even sure where the mod scene faded out and Northern Soul took over — as far as we were concerned we just grew into a pair of shoes somebody else grew out of . . .

TALK IS THAT some of the kids are going on to the Cleethorpes Winter Gardens for the All Dayer straight from here. I kind of semi-toy with the idea of making the trip myself, but I know it's not really on. I haven't put the right kind of preparation in, have I? Come home from work Friday night, straight to bed, get up Saturday dinner time for something to eat and back to bed, up again and out for a drink then on the nighter, a two or three hour travelling break and then anything up to a 12 hour stretch at a dayer. No, I haven't put that kind of preparation in. Still, Cleethorpes Winter Gardens, I remember some times at that place.

I find myself an empty chair and prop my feet up on a pile of hold-alls and pick up a waste gumjar off the table to my immediate right. And I think to myself that if there's no speed about, as I'd been told earlier, how come all these goddam jam jars about the place with waste gum labels stuck on them?

That's when I spot the 'moustache' and green Fred Perry making for my space. After talking around the subject for a couple of minutes he comes across and tells me he's in fact a dealer. This strikes me as funny to say the least of it since not half an hour ago he was running off like a leaky faucet about how everybody thought Northern Soul was all about drugs and that simply wasn't so now, was it? Anyway, he says there's nothing much about, but he can lay his hands on a few chalkies if I feel so inclined, but I say that's okay because I've brought a little something along to cover emergencies.

. . .At the time I don't remember making a conscious split between North and South in musical terms, although I recall we used to feel inexpressibly superior to the rest of the kids on our estate who used to watch *Top Of The Pops* every week with a religious fervour and only buy chart singles.

I guess I just took it for granted that the southern youth had a comparative soul scene of their own. This was 1970/71 and the music we were dancing to was the early 60's soul of the mods, plus a lot of Tamla and not quite so many purpose-built new titles. The music had to be soul and it had to be at least medium-paced, preferably fast; slow cut precisely no ice at all with us.

The mods had had their clothes and we had ours, tailored to be functional rather than aesthetic. Our forte was dancing and music, so clothes and venue were all adopted and adapted to raise the plane of dancing still higher. We didn't have heroes as such, not among musicians anyway. With a few notable exceptions, an artist would have one or two Northern hits and fade never to be heard of again. Hell, if you showed me a picture of Major Lance even today (and he was one of the notable exceptions) I wouldn't recognise him. . .

ROUND ABOUT THREE o'clock the kids who've been dancing non-stop since midnight begin to flag a little and that's when the real aces take to the floor.

Styles vary. The guys who've been strutting since the early days seem to be more restrained and in control, but that's just the 'good old days syndrome' showing up. The youngbloods go through more athletic routines more spins, splits and backdrops — very flash, very clever, but not as graceful somehow. They'll get older too eventually.

Meanwhile the jock is making a big hit with me playing some of THE most sensational soul sounds — glittering divine inspirations like Saxy Russell's wailing "Psychedelic Soul" and Sly's "Dance To The Music", so I figure it's imperative that I sashay over and have a talk with him. Derek Sheldon is his name and he's a veteran from the Mojo days. He seems to think the Northern scene is taking a turn for the worse, reckoning the kids will dance to anything these days as long as it's fast enough.

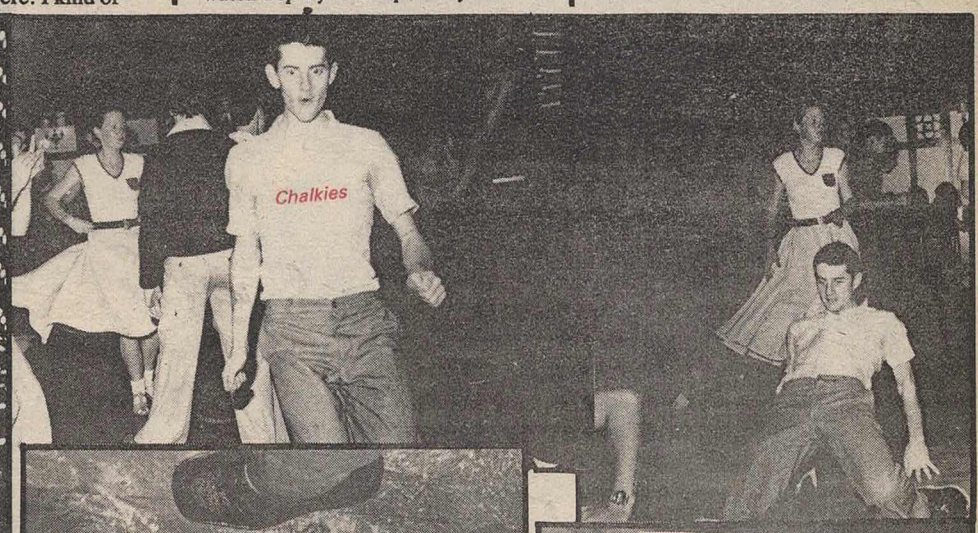
To demonstrate his point he puts on a current Kay Gee-Bee favourite, "Wait A Minute" by Tim Tam And The Turn Ons. It sounds like a Beach Boys outtake from 1965, but before the intro has played out the dance floor is packed solid and there is some wild, wild dancing going on. I think this single is pretty awful, but think that just so long as these people are willing to shake a tail feather to timeless things like Wynder K Frogg's version of "Green Door" and Dobie's "Out On The Floor" we can afford to put up with dross like Wet Turd And The Turn Offs.

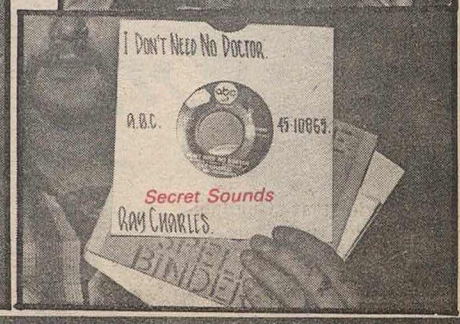
By this time there's condensation on the mirrors, on the walls, hanging in droplets from the ceiling — there's even condensation on the backs of chairs. You sweat like a stuffed pig just sitting still.

■ Continues over page

Dancing Till The Morning Light
Dancing On The Floor — Go Ahead
Dancing At the Kay Gee Bee

Three Button Mohair


Chalkies



CULTURAL PIX: STEVE DIXON

Soul Of The North Continued

■ From previous page

All of a sudden I get an over-powering urge to sample a cooler atmosphere, so I weave my way over to the foyer where action of a less frenzied nature is going down. A record bar has been set here and the kids are hungrily flicking through records virtually unobtainable at straight record shops.

The very least they can expect to pay is probably 90p, though the average price for a relatively obtainable 45 is somewhere between £1.25 and £1.50. Of course, if your're a deejay then you have to be prepared to come up with the heavy duty goods and for those, according to Derek Sheldon, you have to be prepared to pay anything up to £200 per item. But generally, for the moderately rare jobs it's more like a £40 or £50 touch.

A true story — this guy, a dedicated Northern Soul freak, bought himself a single called "7 Day Lover" by some cat called Bobby somebody or other — can't remember his second name — and for this little gem he paid the princely sum of £180 sterling. The very next day it was re-issued on general release for £1.25. Mind you, he wasn't unduly concerned at this turn of events since he did have an original label copy, and that's what counts.

. . . And to think, I grew out of all this myself once, or at least I thought I had at the time. Grew my hair long and started wearing denim shirts and long traily scarves round my neck and saying things like "Farout, man", listening to The Rolling Stones and Led Zeppelin, smoking dope instead of dropping blues.

Why, I even stopped dancing, started going to straight rock concerts and walking round the place with a serious expression on my face, even working up more than my fair share of righteous indignation at major wrongs that had to be righted IMMEDIATELY. And I didn't want to be a footballer anymore either . . .

MEANWHILE TIME rolls on regardless and it gets to be 5 o'clock turned and there's comatosed bodies all over the shop, a trip to the toilet is a major operation, a constant chorus of "Excuse me, oops, do you think I could just?" The foyer looks like the departure lounge at Freddy Laker's air terminal. In the toilet bowl floats an empty plastic pill bottle and I try and sink it with a stream of piss. You do funny things at 5.30 in the morning.

Again I wonder how I'm going to make it through to 9 o'clock, but somehow I know I will because the jock has just put on a record I can't resist and it's back out on the floor, energy coming from Christ knows where. And again I wonder just what the hell I'm doing here, what everybody else is doing here, and what are they doing at the Casino and the Coalville, the Central, Nottingham, Blackpool — where are all these bands they're supposed to be forming?

Aren't they at all concerned with the socio-political implications inherent in this situation? What about the working class ethic, street level credibility, hanging out on street corners. Sex, violence, anarchy? No, no, no all they want to do is dance, dance, dance.

At around about 6 o'clock people who have been asleep are more or less waking up and there's a pleasant and refreshing smell of baby powder in the air as people dip into their badge-spattered hold-alls and fish out clean t-shirts.

Can you imagine waking up in the corner of some strange room that looks like a hastily converted bomb shelter with Taj Mahal's "Too Much Of Anything" playing at you loud as a tank attack — not only waking up to it, but feeling compelled to get up and dance to it almost as a matter of honour?

This is when the real "Wiped out where did I go wrong and what have I done to deserve this?" paranoia sweeps over me. But it's only a passing phase and, as I look around at all the smiling faces and dancing figures, I realise that at no other musical happening of any kind have I ever felt so completely at home. Were it not for the fact that virtually everybody in the place is a stranger to me then this could be my 15th birthday party.

FOR A WHILE I was thinking of walking around asking people if they'd seen Joe Strummer or Jimmy Pursey lately, just for laughs. I mean you've got to put things in their proper perspective. There are thousands of kids in the North of England (and I'm not counting tourists) who attend Northern Soul gigs every week of the year, year in year out and to them Jimmy Pursey, Joe Strummer or any other of the contempory young men about London Town mean absolutely nothing, they aren't even faces in the paper because they don't read those kind of papers (as incredible as that may sound to you).

In these kids' reality Sham and Clash aren't even a speck on an approaching horizon, they simply don't exist. These people don't want to hear songs about breaking out of Borstal, police violence or machine guns in Knightsbridge (I'd be willing to gamble that most of them don't even know where Knightsbridge is). All they want is to be left in peace to go to work on Monday to Friday and spend every weekend, the whole 48 hours if possible, dancing to the music they love, and they've done so as long as I can remember and will continue to do so long after this is nothing more than a vehicle for badly cooked fish and chip suppers.

Look, I'm not about to suggest that these kids have got the solution to anybody's problems and it's not the future of rock and roll, it's not future of anything, it's just down to a bunch of kids from the North (and you can make all the jokes you like about that), and dancing is their karma and their culture and they're living out both the best way they can. Through all the musical trends and fads they've remained a contant factor and I can't see anything changing them now.

As it happens I didn't make it through to the magic hour. At 8.30 a sudden and undeniable lust to breathe fresh air hit me and I picked my way over to the hat check girl to collect my bag and coat.

Gingerly up the steps, trying not to step on anyone's face, I made the door. The sunlight hit me at about eye level and only then do I remember that I forgot my shades.

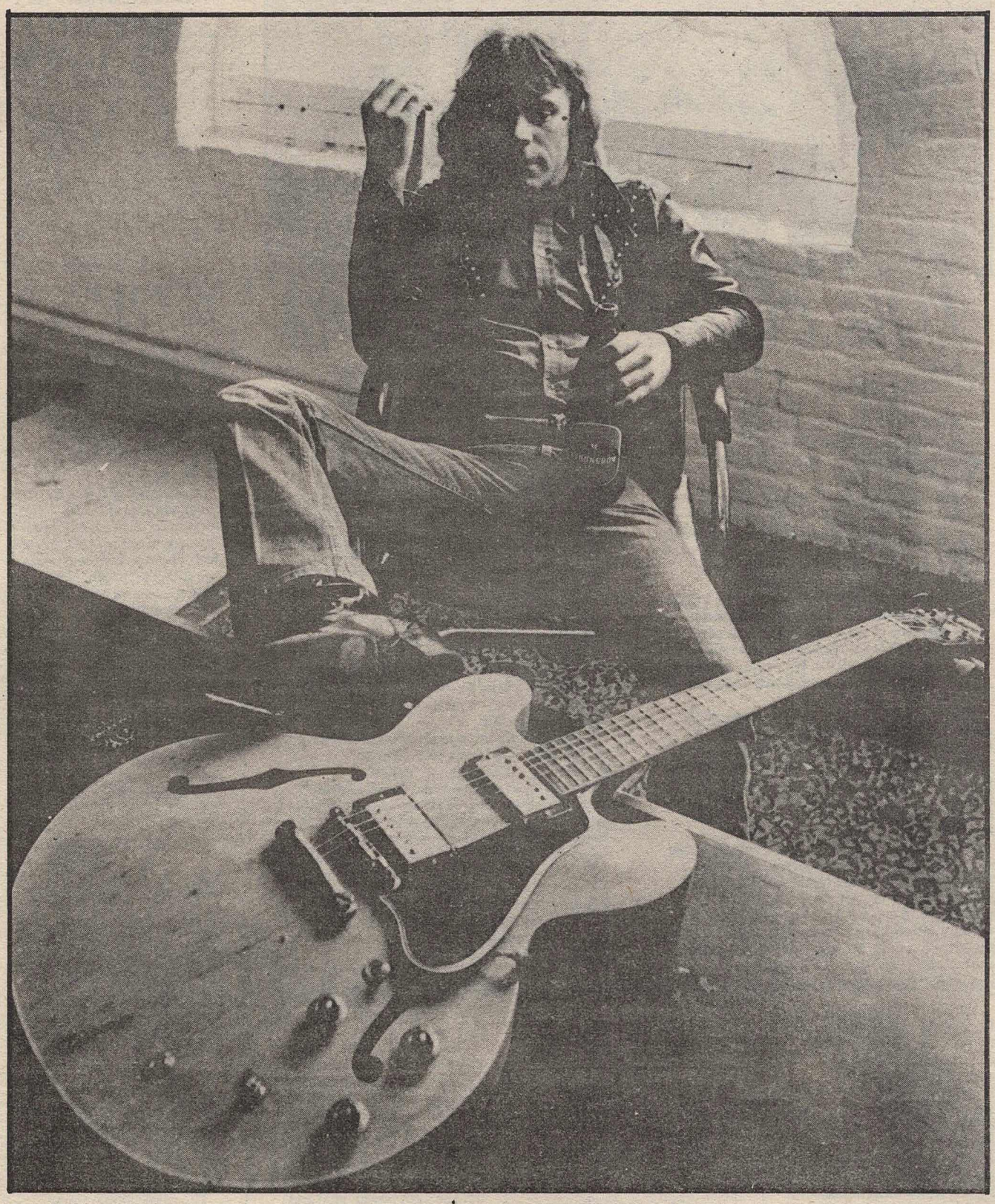
You go in at midnight and everything is pitch black, broken up by street lights and the reflections from closed shop windows, and the only people you see are the occasional drunk and the odd cruising squad car.

You come out and the early morning sun makes everything too sharp and clear for comfort, and the only people you see are the milkman, the occasional roadsweeper or a fisherman looking for a river.

Makes me feel like a Time Lord. Wish I'd remembered my shades though.

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH TO BE WOMAN?

ALBUMS



Dave Edmunds — guitar by Gibson, cider by Bulmers and carpet by some old Persian or other . . .

Portait Of The Artist As A Cider Drinker

DAVE EDMUNDS
Trax On Wax (Swan Song)

EVERYBODY'S FAVOURITE cult — and an even bigger cult than Nick Lowe, his erstwhile companion in the reversible Rockpile — is the little Welsh rock'n'roller, Dave Edmunds.

Edmunds is such an all round nice guy and perennial gifted loser it almost hurts. How one man can have so many credentials and yet, with one or two exceptions, so consistently fail to cash in on them is one of the mysteries of our time.

Mind you, the spotlight-sidestepping Edmunds can be said to be his own worst enemy in this respect. It's well known which guest would fail to show should they throw a coming out party for Dave Edmunds . . .

But maybe I'm fussing over a trivial point. After all, three years ago the avid Edmundophile had to make do with the odd production credit slipping out unheralded on some wacky, long-shot single perpetrated by one or other member of the pubrock mafia. The Rockfield recluse was meanwhile engrossed with his successful though perhaps finally futile attempts at uncannily recreating the sound of a '50s Chess or Sun record or an early Brian Wilson construction, utilising the full armament of modern studio technology.

Since his Love Sculpture fastest-guitar-in-The-West days, Edmunds has spent more time in the rock classroom on his singular quest than probably anyone else, pausing only to toss out an unjustly limbo-destined album in "Subtle As A Flying Mallet" plus the occasional million-selling single — just to keep the legend on ice.

Thus it's frustrating to note that the renaissance that began in '76 at an impromptu Hope & Anchor gig with fellow renaissance men Nick Lowe and Ian Dury hasn't delivered the string of smash 45s I for one had my fingers crossed for. And as Edmunds himself bemoans here on a pliant country-rock (stand down, Eagles, and take a posthumous bow, Gram Parsons) ditty, what's the use of being "A1 On The Jukebox" and nowhere on the charts?

A rhetorical question, of course. Because even if we can't have them all the time, the charts won't erode the juke-box, which is in fact what this album closely resembles — except it doesn't take up so much space and it's a good deal cheaper.

Ten trax plus the version of "Heart Of The City" from Nick Lowe's album with Lowe's vocal wiped off and Edmunds dubbed on. Each one bristles predictably with echoes of a select pantheon of rock'n'roll greats, plus a few lesser-known influences. There are hours of fun to be had from tracing this stuff — for instance the Carl Perkins swipes, the letter-perfect Eddie Cochran intro to "Trouble Boys", the "Peggy Sue" ramblings of "Deborah" — let alone simply enjoying it for what it is.

Because maybe "influence" is just a polite, handy term for the relationship between Edmunds and his source material. This music is like a capsule history lesson from a jivin' teacher, yet it also transcends the narrow confines of that description, something which the painstakingly crafted "Get It" failed to do. Listening to "Get It" was like strolling through a museum. Listening to "Trax On Wax" is like having a barndance in one.

The reasons are simple. They have no small connection with the general loosening-up that has come from recording with a working band (Rockpile) and substituting the rough edges of a hot performance for the 36-track, eight-week, wall-of-Edmunds epics. They have even more to do with the choice of songs. Instead of relying on traditional material, a trenchant choice of equally trenchant new songs in a traditional vein has been made — an album's worth of "I Knew The Bride", if you will.

Crackling wit courtesy more often than not the pen of Nick Lowe, and delicious ironies courtesy the inspiration of country singer George Jones, jump out from every verse. Only defective facial muscles could prevent the wry observations contained in "Trouble Boys", "Never Been In Love", "Television", "Thread You Needle", "Readers Wives" (sent in by Noel Brown of the late, lamentable Tooting Fruities) and Chuck Berry's vitriolic post-jail spell "It's My Own Business," from raising a smile

But speaking of Berry, it seems that Lowe and Edmunds have together come up with a modern-day edition of that man's muse — with Lowe providing the humour and Edmunds the guitar solos.

Or maybe what they really are is just a scuzzy, cynical version of The Everly Brothers. Whichever way you figure it this is wax worth making tracks for.

Paul Rambali

JOANNE MACKELL
Joanne Mackell (United Artists)

POOR JOANNE Mackell! Splashed across the music press, compared in a ludicrous press release to the Voice of God, flown in specially for a one-off liggers' gig and generally hyped to Timbuktu and back — with promotion like that, who needs enemies? Parting the Red Sea would have been an anti-climax, but all she does is write and sing a pleasant bunch of lightweight rock songs.

Rather than God, her gruff husky drawl is reminiscent of Jaki Whitren, though she does have more inclination to rock and roll. Nevertheless, this is a surprisingly restrained album. Once or twice there's just a hint of early Tom Waits in her slow, easy tunes and weary romanticism. Then there's a recognisable Dylanish echo to "Ain't About To Love You", a couple of appealing mid-tempo rockers and adequate versions of "Fire Down Below" and "Dr Feelgood".

Her lyrics, like her music, display largely negative virtues. The album isn't wordy, or pretentious, and it's certainly not over-produced. But neither does it have the bite and sparkle necessary to enliven its basic plainness. It'd be interesting to hear Joanne Mackell with a tougher rock band than this — The Rumour, say — but before that she'll have to decide whether she wants to be a singer/songwriter or a rocker of the early Maggie Bell ilk. She straddles the two with limited success on this album, but isn't entirely convincing on either.

If United Artists give her time to develop, she could be very good. The odds must be about 1000-1.

Graham Lock

THE POP
The Pop (Automatic Import)

TOO BAD that a plethora of interesting vinyl emanating from hidden American corners is bedevilled by insular marketing and local coterie notoriety. The Pop carved their way out of El Lay with two enigmatic singles but whet the blade with this.

A monolith, offset by dire production (the rhythm section could have been recorded in a canning factory) and uncertain direction, it has unbelievievably potent moments; when it's bad it is very bad, with panache.

The Pop possesses two vocalists out of the Roky Erickson and Sky Saxon cave in David Swanson and Roger Prescott, a three stabbing guitar attack and dangerous vision. "Animal Eyes" is pure Thirteenth Floor Elevators psychedelic junk, a masterpiece of garage psychosis taken to ludicrous extremes by its messy ending. That punch applied throughout would have made The Pop this year's severed brain band. Blood from another vein runs through "You Oughta Know", beautiful chiming runs paced at full tilt and they extract lush effects for the neo-bubblegum melodrama of "Walk In The Rain", one of the album's trio of classics and a pain-drenched dirge oozing erotic overtones of *The Night Porter*.

The deciding factor in Prescott and Swanson's claim to potential greatness comes from "Saturday Night Hitch Hiker", which details a sexual liaison on the highway with perverse relish. An infinity of ecstatic magic. American punk personified.

And now for the bad news: a boring re-make of the Kinks "I Need You" and an off-target jibe called "Ad Man" almost redeemed by applying Pistols cliches to a nearly supersonic space bridge — only the Santos Sisters ever did this right, and that was in 1968. Meanwhile, best of the worst. "Leather And Lace" is equal to its tacky title by virtue of Twilley-esque sensibility but has no single hook.

This group's future is determined by their ability to reproduce the genetic distortion of Roky's San Antonio warp. The competitive spirit of West Coast violence must look to bands of The Pop ilk for sustenance. For their sometimes crazed ferocity I put my money on The Pop to last the course. Maybe they should change their name to The Weasels.

Max Bell

LEO SAYER
Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)

THIS ALBUM marks Leo Sayer's attempt to refurbish his commercial viability — hence the title, or rather lack of it.

In the wake of "Fleetwood Mac" there have been many who blithely assume that the amulet of an eponymous title is enough to revive fame and flagging fortunes. What Sayer seems to have overlooked is that F. Mac actually had a bunch of good songs, as well as an uncommon West Coast vitality; all "Leo Sayer" contains is doleful songs, mostly melodically uninspired and lyrically insipid.

It all marks a sad decline for Sayer, and proves again — if further proof were needed — that making albums in Los Angeles in not recommended to anyone who can possibly manage to make them anywhere else. As well as guests like Lindsay Buckingham and Davey Johnstone, most of the regular L.A. sessioneers have been mustered here, though not necessarily awakened.

Richard Perry produces rather like Ken Russell directed his Wordsworth film — trying hard to be straightforward and shed extravagances; the result is dispassionate professionalism. There's no boldness here. At all.

Though several of the songs were composed by Sayer and Tom Snow, other non-originals include "Dancing The Night Away", which comes from the Amazing Rhythm Aces' "Too Stuffed To Jump" (and which pre-dates The Motors); it's easily the best cut. There's also Andy Fairweather-Low's "La Booga Rooga", and "Something Fine", from Jackson Browne's debut album. But all Sayer's versions lack flair.

I seem to remember that "wallpaper music" was a term coined a decade ago by John Peel to describe the standard airwave pop from which newly-emergent "rock" was trying to differentiate itself. Albums like this make it clear that the distinction has now been reversed.

Bob Woffinden

GATO BARBIERI
Tropico (A&M)

I'VE TOO much respect for Gato Barbieri — if only from his work with the Jazz Composers Orchestra — to quickly stamp this, as temptation urges, 'insipid muzak'. Simply, his gripping command and control of the tenor sax negates such a wicked dismissal.

But "Tropico" does little for that respect. As his music, by instinct or intent, dropped on to the pathways of '70s popular music, particularly Latin and soul, Barbieri quickly captured and mastered its purer moments but got lost amongst its inviting accessibility and easiness. His head was turned.

Barbieri's sax playing is not in question, though this record hardly holds his best. What surrounds it is. If you can mentally strip away the horrendously canned rhythms, strings and vocals, then place a real fiery'n'funky rhythm alongside his climbing, effortlessly melodic sax work, it's a better groove. "Evil Eyes", which moves closest to this ideal, almost proves it.

In consciously straining for 'sophistication' and 'sensuality', Barbieri and company destroy any real chance of radically attaining same. Everything is contrived, planned out, stiff. For a master of emotion this is lamentable.

Indeed, Barbieri is so far out of his depth, he's paddling.

Paul Morley

Boston and big bird — these colonials, always stating the obvious

TOO PLUMP TO JUMP?

BOSTON
Don't Look Back (Epic)

IN JUST one album Boston have gone from grandeur to blandeur, from self-confident artistry to a dithering self-parody.

Tom Scholz, the band's creator, has long delayed releasing this new set because he thought there'd be people lurking in the bushes, ready to attack. He was right, of course, but he's worked so hard at protecting his music that much of its freshness has been lost.

Boston's debut album was one of the all-time big sellers. Six million units. Sextuple platinum, in the parlance of the trade. Scholz was pretty much responsible for the band's entire success. The key songs were all his. He wrote, arranged and produced them. The band only went on tour after they were a smash.

Some cynics would say that the juggernaut rode on the back of one song "More Than A Feeling". An obviously huge hit single from the outset, it went unrivalled on the album. But that debut had a lot of style. Scholz, who previously worked for Polaroid, was accused of putting together a montage of other people's success formulae.

This was only partly true. You could hear, for example, a note perfect Emerson, Lake and Palmer pastiche on one track, and many other influences were readily detected. Scholz, however, had created a distinctive blend of vocals and guitars that carried the weight of even the draggiest tune. He also had a sound sense of drama, as "More Than A Feeling" clearly showed. It was all a lot to live up to. On the evidence of this new album, far too much.

One problem, of course, was that Scholz had 20 years to work on his debut, and two for his second album. That was a talking point even before this set was released. The principal thing that's lacking this time is inspiration, and no amount of expensive high-technology studio work can disguise it. The title track is no doubt meant to be the new monster, but its melody and chorus simply aren't up to scratch. In common with other tracks, it's so smoothly rendered, it just oils its way past you, unless you concentrate really hard.

The only time the album grabs your attention and holds it is on a cut called "Party", which is evidently meant to be a Zeppelin retread, but never quite has the substance to make it. Elsewhere, there are some Floydian electronic bubblings on a brief instrumental called "The Journey', and they're nicely arranged, but somewhat soporific.

As for the side two opener "Feelin' Satisfied", a better title would have been "Feelin' Complacent". The song's an instant compendium of American hard rock cliches. No doubt this album will sell several million copies on the strength of its predecessor, but there's frankly nothing here that's new enough to warrant a five quid investment.

It's a small personal tragedy for Scholz, who evidently takes his music intensely seriously. Still, there must be plenty of consolations for a guy in his position. Maybe the next time he could put out some demo tracks instead of drowning himself in overdubs.

Bob Edmands

KOKO TAYLOR
The Earthshaker (Sonet)
ROOSEVELT CHARLES
Mean Trouble Blues (Vanguard)

TWO ALBUMS which represent two extremes of the blues.

"The Earthshaker" represents a triumphant return to form by the magnificent Koko Taylor, whose recent Sonet album "I Got What It Takes" came as something of a disappointment after the two Chess albums "Koko Taylor" and "Basic Soul."

Everyone struck by the disparity between Etta James' raucous, bluesy, high-energy live show and her somewhat overpolite and MOR oriented album on Warners should check out "The Earthshaker." Taylor isn't remotely the singer that Etta is (who could be?) but she's got power, soul and the right instincts: backed up by a fine Chicago blues band, she puts on record that kind of stuff that Etta delivers live.

Standouts: a devastating "Let The Good Times Roll", a recut "Wang Dang Doodle" (she's the only performer I can think of who could take one of Howlin' Wolf's greatest songs away from him) and "I'm A Woman", a feminisation of the "Mannish Boy" that Muddy cut to open up the "Hard Again" album last year.

And back at the roots, Roosevelt Charles was — at the time of this recording in 1960 — serving life in Angola for murder. Sentenced in 1937, Charles' music is field hollers, hymns, spirituals and the rawest of country blues. An extraordinary and deeply affecting album, it's unhesitatingly recommended to anyone who wishes to follow black American music a little further back.

"Mean Trouble Blues" is folk music in its literal sense: a preservation of an all but vanished cultural heritage, and music performed not because there's a demand for it, or even because that's what its creator feels like doing. It's music that exists because it *has* to.

Charles Shaar Murray

JOHN PRINE
Bruised Orange (Asylum)

PRODUCED BY middle-weight New York singer-songwriter Steve Goodman, whose own work is also distinguished by its humour, "Bruised Orange" is an attempt to sell Prine to a wider audience.

Indeed, by all accounts a great admirer of Prine, Goodman hasn't submerged the man in the process; Prine's folk, country and blues roots are still plain to see. However, only the bizarre combination of Prine and co-writer Phil Spector pushes the album into the pop rock mainstream, their "If You Don't Want My Love" being really the only song here that could fit neatly into an FM radio schedule.

Elsewhere, Prine's tunes are the kind of thing you'll find in folk clubs on either side of the Atlantic. Likeable enough, often helped by the punchy production and inspired instrumentation, the material rarely scratches below the skin.

Steve Clarke

THE CHIEFTAINS
Cheiftains 7 (CBS)

GRAND TO see Paddy Moloney's merry minstrels swinging into action again on this, their first on CBS.

Despite rumours of personnel changes, "Chieftains 7" still features your essential Irish group, and mighty fine they sound too. I just don't think it's physically possible for them to come up with a bad album, although maybe their latest could be criticised in certain quarters for 'lack of development' or a failure to experiment.

The whole album slots together like a polished symphony, exuding verve, technical proficiency and an absolute delight at the pleasure of simply playing the traditional music they so obviously love. As ever, it's a pleasure to hear as well.

Patrick Humphries

IMPORTS

"MASTERPIECES" (CBS/Sony), the **Dylan** treble-album mentioned in this column some weeks ago, has finally materialised.

The packaging is superb — great sleeve shots plus a poster of pics snapped during The Zee's last Far Eastern rickshaw ride, and a book of lyrics — while the 39 tracks that comprise the set are not without interest to collectors, side four containing the live-in-Liverpool cut of "Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues", the version of "Positively 4th Street" that turned up on the "More Greatest Hits" album, the take of "Spanish Is The Loving Tongue" that became the 'B' side of "Watching The River Flow" and the versions of "Can I Please Crawl Out Of Your Window" and "Mixed Up Confusions" that I mentioned recently.

The last named is particularly interesting in that it illustrates that Dylan was working with a band as early as 1963. "Masterpieces" is an okay, if expensive, acquisition then — but if you want a copy, make your bid with some alacrity as the set is strictly a limited edition job!

Virgin of Marble Arch are really providing gasp-category material these day. Latest on the non-stop, oldie but goody conveyor belt from the U.S. is a 1972 "Current Audio Magazine — No. 1" (Current) that includes interviews with **Elvis, Teddy Kennedy** and **Mick Jagger;** a discourse on Manson provided by **Ed Sanders** ("Manson will break out — no doubt about it"); a report on a drug raid by the Federal Bureau of Narcotics in which a suspect was shot; a **Monty Python** segment; a socio-political-sexuality quiz, with results provided by **Jaye P Morgan** (she had a stack of hits in the '50s via "Red Hot Baby", "Get Up, Get Up", etc,); and a recording made of **Angela Davis'** reaction to being acquitted of those kidnapping, conspiracy and murder charges. A superb aural document then — and, once more, packaged with care.

Mention of **Ed Sanders** reminds me that Virgin are also stocking copies of "The Fugs" (ESP), plus **Yester and Henske's** "Farewell Alderbaran" (Straight), **Jeff Simmons'** "Lucille Has Messed My Mind Up" (Straight), Hendrix's "War Heroes" Warner), **Question Mark's** "96 Tears" (Cameo), **The Royal Guardsmen's** "Snoopy For President" (Laurie), "The Last Days At The Fillmore" (CBS) boxed-set and various other items.

New releases of any real character have been few and far between. **Gil Scott Heron and Brian Jackson's** "Secrets" (Arista) is doubtless worth a probe, but, apart from that, only **The Pips'** "Callin' " (Casablanca); "Foul Play" (Arista), the soundtrack to the new **Goldie Hawn** movie; and **Leon Redbone's** "Champagne Charlie" (Warner) have seemed worth a jot in the notebook. The Redbone release digs back almost as far as Cooder's last history-duster, with re-runs of Jimmy Rodgers' "T.B. Blues", two Jelly Roll Morton songs and such doddering ditties as "Sweet Sue" (1928), "Big Bad Bill Is Sweet William Now" (mid-'20s), and "Alabama Jubilee" (1915). Participants are equally ancient, these including bluesmen Little Brother Montgomery (born 1907), Sammy Price (1908) and ex-Bob Willa steel-guitarist Leon McAuliffe (1917).

Finally — the latest colour count from Pacific Records reveals that **Deep Purple's** "24 Carat" and **ELO's** "Master Of Rock" are now available in purple vinyl; **Linda Ronstadt's** "Southern Belle" is in gold, **Kate Bush's** "The Kick Inside" comes in platinum, while **Blondie's** "Parallel Lines" is available in lace undie white.

Fred Dellar

THE JOLT
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CITY BOY
Book Early (Vertigo)

The songs of City Boy display as much technical accomplishment, sparkling polish and shimmering brilliance as Donny Osmond's teeth. Maybe even more.

As examples of dexterity and craftsmanship, they're strictly inspired. So how come it's so hard to like them?

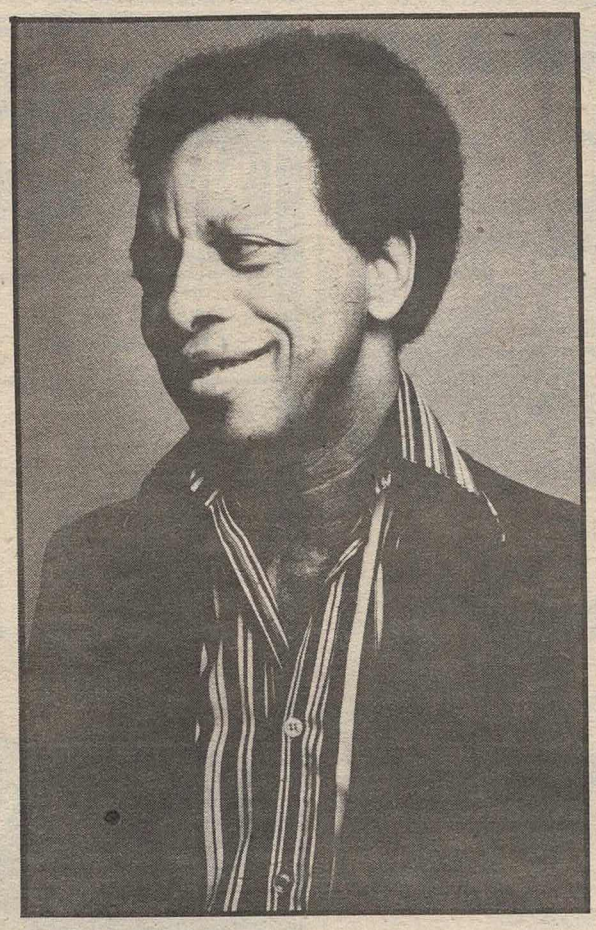
City Boy have always garnered favourable reviews for their albums, and you can readily hear why they're so admired. Their high-pitched harmonies are impeccable, their instrumental work close to flawless. And when it comes to original songs, Lol Mason and Steve Broughton are as clever and witty and literate as the original 10cc. Their current single is perhaps a less good example of this than others on this album, such as "Cigarettes" and "Moving In Circles".

If you buy this album, you certainly won't be wasting your hard earned four quid. It's one of the classiest around. But in common with all those old 10cc albums, it's got less warmth than a Kraftwerk rhythm track, less passion than one of Donny's smiles. If City Boy weren't so good, perhaps they'd be far better.

Bob Edmands

A GB CB Pic: PENNIE SMITH

BUD POWELL
The Amazing Bud Powell Vol. 1
LESTER YOUNG
The Aladdin Sessions
GERRY MULLIGAN & LEE KONITZ
Revelation
ORNETTE COLEMAN TRIO
At The Golden Circle
DON CHERRY
Where Is Brooklyn?
JOHN COLTRANE
Blue Train
High Step
HANK MOBLEY
Roll Call
ART BLAKEY'S JAZZ MESSENGERS
Roots & Herbs
LEE MORGAN
The Sidewinder
(All Blue Note/United Artists)



Ornette Coleman and shirt

Blue Note Hits An Old Note

BRIAN CASE Rummages Through The Riches Of A Front Rank Jazz Catalogue Now Available The Length And Breadth Of The Land

CONTROVERSY MIGHT rage around Cecil Taylor, McCoy Tyner and Keith Jarrett, but there was never any doubt about Bud Powell.

Bud had it all from the start, and his first album back in 1947 was his greatest achievement, mental illness and addiction eroding and darkening his genius over the next two decades. The Vogue album and the first two volumes of Blue Note's "The Amazing Bud Powell" — the first of them re-issued here — represent the pinnacle of modern jazz piano. There is a tension between the hands, rocket-assist righthand runs and thickening threatening chords, that finally got away from him; the miracle is that he ever ran the stallions of his temperament in tandem at all.

The Lester Young double, "The Aladdin Session", seems on the surface the antithesis of Powell's romantic agony. Blithe, insolently hip and contained, Lester's tenor lags back, leans like a pimp recruiting for a whorehouse. The first modern saxophone player, he suffered the paradox of neglect and imitation throughout his life, and died turning his face to the wall: "It takes pretty people to make the music pretty, and ain't a single pretty bastard in my band." Well there are plenty on hand here, and the music is magnficent.

"Revelation", a meeting between Gerry Mulligan and Lee Konitz, with tenors like Al Cohn, Zoot Sims and the great Allen Eager on hand, is firmly and finely in the Lestorian mode. If the course of jazz flowed towards the expressionism of Powell, Konitz and his Cool School associates are still hanging in there with the poise and balance of Lester. Listen to Lee on "Too Marvellous For Words" and regret the universal monomania for extremes.

The Ornette Coleman Trio's "At The Golden Circle" may lack the scope and staggering inventiveness of the early Atlantic albums. but they still made great music and probably rectuited more punters to the cause of Free Music than during the quartet period. Izenzon and Moffett confounded the pessimists who declared Ornette's conception too wayward for any but the original rhythm innovators. Your aunt could get off on "Dee Dee".

Don Cherry also proved he wasn't just a foil — no foil like an old foil — by quitting Ornette and striking out on his own. Pity Blue Note didn't re-release the best Cherry, "Complete Communion" and "Symphony For Improvisors", though "Where Is Brooklyn?" serves as a reminder of just how cataclysmically good Pharoah Sanders was back then, with the launching pad of Grimes and Blackwell. The leader's tunes are memorable and built over suspensions and accelerations which point up the contrast in horn styles, tenor moving through everything like a missile, cornet spikily circling.

The two Coltrane albums, "Blue Train" and "High Step" are probably not essential with so much great Coltrane on the market; they catch him in mildly incompatable Hard Bob bands. Before the success of Jimmy Smith, the label concentrated on beefy blowing sessions, not Trane's meat, but just listen to the harrowing power of his breaks on "Nixon, Dixon & Yates Blues" or "Blue Train" and — often overlooked — his tenderness with ballads like "I'm Old Fashioned".

Hank Mobley's "Roll Call" is a minor classic of Hard Bop, along with his still-deleted "Soul Station". Having spent years carefully and intelligently developing his own style, poor Mobley found himself out of fashion at a stroke. Coltrane had finally got it together, and that degree of intensity became the new orthodoxy. Hip of them to re-issue this. Fashion is mainly economics and best left to Brummel and Keynes.

The proto-typical Hard Bop outfit, Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, have never cut a duff record. "Roots & Herbs" is by the edition with Wayne Shorter and the late Lee Morgan, less interesting than the later stuff with Freddie Hubbard by which time Shorter's writing had matured. Bobby Timmons' funky piano killed me at the time, passes me by now; Blakey's drumming never palls.

Oddy enough, Lee Morgan's commercially successful "The Sidewinder" still slaughters despite a spate of imitations. Billy Higgins' pelting beat throughout, Joe Henderson's sinister entry on the title track, and Morgan's great trumpet solo on "Totem Pole" will assuredly set as yet unhatched generations waving the trousers.

Brian Case

(More Notes soon.)

CULTURE
Baldhead Bridge
(Joe Gibbs—pre-release)

THERE WERE some things that I loved one time, but the dreams are gone that I thought were mine . . .

According to Joseph Hill, Joe Gibbs has two albums of Culture material remaining on tape from the "Two Sevens Clash" session, neither of which the group would like to see released, and judging from the first of these — "Baldhead Bridge" — the producer is already scraping the bottom of the barrel.

Actually, there is nothing especially wrong with this new LP, at least not in the performance of Culture, but at five quid on import it comes as an expensive outlay for eight tracks, two of which — "Baldhead Bridge" and "Zion Gate" — have both been previously available in 12" format with DJs. Besides, I prefer The Gladiators' reworking of the title track from Studio One, "Mr. Baldwin".

For the rest, "Behold I Come" and "Love Shines Brighter" are available in slightly different form on both the "Africa Stand Alone" bootleg album and Front Line "Harder Than The Rest" set, featuring productions preferable to Gibbs' laboured efforts here. "How Can I Leave Jah" is based on Dennis Brown's "How Can I Leave", with slightly different lyrics, and "So Long Babylon A Fool I (And I)" is nothing other than an updating of the Count Ossie "So Long Ras Tafari Call I" — also recorded by Dennis Brown — with a new set of words.

Which leaves only "Them A Payaka" and "Jah Love" as the two original titles on the album, and neither of these are among Culture's more inspired works.

I would assume this album is dedicated by Joe Gibbs to himself: baldhead bridge is burning down, Jah Ras Tafari.

Penny Reel

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+ the Good Guys
(with Larry Wallis)
+ Deep Throat
Admission £2

Saturday September 2nd
RACING CARS
+ the Casual Band
Admission £2

Monday September 4th
SNIPS VIDEO KINGS
+ support
Free admission with this ad before 10.30
Normal admission £1

Tuesday September 5th
WARREN HARRY
+ the Stickers
Free admission with this ad before 10.30
Normal admission £1

Wednesday September 6th
LANDSCAPE
+ P.C.O.J.
Admission £1

Friday September 8th
By arrangement with MAM agency, only London appearance of
CITY BOY
Advance tickets £2.50 from box office

Thursday September 21st
HI-TENSION
Advance tickets £2 from box office

Thursday September 28th
FAIRPORT CONVENTION
Advance tickets £2.50 from box office

LICENSED BARS – LIVE MUSIC – DANCING
8PM – 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

THE RED COW

HAMMERSMITH ROAD, W.6

Thursday August 31st £1
BLAST FURNACE
+ Potter's clay

Friday September1st £1
V.I.P.'s

Saturday September 2nd £1
SHAKESPEAROS

FAREWELL FESTIVAL FINAL WEEK

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

Thursday August 31st 75p
DOLL BY DOLL

SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 2nd
TANZ DER YOUTH
Two shows at 1pm 75p, evening £1

Sunday September 3rd £1
OLD CODGERS

Monday September 4th 75p
MICKY JONES BAND + CHAMPION

Tuesday September 5th 75p
THE LATE SHOW
+ LITTLE BO BITCH

Thursday September 7th
SANDY & THE BACKLINE
+ STAA MARX

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01-603 6071)

ARISTA

SEPT 3 PEGASUS, Stoke Newington
SEPT 5 HOPE & ANCHOR, Islington
SEPT 7 MUSIC MACHINE, Mornington Crescent (+ SKIDS)
SEPT 8 NASHVILLE, West Kensington (+ SKIDS)
SEPT 12 BRIDGEHOUSE, Canning Town
SEPT 14 NASHVILLE, West Kensington (headlining)
SEPT 15 ROCHESTER CASTLE, Stoke Newington
SEPT 16 ROCK GARDEN, Covent Garden

SINGLE – SIGN OF THE TIMES OUT NOW

London

A.J.'S CLUB

High Street, Lincoln.

THURSDAY, 31st August
THE NEXT BAND

Saturday 2nd September
THE CHEQUERS
Funky soul band

SUNDAY NIGHT FEVER

Portcawl, Stoneleigh
Every Sunday - casual dress - 7pm to midnight
Disco by Jumbo
This Sunday Sept 3rd
EDDIE KENDRICKS
Admission £2
Next Sunday Sept 10th
DELEGATION
Admission £1.50

THE BRIDGE HOUSE

23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday August 31st 30p
ZAINE GRIFF

Friday September 1st 40p
BRIDGE HOUSE BLUES
(all our old mates)

Saturday September 2nd 40p
THE YOUNG BUCKS
+ Support

Sunday September 3rd 40p
REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD

Monday September 4th
Tuesday September 5th 40p
FILTHY McNASTY

Wednesday September 6th Free
SOUNDER

JOHNNY MOPED

Sept 2
MAYFLOWER MANCHESTER

Sept 6
BASTION, WHITE HART ACTON

Sept 10
LYCEUM LONDON

Sept 22
ERICS LIVERPOOL

HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS PRESENTS

THE LURKERS

with special guest
JOHNNY MOPED
and exclusive debut appearance of
IVOR (I'M A WINKER (mis-spelt)) BIGGUN AND THE RED NOSED BURGLARS

LYCEUM BALLROOM, THE STRAND
SUNDAY 10th SEPT. at 7.15pm
£2.00 in advance £2.25 on door

Tickets available from the Lyceum Box Office 01-836 3715 and the Harvey Goldsmith Box Office at Chappells, 50 New Bond Street W1. 01-629 3453 (20p booking fee)

HOPE & ANCHOR

UPPER STREET ISLINGTON, N.1

Thursday August 31st 75p
THE EDGE

Monday September 4th 60p
Patrik Fitzgerald

Friday September 1st 60p
RAZAR

Tuesday September 5th 75p
THE ZONES

Saturday September 2nd £1
RAR Benefit with Potter's Clay

Wednesday September 6th 75p
THE SKIDS

Sunday September 3rd 75p
KAHN'S VILLAINS

Thursday September 7th 75p
SOULYARD

THE IMPRINTS

HOLLIES TIDAL BASIN TAVERN, E16
SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 2nd

FAMOUS MUSICIANS

(part 7a)

Richard Burgess (drums) can be heard with
LANDSCAPE
AT
The ROCK GARDEN Thursday Aug 31st 10.30pm
The MUSIC MACHINE Wed Sept 6th 12 midnight
HAILEY BURY SCHOOL Sun Sept 17th 8pm
DINGWALLS Thursday Sept 21st 12 midnight
and on tour from late September

Event Horizon 01-703 7677/870 2061

THE ELECTRIC BALLROOM

184 Camden High Street.
Saturday September 2nd
9pm - 2 am
WHIRLWIND
+ support
Admission £2

Tuesday September 5th
8.30pm -1am
LES PUNKS
(Vanian, Sensible, Scabies & Lemmy)
Admission £1.50

THOMAS A BECKET

Old Kent Road, S.E.1

Wednesday August 30th Free
TOUR DE FORCE
(all girl rock band)

Thursday August 31st Free
ANGELO PALADINO

Monday September 4th 30p
THE MEMBERS

Tuesday September 5th Free
STAA MARX

Wednesday September 6th Free
STRAIGHT 8

Thursday September 7th 50p
REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD

MONDAY SEPTEMBER 11th 50p
STREET BAND

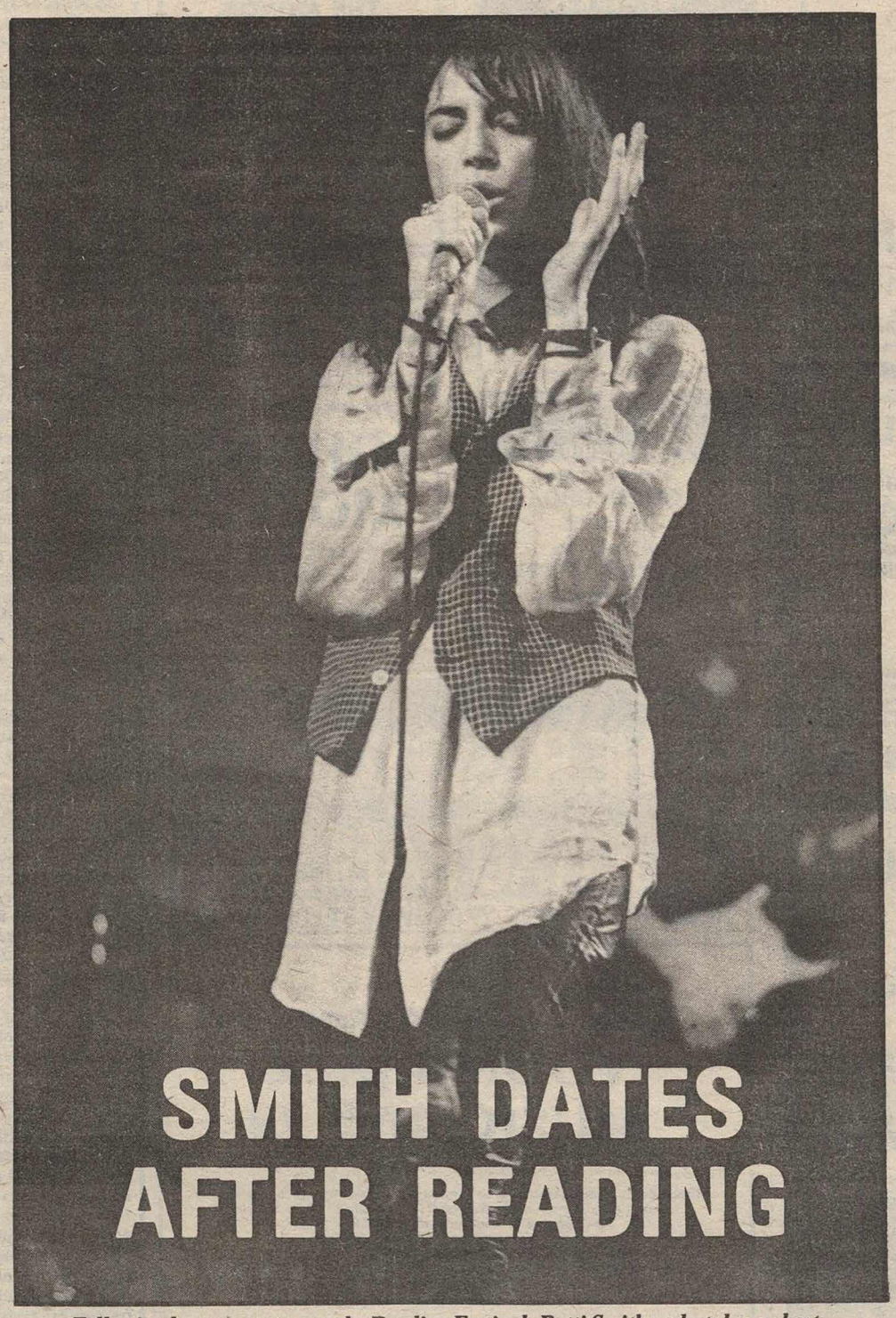
LINDSEY ENTERTAINMENTS
01-407 1334

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

COMPILED BY TONY STEWART

Thursday

BASILDON Double Six: GENTRY
BIRKENHEAD Rascals: SPIDER
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BRIGHTON Alhambra: STEVE BOYCE BAND
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: SHARAFIA
BRIGHTON Richmond Hotel: WOODY AND THE SPLINTERS
BRISTOL Crockers: WORKING CLASS HEROES
BUILTH WELLS Wyeside Arts Centre: MUSCLES
CLEETHORPES Winter Gardens: SHAM 69
COVENTRY Hand & Heart Inn: SCENT ORGANS
COVENTRY Wyken Pippen: RENO
DONCASTER Outlook: HARLOW
GORLESTON Cap & Gown: THE NEEDLES
HIGH WYCOMBE Nag's Head: MICK FARREN & THE GOOD GUYS
KENDAL Brewery Arts Centre: GEORGE MELLY & JOHN CHILTONS FEETWARMERS
LEEDS Shaftesbury: THE VYE
LIVERPOOL Gulliver's DRAMATIS PERSONAE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE RECORDS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: JAPAN / THE INVADERS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: EX-DIRECTORY
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: LAND-SCAPE
LONDON E.C.1. City Arms: FAME
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Swan: UNCLE PO
LONDON HAMMERSMETH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON HARROW ROAD Windsor Castle: THE IDOLS
LONDON KENSINGTON De Villiers Bar: GOLD DUST TWINS
LONDON Marquee Club: BLUE MACS
LONDON OLD KENT ROAD Thomas A'Beckett: THE TUMBLERS
LONDON OXFORD STREET 100 Club: TRIBESMAN
LONDON Southgate Royalty: MAC CURTIS
LONDON STOCKWELL The Plough: SWIFT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: RUNNING SAWS / BLUE SCREAMING
MANCHESTER Apollo: PATTI SMITH BAND / POP GROUP
MANCHESTER Pips: THE ACCELERATORS
MELTON MOWBRAY Painted Lady: DOUGGIE JAMES & SOUL TRAIN
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: BLITZKRIEG BOP
NEWCASTLE Cooperage: ALWOODLEY JETS
NEWCASTLE The Hawthorn: AVALON
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE BABIES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY
OLDHAM Birch Hall Hotel: CHRIS BARBER BAND
PLYMOUTH Woods Club: DOUBLE XPOSURE
PORTRUSH Arcadia: THE MOTORS
POYNTON Folk Centre: STEVE CHILCOTT / YING TONG JOHN
RUNCORN Cherry Tree: 29th & DEARBORN
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: C GAS 5
SKEGNESS Festival Pavilion: GUYS 'N' DOLLS
SOUTHAMPTON Onslow Arms: STAA MARX
SUNDERLAND Belford House: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
WATFORD Carey Place: HERE AND NOW / DESP-ERATE STRAITS
YORK Viva Wine Bar: SPYDER BLUES BAND



Following her appearance at the Reading Festival, Patti Smith undertakes a short series of dates, visiting Manchester, Cardiff and Birmingham

Friday

AXMINSTER Guild Hall: CHEAP FLIGHTS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: THE ITALIANS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BIRMINGHAM Elizabethan Days: BAD EARTH
BLACKPOOL Raikes Hotel: BRIAN DEWBURST
BOLTON Aquarius: VINTAGE
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: NIGHTRIDER
BRISTOL Crockers: WORKING CLASS HEROES
BURNLEY Highton Mount Bowling Club: BRIAN DEWHURST
BURY ST. EDMONDS Griffin: N.W.10
CARDIFF Top Rank Suite: PATTI SMITH/THE POP GROUP
CASTLETON Cheshire Cheese: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: MAC CURTIS
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: THE LURKERS
EASTBOURNE Archery: STEVE BOYCE BAND
EDINBURGH Clouds: SHAM 69
EDINBURGH Dominion Cinema: GEORGE MELLY & JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
HAYWARDS HEATH Clair Hall: DAVE BERRY & THE CRUISERS
HUDDERSFIELD Coack House: ALWOODLEY JETS
KNARESBOROUGH Folk Club: JOHN LEONARD & JOHN SQUIRE/KEMPION
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: CGAS 5
LEEDS Poly RAR Club: AGONY COLUMN
LEEDS Viva's: THE VYE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: FISCHER-Z/THE INVADERS
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin: DOG WATCH
LONDON CHARING CROSS Global Village: CHINA STREET
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: INCRE-DIBLE KIDDA BAND/RAY MORGAN QUARTET
LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: THE RICH KIDS/HARLOW
LONDON MAIDA VALE Chippenham: PASSEN-GERS
LONDON OXFORD STREET 100 Club: JABULA
LONDON PORTOBELLO ROAD Acklam Hall: CUCKOO/NIGHT FLIGHT/CAR PARK
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GREIG & NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT/JOHNNY G
LONDON ROTHERHITHE Waterside Theatre: REALISTS/MR COSGILL'S DELIGHT
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty: CHRIS HILL
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE MONOS
MANCHESTER Carlton Club: EXODUS
MELTON MOWBRAY Painted Lady: DOUGIE JAMES & SOUL TRAIN
NEWCASTLE Mayfair: MOTORHEAD
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: INTELEKTUALS/MIAMI DOLPHINS
RETFORD Porterhouse: SORE THROAT
ROCHESTER King's Head: RIGHT HAND BAND
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: HEAD WAITER
SOUTHALL Hambro Tavern: THE INJECTIONS
SOUTHEND Cliffs Pavilion: THE SHADOWS
STALYBRIDGE Commercial: ANY TROUBLE
SUTTON COLDFIELD Martsmith Club: THE UTENSILS
SWANSEA Arts Centre: TALISKER
SWINDON Brunel Rooms: STADIUM DOGS
TAMWORTH Arts Centre: PALOMINO
TIPTON Brewer & Baker: O. D. SLOPE
TIVERTON Motel: ROSETTA STONE
YORK Viva Wine Bar: THE VYE

Saturday

ABERTILLERY Six Bells: PEKOE ORANGE
ACLE Conservative Hall: THE NEEDLES
ASHBOURNE 11am Festival: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
AYLESBURY Friars: RADIO STARS
BANBURY Winter Gardens: SCRATCH
BEXHILL York Hotel: STEVE BOYCE BAND
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: BENNY AND THE JETS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM KINGS HEATH Hare and Hounds: SILLY WIZARD
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: PATTI SMITH / THE POP GROUP
BOLTON Aquarius: VINTAGE
BRADFORD Golden Cockrel: RED EYE
BRISTOL KINGSWOOD Royal Archer: N.W.10
CARLISLE Mikes Club: BRIAN DEWHURST
FLEETWOOD Fylde Folk Festival: BRIAN DEWHURST
GRAVESEND Red Lion: THE EDGE
HARROGATE Cock & Castle: THE VYE
LINCOLN RAF Swinderby: STRANGE DAYS
LIVERPOOL Eric's: CGAS 5
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: MONTREAL
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE LATE SHOW / TIGER ASHBY
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: RACING CARS
LONDON CAMDEN The Cellar: MRS SPINKS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin Tavern: CHINA STREET
LONDON COVENT GARDEN New Community Garden: EXCELSIOR BRASS BAND / VOMITS / HAPPY TRAILS / PUNCTURE / JOE / DOPHIN SMILE / WORLD SERVICE / PARIS LLANDE BAND / JUICE ON THE LOOSE / BASEMENT BAND
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: MERGER
LONDON NOTTING HILL Old Swan: DESPERATE STRAITS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty: FROGGY & HIS MONSTER ROADSHOW
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: BIG CHIEF
MELTON MOWBRAY Painted Lady: DOUGGIE JAMES & SOUL TRAIN
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: OUTWARD BAND
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: STRANGE MIST / PEACH
OLDHAM Tower Club: SKREWDRIVER
OXFORD Corn Dolly: DOG WATCH
PETERLEE Technical College Theatre: DISGUISE
PRESTON Piccadilly: WITCHFYNDE
RETFORD Peterhouse: THE LURKERS
RYE Carnival: BANNED / BLAST FURNACE AND / THE FLYS / THE PHYSICALS / SAMMY SNAZZY MITCHELL / HOLLYWOOD KILLERS / DELTA WING / GEORGE BACON
SHEFFIELD Fiesta Club; DAVE BERRY & THE CRUISERS
SOUTHEND Cliffs Pavilion: THE SHADOWS
STRATFORD-UPON-AVON Green Dragon: TIME MACHINE
SWANSEA GLOUCESTER PLACE Arts Workshop: ACME QUARTET
TELHAM Black Horse: RIGHT HAND BAND
TORQUAY 400 Club: SOUL DIRECTION
YORK Minster Bar: ALWOODLEY JETS
YORK Viva Wine Bar: HOWARD ELLIS BAND
WEST BROMWICH Coach & Horses: PALOMINO
WINSFORD Civic Hall: ROSETTA STONE
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS

Stewart'n'Gouldman of 10cc: gigs at Liverpool and Birmingham

Sunday

ACCRINGTON Lakeland Lounge: WITCHFYNDE
BILSTON The Cock: PALOMINO
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: VIDEO
BIRMINGHAM Sherwood: RENO
BIRMINGHAM Strathallen Hotel: CHRIS BARBER BAND
BLACKPOOL Stanley Park Bandstand: THE BOF BAND
BRIGHTON Alhambra: THE PIRANHAS
BRIGHTON Resources Centre: PIRANHAS/PLAN-TATION/NICKY & THE DOTS
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: RADIO STARS
CORBY Elstree Social Club: PARADOX
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: THE SHADOWS
DEAL Quarter Deck: RIGHT HAND BAND
DUBLIN Projects Arts Centre: PATTI SMITH POETRY READING
FLEETWOOD North Euston Hotel: BRIAN DEWHURST
LEEDS Staging Post: HARLOW
LIVERPOOL Empire: 10cc
LONDON Battersea Nags Head: JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON COVENT GARDEN New Community Garden: POETS JAZZ BAND/PIRATES BRASS BAND/CHANTER/LIMP WILLIES/FLYING SAUCERS/RUSS HENDERSON'S STEEL BAND/ESKALATOR/STEEL AN' SKIN/YOUNG BUCKS/CLAPPERCLAW/CALYX
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: FISCHER-Z
LONDON EAST HAM Ruskin Arms: DOG WATCH
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: AFTER THE FIRE
LONDON Marquee: THE JOLT
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club: JOHNNY MARS & RED BEANS AND RICE
LONDON Peckham Montpelier: BLUE MOON (lunchtime)
LONDON Stoke Newington Pegasus: THE ZONES
LONDON Swiss Cottage Old Winchester Arms TOYAH/COLD STEEL CURSE
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: SWIFT
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: THE PRESS
NOTTINGHAM The Boulevard: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
POYTON Folk Centre: MR. GLADSTONE'S BAG/PETE ROYLE
SOUTHPORT Theatre: MIKE HARDING
STALYBRIDGE Commercial: IDIOT ROUGE

Monday

AMPTHILL Folk Club: JOHN SOFTLY
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: WIDE BOYS
BIRMINGHAM Night Out: THE TEMPTATIONS Week from Monday
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: 10 c.c.
BRISTOL Stonehouse: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BURY Star Hotel: BRIAN DEWHURST
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: THE SHADOWS
CROYDON Red Deer: THE EDGE
DONCASTER Outlook: THE LURKERS
HALESOWN Tiffany's: BEENY AND THE JETS
HALIFAX Jingles Club: THE VYE
KELTY Oakfield Hotel: CHARLEY BROWNE
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STIMPERS
LEEDS Marquis of Granby: AGONY COLUMN/THE NEAT
LIVERPOOL Sportsman: DRAMATIS PERSONAE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: TRANS-AM
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: RESISTANCE

■ *Continues over page*

DINGWALLS
01-267 4967 Camden Lock, Chalk Farm Road, London NW1
THURS 31
THE RECORDS
TUES 5
THE EDGE
WED 6
REGGAE REGULAR
ALL DRINKS ½ PRICE BEFORE 10PM
8pm-2am·Live Music·Licensed Bar·Disco·Restaurant

FRIARS AT THE MAXWELL HALL AYLESBURY
SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 2nd 7.30 pm
OPENING DATE OF THEIR FIRST MAJOR BRITISH TOUR
RADIO STARS
+ SPECIAL GUESTS (AT ENORMOUS EXPENSE)
THE BOYFRIENDS
+ THE REACTION
AC SOUND & VISION
Tickets 165p from Earth Records Aylesbury (new carpet coming soon) Scorpion Records or Sun Music High Wycombe (Can limited edition selling like TVs), Hairport Amersham (The Motors definitely play too loud), Old Town Records Hemel Hempstead (old but new), FL Moore Records Bletchley, Dunstable & Luton (Fred freaks fearlessly), Hi-Vu Buckingham (singles only 75p) or 165p at door on night life membership 25p the beast of Barnsley meets the ice-cream scoopers from Dawlish Warren.

FRIARS AT THE MAXWELL HALL AYLESBURY
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7th, 7.30 pm
OPENING DATE OF 1978 BRITISH TOUR
CAMEL
+ MICHAEL CHAPMAN
AC SOUND & VISION
Tickets 195p from Earth Records Aylesbury (carpet floored) Scorpion Records or Sun Music High Wycombe (can limited edition sold out), Hairport Amersham (motors increase volume to earwarp factor 12), Old Town Records Hemel Hempstead (by the park), FL Moore records Bletchley, Dunstable Luton & Sydney, Hi-Vu Buckingham (always) or 195p at door on night. Life membership 25p. News Dept: Camel are one of the finest bands ever to have played Friars Aylesbury .... and they don't play anywhere near as loud as the Motors. Breathless

THE PORTERHOUSE
20 CAROLGATE, RETFORD, NOTTS. Tel 704981
Friday September 1st
SORE THROAT
Saturday September 2nd
THE
SHOWBIZ KIDS

ROCHESTER CASTLE
145 STOKE NEWINGTON HIGH STREET, LONDON, N.16
Friday September 1st £1
WHITE CATS
Saturday September 2nd £2
SPECIAL GUESTS
FROM FAIRY HILL
Sunday September 3rd £1
PATRIK FITZGERALD
Monday September 4th Free
Audition night T B A
Tuesday September 5th Free
THE INTELEKTUALS

EEL PIE ROCK CLUB
presents
NO SWEAT
+ Simon Townshend Band
Thursday August 31st
at the
RED LION, High Street, Hounslow
Admission £1.00. Doors open 8 pm. Membership 15p.
Enquiries: Ray Bland, Eel Pie Sound. Telephone Chertsey (09328) 63357

West Acton Sounds presents
The second uprising
at the White Hart, Acton
Tuesday, September 5th
THE SATELLITES
+ The Condemned
Admission 85p
See Jonothan Gaunt and his inflatable xylophone!

BOGNOR ROCK IN WORLD TOUR SENSATION! ☆
STAA MARX
Sat. Sept 2nd
READING
Targett
Sun. Sept 3rd
CHRISTCHURCH
Jumpers
Mon. Sept 4th
FAREHAM
John Peel
Tues. Sept 5th
LONDON
Thomas a Becket
Wed. Sept. 6th
FARNHAM
Coach and Horses
Thurs. Sept 7th
LONDON
Nashville
Mon. Sept 11th
GUILDFORD
Junction
Tues. Sept 12th
PRATTS BOTTOM
The Aardvark
☆ It's off!

PEGASUS
109 GREEN LANES, LONDON N.16.
01-226 5930.
Thurs 31st Aug 20p
RUNNING SORE
Fri 1st Sept 50p
THE MONOS
Sat 2nd Sept 50p
BIG CHIEF
(featuring Dick Heckstall Smith)
Sun 3rd Sept 50p
THE ZONES
Mon 4th Sept FREE
TIGHTS
Tues 5th Sept FREE
STRAIGHT 8
Wed 6th Sept FREE
COLD COMFORT

LAST BASTION!
THE WHITE HART PUB
246 HIGH ST. ACTON
Wednesday September 6th
JOHNNY MOPED
+ THE NIGHT
+ D.J. Jerry Floyd
Please come early
Doors open 7.30pm.

ROCK GARDEN SEPT 4th
THE RESISTANCE
AND THEIR SPECIAL GUESTS:
GLAXO BABIES
RESISTANCE MUSIC, 27 CONWAY ST, LONDON W1

Greater London Arts Association
YOUNG JAZZ MUSICIANS 79
This scheme offering contact with concert organisers throughout the Greater London area is open to professional jazz groups of up to 8 players
Average age of musicians must be 28 or under.
Applicants must be resident in London.
Closing date for applications: 30th September 1978.
Details from Greater London Arts Association, 25-31 Tavistock Place, London WC1H 9SF Telephone 01-387 9541

TRANS-AM'S
BACK-TO-THE-CLUBS TOUR
Monday 4th Sept. Dingwalls
Tuesday 5th Sept. Rock Garden
Thursday 7th Sept. Marquee
Saturday 9th Sept. Troubador, Tonypandy
Sunday 10th Sept. Paddle Steamer, Cardiff
Monday 11th Sept. Sandman, Port Talbot
Tuesday 12th Sept. Rock Garden

STRAIGHT MUSIC & ASGARD PRESENT
WARNER BROS COUNTRY
EMMYLOU HARRIS
AND THE HOT BAND
GUY CLARK
RODNEY CROWELL
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
QUEEN CAROLINE ST W6
MON/TUES - 18/19 SEPT. at 7·30
TICKETS £4·00, £3·00, £2·00, (INC VAT) IN ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE 748 4081, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, 240 2245, USUAL AGENTS OR ON NIGHT

THE DUBLIN CASTLE
Parkway, NW1
(Camden Town Station)
Friday, 1st September
BURN
+ TOP MARX
Admission 40p
All band inquiries
A.Y.M. 01-986 7331

TO ADVERTISE
ring 01-261 6153

Brian B

MORE BLONDIE

■ From page 8

schedules and demands. Certainly Destri appears a little restless within the group's current format, and Stein's mildly subdued idealism blanches a little faced with the limitations of their current output, yet will not deny that the music is from their hearts. Destri eagerly looks forward to 'The Shift' (from pampering to innovating) — proud that they form part of a new pop idiom, excited that they are capable of other things.

AMERICA rears its ugly head. America has failed to respond to a new wave influence, have resisted the melting of a 'dangerous' movement into The New Pop Music, so Blondie have had minimal impact in the national charts, despite regional success. Destri admits that for dull, ecomomic reasons they cannot shift without cracking America, an almost impossible proposition. Blondie, 'safe' in the rest of the world market, must concentrate on America: Chapman's production is direct and full, and Blondie music becomes very straight. They tour there later this year, hopeful.

Destri views the problem simply: "I really don't think we have to dilute what Blondie is to crack America. I think we just have to plan what singles we release over there, and continue as we are without changing." Nigel Harrison butts in . . . "What we have to do is wait for the audience over there to change."

Stein views it typically sinisterly: "There is no new wave in America. I was told by a pretty heavy rock person that Jimmy Carter has actually put a stop to the new wave 'cos he considers it politically dangerous. Kids tell us they ask for Blondie records on their local radio station and are told the stations don't play new wave. There's just been one new wave hit, the Patti Smith song. Nothing else. Everything in America is set, it's just a fucking big system. The radio is locked into the group format, record companies are great multi-million dollar systems, it's all a massive system and there's very little room to change it. The audience are conditioned to the radio, the music press are so far behind, like The Dead Boys are *Rolling Stones'* token punk group. It's a joke!"

So Blondie boast subversive motives. Soften their music, level it out, aim it low, crack America, then twist back to something less, er, palatable. It's a good excuse for compromise. The Patti Smith group use a similar one. We'll see.

AFTER chats in the flats, everyone — group, assistants, pr, press — bundle into three cars to drive to the BBC. Blondie are on *Top of the Pops,* members of the fab-fast regular new rosta (B.Rats, Sham 69, X-Ray Spex, Jam, Rezillos, Buzzcocks, soon the Banshees (who'd have thought), Boyfriends, Lurkers, Rich Kids, XTC.

Chris and Debbie snuggle up together. Chris, concerned mightily with the paranormal, tells me I should write that all students should take up psychic research. "The Russians have a grip on the Astral Plane," he announces. "Naah," gripes Debbie.

"Really, you may groan now but in 20 years you're gonna know about it. The Russians will be able to block American politicians' thoughts." Debbie ponders for a while, but is more concerned that she hasn't been sick for weeks. "Ever since I stopped eating sugar."

Blondie must rehearse, eat and record at the BBC from 3 till 9. Debbie plaintively trundles off, dragging a shopping trolley behind her full of the goodies of transformation. Stein, meanwhile, complains to me. He's producing a New York violinist called Walter Stedding for Red Star Records, improvised music: "I'll get knocked for the commercialism of Blondie's new album, and at the other end I'll get slagged for working with Stedding for being too oblique! Huh!"

Stein is quite the angry young man. Not much pleases him. *Top of the Pops* does. He has the smug look of satisfaction as we chat in the labrynthine corridors of the Beeb, not far from where Jilted John gibberishly looks forward to meeting his heroine Debbie, who is busy becoming the illusion. *Top of the Pops* is working through the system, working with the system. We'd be happy to do free concerts, but we can't, we'd do two and that would be it, we'd be out of money. it would be all over. So we work with the system. I don't think *TOTP* is bad."

At 7.30 the group queue up ingloriously outside studio number one, with The Jam, Hi-Tension, Bilbo and Jilted John. Burke had given record company people moments of panic by turning up at the very last minute: he'd been in Carnaby Street getting a new suit.

This fashion conscious, this group. The group have broken away from black, white and red. Stein looks a little uncomfortable in a candy pink suit, Harrison in tight green pants, Infante in sharp black and white patterned trews. This is where the fun comes in!

Just before Blondie record their spot — Harry dramatically emerging with seconds to spare suitably flawless, teased, artificial, all in yellow — Stein has me know how much Dr. Feelgood figured in what we were about to receive. Yeah? "Yeah. The important influence in New York. They came over just to play a few brief college dates and stuff, and the audience was totally made up of other bands and musicians. Just the thing of the short hair, the clothes, the shortness and starkness of the songs, the direction of the 3 piece, created a terrific buzz."

Blondie are after David Essex and before Jilted John. Blondie on *Top Of The Pops* — illusion within illusion.

Top of the Pops jumps out at millions of people fast, colourful, funny, alive. It's put together in a massive studio with 50 nervous kids cumbersomely shoved from podium to podium, self-consciously shaking as the group grotesquely and foolishly mime to their current sound.

It's dead and cumbersome. Legs and Co. are all about three foot 11 and must work in Woollies in the day.

Blondie run through 'Picture This' three times before getting it right. The group look embarrassed. Harry looks confused. On the screen it looks complete, a surreal cartoon. The phrase is larger than life, although that doesn't cover it. It's even nasty.

And 'Picture This' is the group's third hit in what looks like a steady run. They flew off that night to Europe and will be back in September to tour Britain in undoubted triumph. Stein attempts to qualify it: "I mean, I see Bob Marley being slagged off for being too commercial and I think that's really sad because what he's doing now is really pulling people together more than ever. He's finally going out on American radio. We saw him in Boston playing to 35,000 straight white college kids and everyone was going bananas and that to me is an actual revolutionary act, the fact that he's doing music that will pull people together, and if we can just bring people together with music, that's the real politics. We want to bring people together."

Blondie are a pop group. How they develop depends on how well they cope. You want to know more?

GIG GUIDE

■ *From previous page*

LONDON HARROW ROAD Windsor Castle: DOG WATCH
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: HARVEY ANDREWS
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: PENNY ROYAL
LONDON Ronnie Scott's Club: HORACE SILVER For 2 weeks from Monday
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegausus: CHINA STREET/TIGHTS
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: POLICE/MAGNETS
NEWCASTLE Cooperage: DEEP FREEZE
OXFORD Corn Dolly: SCRATCH
SWINTON Lancastrian Hall: ROSETTA STONE
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: JOY DIVISION
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GWAIHIR
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: RENAISSANCE
SUNDERLAND Rock Club: MAC CURTIS
TUNBRIDGE WELLS Calverley: RIGHT HAND BAND
YORK Viva's Wine Bar: CASS CUNANA BAND

Tuesday

BARNSLEY Civic Hall: MICK HARDING
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RENO
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: 10cc
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotle: JAMESON RAID
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre: REBEL
BRIGHTON Bus Depot: THE PIRANHAS
BRISTOL Colston Hall: RENAISSANCE

CHORLEY TATTON Community Centre: BRIAN DEWHURST
EDINBURGH Royal Princess Hotel: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE EDGE
LONDON CITY ROAD City Arms: DOG WATCH
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: TRANS-AM / RESISTANCE
LONDON HARROW ROAD Windsor Castle: SPRING OFFENSIVE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: HEROES / STRAIGHT 8
LONDON The Kensington: JOHNNY G

LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: HEROES / NECROMATS
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: REBEL
NEWCASTLE Cooperage: SABRE JETS
OXFORD Corn Dolly: THE EDGE
ST ANNES ON SEA (LANCS) Delmeany Hotel: BRIAN DEWHURST
SWINDON Brunel Rooms: CHEAP FLIGHTS
YORK Viya's Wine Bar: MIRAGE

Wednesday

ABERDEEN Ruffles: SKREWDRIVER
ACTON White Hart: THE NIGHT
BATH Fernley Hotel: WORKING CLASS HEROES
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: 10 c.c.
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: KILLING TIME
BIRMINGHAM The Sherwood: CARTOONS
BIRMINGHAM Yardley Bull's Head: ROSES
BRADFORD St. George's Hall: CHRIS BARBER BAND
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: ROADSTERS
CLITHEROE Dog & Partridge Hotel: BRIAN DEWHURST
CUMBERNAULD Kestrel: CHARLEY BROWNE
DERBY The Bell Hotel: THE EDGE
EDINBURGH Royal Princess Hotel: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
KESWICK Century Theatre: BRIAN DEWHURST
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: RADIO STARS
LINCOLN RAF Scampton: BENNY AND THE JETS
LONDON ACTON White Hart: THE DOLE
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: CHEAP FLIGHTS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: REGGAE REGULARS
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: O.K.
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: LANDSCAPE
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: TRANS-AM
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: LEE FARDON'S LEGIONAIRES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Swan Hotel: THE IDOLS
LONDON HARROW ROAD Windsor Castle: FAME
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE SKIDS
LONDON KINGSBURY Prince of Wales: HEROES
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: DANA SIMMONDS & GREIG'S FOLK & BLUES SHOWCASE
LONDON SOUTHALL White Hart: MAC CURTIS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: DAVE LEWIS BAND
MIDDLESEX H.M.S. Warrior: SOUL DIRECTION
NEWCASTLE The Cooperage: JUNCO PARTNERS
NORWICH Toppers: ALWOODLEY JETS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: GWAIHIR
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SOME CHICKEN
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: ATLAS
REIGATE Cellars: JOHNNY G
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont: TAMMY WYNETTE
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
WOLVERHAMPTON Crauford's Arms: SCRATCH
YORK Viva Wine Bar: THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS

IN NEXT WEEK'S NME
THE STRANGLERS
Chris Salewicz gets karate chopped by Jean-Jacques Burnel, but still manages to profile the nastiest band in town.
PLUS: Part Two Of Murray & Carr's super collectable collossus on DAVE BOWIE—from "Diamond Dogs" to "Peter And The Wolf". And then some. Dare you miss it?
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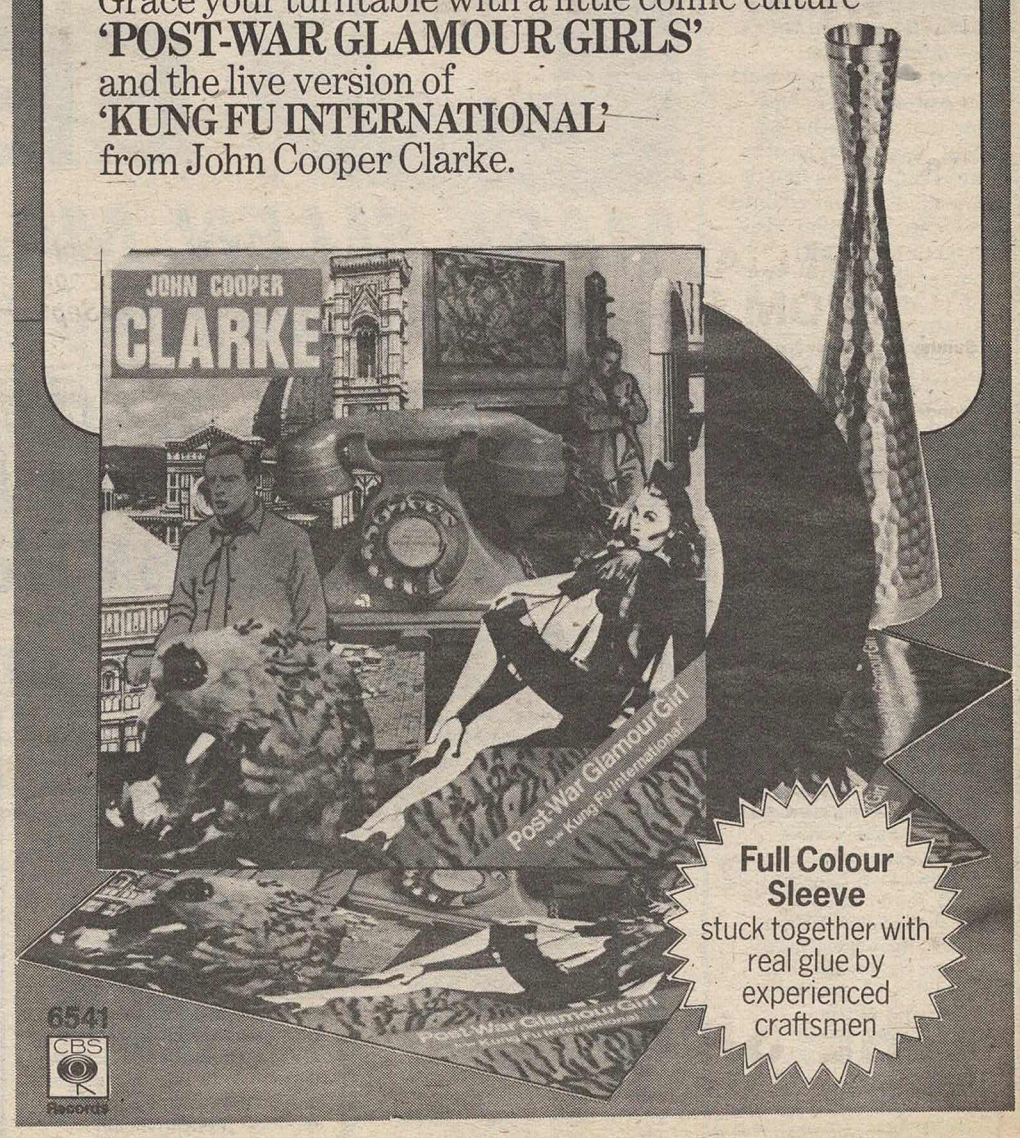


ON THE TOWN

BOOGIE BOOZE and BEER CANS

MARK ELLEN, MAX BELL and GRAHAM LOCK take an awayday to READING and discover the Dunkirk spirit, music for the criminally insane and other fine jazz for a summer's weekend. Bank Holiday Snaps: PENNIE SMITH and DENIS O'REGAN

FRIDAY

WITH THE PUNKS fronting stage right, and the Skinheads stage left, the eighteenth Reading Rock Festival kicked off with target practice at 3.30, featuring **Dennis O'Brian** at the grand piano. Together with his multi-racial backing band and three lady vocalists, he played selections of West Coast schmaltz, with a smattering of Las Vegas rock'n'roll. It was all exceptionally dire, and gracefully received with a shower of beer cans.

Next up, stage left, were **The Automatics** — "the band that makes the sun shine", said their vocalist Dave Philp, as the first of the party-fours sailed onto the scene. They played an energetic set of fast Stones-type R&B ("You Can't Catch Me") mainstream punk ("Watch Me Now") and straight hard rockers like "When The Tanks Roll Over Poland Again", bringing on a keyboard player midway to augment their fairly thin overall sound. With a lot of style, but not much power, they were, nonetheless very entertaining, and left the stage beneath a colossal hail of missiles.

By the time **The New Hearts** were out on the boards, the Festival was looking more like a vastly expensive coconut shy. Original band members Ian Paine and Dave Cairns, bless 'em, had taken the time to enlist three ex-Widowmaker musicians, Paul Nichols (drums), John Bertorelli (bass) and Huw Lloyd-Langton (lead guitar), for the afternoon's frolic in the fields. Within minutes, their heavy metal rampage was brought to a standstill by a loaded beer can landing squarely on Lloyd-Langton's head.

While he was pouring blood (and screaming for bouts of single combat), the mob discovered they could have just as much fun lobbing lumps of turf at the roadies setting up the left-hand stage. Much credit to Ian Paine for his crowd handling, and not least for his version of "Hallelujah, I Love Her So".

The Sham faction was soon to be soothed by the arrival of **Radio Stars.** Armed with such headbanging material as "The Beast Of Barnsley", Andy Ellison aired his bronzed torso while his band made a noise like a ten-ton truck ploughing through a succession of brick walls.

On to **Penetration,** whose main drawback was Pauline's total inability to communicate with such a massive audience. It was a far cry from the Nashville Rooms, and she sounded nervous as hell. Despite that, the band were on fine form, especially lead guitarist Fred Purser.

It wasn't their greatest attempt at Patti Smith's "Free Money", but "V.I.P.", "Don't Dictate" and "Firing Squad" all went down a storm.

Prior to **Sham 69's** long-awaited appearance, the rival sectors had a chance to warm up with a quick can fight across the press enclosure. The band soon appeared with Jimmy Pursey flanked on both sides by his muscle-bound army of incredible hulks. Maniacs to a man, they alternated between repelling borders, hauling them back on stage, bawling out the chorus lines, and belting each other in the ribs. The whole event was a gruesome mixture of the amazing and the obnoxious.

J.P. shovelled spadefuls of his blockhead anthems into the mouths of the masses ("Red London", "Borstal Breakout", "What 'Ave We Got?", et al), while yelling "Punks and Skinheads together, they said it wouldn't work!", and finally played his Unity trump card by bringing on 'Smiling' Steve Hillage to jam with the band, and show off his natty orange boiler-suit. Well, it did work — but only for Sham 69.

On returning for the next set, we were met by blood-stained refugees, and the (not unexpected) news that the Skins had overrun the press enclosure. We made tracks to the arena, only to find another troupe of birdbrains were hard at work felling a couple of scaffolding towers. Never a dull moment, eh?

Relative peace was soon restored by **The Pirates,** clad as ever in striped duds and leather galoshes, who launched into a blinding set of hard-core rock'n'roll. Johnny Spence, his bass thundering through the foundations, started telling it like it was (and evidently still is), with such megaton stompers as "Johnny B Goode's Good" and "Long Journey Home". There's a kind a reassuring class about this lot that's strong enough to put anyone in the right frame of mind.

"Voodoo" featured the Frank Farley drum kit, and by the time Mick Green had hammered out "You Don't Own Me" and "Gibson Martin Fender", it looked as though Reading was back on the rails again.

We managed to bulldoze a path round to stage-left for **Ultravox,** a band new to me, and certainly the most interesting to play all day. With most numbers set on a drum/bass heartbeat, weird guitar, white strobe lights and distant space keyboards, they could be filed under Music for the Clinically Insane.

Their vocalist, swaying like a pendulum, looked completely detached, but without actually losing any command over the audience, and for songs as distracted as "Hiroshima", "Slow Motion" and "Quiet Man" to make an impression without any really elaborate visuals as a back-up would suggest a minor triumph all round.

New Wave's got out of the pubs, into the halls and finally made it to the status of rock festivals — and **The Jam's** headlining show proved that when it comes to its barest, most basic, and best ingredients, they've got the whole thing sewn up. What it must have been like for Paul Weller, gooning around in his Carnaby clothes, hacking a guitar when his amps had blownout, and watching the night's casualties being shipped out past the monitors, I would hate to imagine, but it didn't stop him, or any of them, playing a stunning set.

As for the effortless drumming of Rick Buckler, and the matchless style of Bruce Foxton's bass, there isn't a rhythm section around who can touch them. Of all the numbers — and if you know them, they played them — the only two deserving a special mention were the uncommonly downbeat "Mr. Clean", and the hugely underrated "News Of The World", being the only occasion that Weller played any extended lead guitar.

All the old Who comparisons returned in force as the band left the stage with Weller busting up his malfunctioning gear to John Peel's words of wisdom: "Rock is here to stay".

The match ran into injury time with a swift encore before Jimmy Pursey showed up to close Day One with a mass chanting of 'Liv-er-Pool'. It's a pity that what he can do for Football, he can't do for Music.

SATURDAY

THE PAST TWO years are supposed to have heralded a new working atmosphere for the broad spectrum of British rock. Needless to say, you could hardly see the crack in the facade at Reading on Saturday.

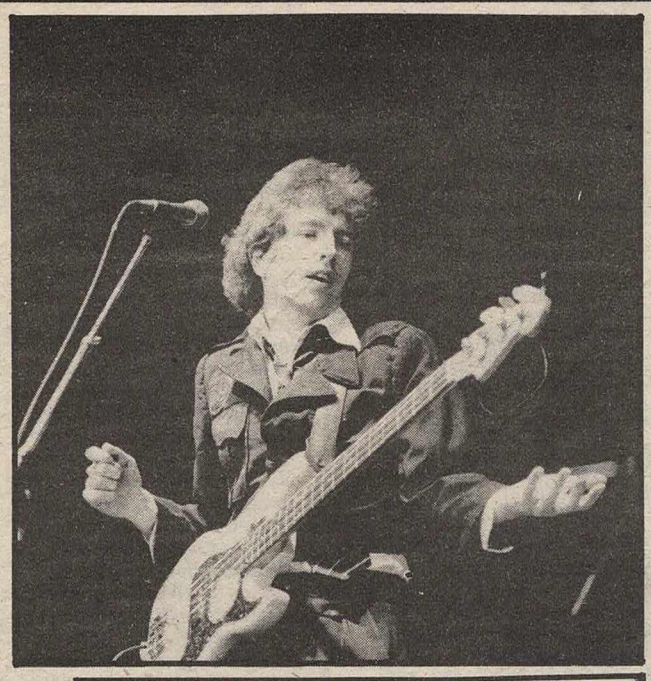
It's a permanently on-going deja vu situation. The road to the arena lies strewn with the ill in tents, unkempt denim-clad, card-carrying, flag waving festival freakdom, they stumble through the human effluent and piss their blues away in an orgy of gross out swilling.

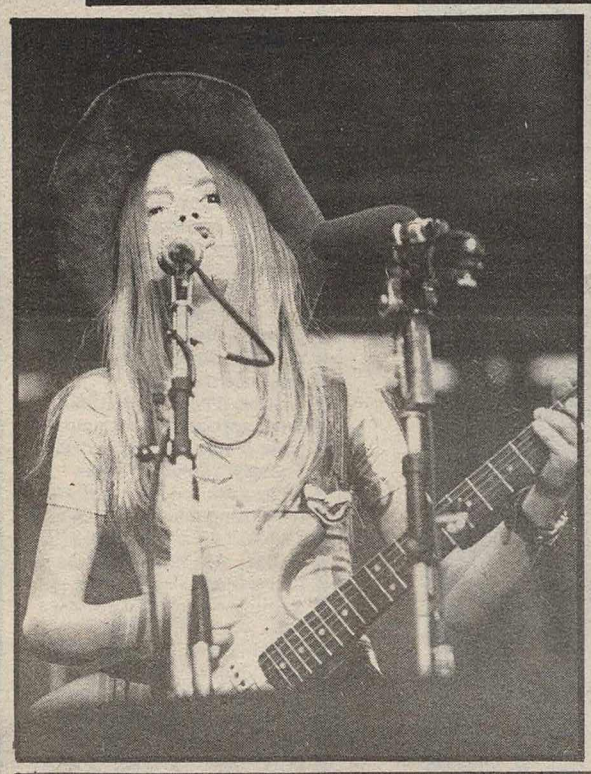
A large number are tourists, their smart sleeping bags and suntans shining comfortably against a backdrop of festering baked bean cans and pools of blood and vomit.

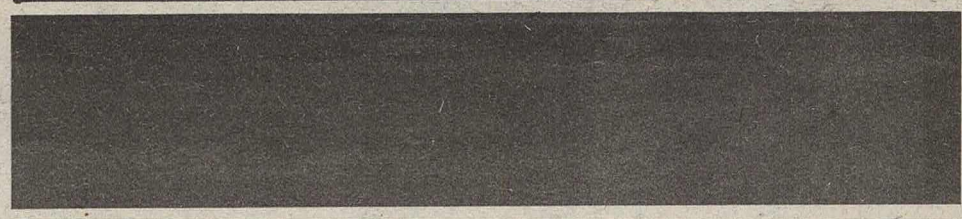
On a day like this, miraculously bright and warm, what better headline act than the ultimate rock and roll dinosaur, Status Quo? How apt ... the antithesis of change, Quo represent the great silent majority who detest any progressive change and wallow in nostalgia like it was a real ale river. Status Quo and their audience were certainly made for each other.

But headlining at Reading is of little importance, so safe is the top billing. The rest of the order is an illogical sidetrack based mostly on a battle of P.A.'s, with gladiatorial volume the objective.

To this end an interminably tedious procession of head bangers troop on and off like extras in one of Fellini's bad trip movies.







READING '78: Likely lads hit the Jackpot by getting it down them during the Festivities (page 40), which included TOM ROBINSON (top left) taking on all-comers and JIMMY SHAM mistaking JOHN PEEL for a Skin — STEVE HILLAGE makes his excuses and leaves the way clear for 11-year old PAUL INDER, next year's thing. But what would Reading be without fish and tits (left) and PATTI SMITH (above), who can make her guitar speak without even touching it, man. LATE RESULT: Reading 2, Wigan 0

The Business, who started on the club circuit, are fighting an uphill battle here, and losing. Everything about the opening salvoes is a compromise, a sell out to the lowest common denominator. Ear splittingly mundane.

Next are a sympho-rock Genesis imitation — a bad one at that. Lead vocalist and props man Phil Jones probably has a reasonable sense of humour but his sub-Lionel Bart / Charles Dickens melodramas are lost on me. The audience throws food and drink in appreciation but actually some of them really like it. For conspicious abuse of the Gibson SG and synthesised overkill. Next win the day.

When a dissident lobs a party size Watney spiggot at the stage two bouncers leap into the fray and stick the boot in. Loud and raucous cheers. Next end their set with Jones swinging from a noose. There's a message in there somewhere.

Jenny Darren comes on and struts her stuff, the kids get their rocks off — boogie Pavlovian style. Britain's answer to Meat Loaf swigs pints with the lads and has balls, so we're told. Just one of the boys. The band offers up note for note Led Zeppelin, "Stairway To Heaven", really keeping up with the times.

Dutch band **Gruppo Sportivo** provide some respite with a collection of mildly witty rock and roll parodies. Songs like "Beep Beep Love" and "I Shot My Manager" performed just like the records and to a continuous chant of boredom from the Quo contingent.

Nutz are symptomatic of the Reading time warp. They are the kind of hard rock bulldozer that you imagined went out with Dunkirk. Keeping originality to a minimum they coax the red meat animal emotions to fever pitch.

My head aches and a drowsy numbness overtakes me. Tempers fray, foreign groupies swan around in ludicrous regalia, oblivious to the reality of the great British Bank holiday, where instead of going to Clacton or Southend the '70s inheritors opt to lose their aggression in an enclosure. The modern rock festival is a cattle market and an abattoir combined.

The ebullient **Greg Kihn Band** give the first good reason for justifying the title 'Festival' (definition: periodic musical performances of special importance). Last time I saw Kihn, at the Marquee, I felt he lacked charisma. Here he stands out like a lamp in a dark place.

Material from all his albums drifts over at a sensible level, attention is paid to melody and pacing. You stand back and wonder at "Love's Make A Fool Of You", "Real Big Man", "Museum" and "All The Right Reasons". The man even has a personality. Should have done "Chinatown" though.

Whatever promise the Kihn band inspired is immediately disipated by **Lindisfarne,** whose reformation confirms them as a tiresome cabaret act, professional Geordies. What a bore. Where else would you see someone playing the theme from *Z-Cars* on a harmonica and people having cardiac arrests as a result?

● *Continues over*

READING

• From previous page

The one genuine high of the day was, of course, provided by Randy California and **Spirit.** A real star, three proper musicians. I believe the time has now gone when a mass audience can recognise the goods. Still, California won all the guitar hero awards with his behind-the-head picking. He remained true to the ideal his band represent, leaving the boards to play stunning guitar amongst the fans down front.

Without compromising talent California, Cassidy and Knight turned in sterling versions of "Nature's Way", "Like A Rolling Stone", "Hey Joe", "Lookin' Down" and "Watchtower". It's doubtful whether Hendrix would have created more impact. They certainly merited an encore although a disgruntled Peel reminded them that "If Spirit do an encore it means less time for Status Quo". Stuff that, mate.

Spirit were magic and did "Wild Thing" anyway. The brilliance of Spirit was proof positive of the redundancy of the groups who preceeded them (Kihn excepted). Maybe they won themselves some new fans, too — they deserved the applause.

The timetabled impersonality of Reading was shown by the tactless way **The Motors** immediately took the stage. No relaxation, no seconds of respite from the inexorable and predictable climax. The Motors were probably playing their last set with Bram Tchaikovsky on lead guitar and made heavy weather of the gig, despite the added bonus of back-up vocalists and a rota of hit singles. Garvey seemed looser than usual, perhaps remembering that last year they opened at Reading as unknowns and now they're on the verge of retirement.

It was an age before **Status Quo** appeared. Last year on this spot Quo's place was taken by Thin Lizzy, who seemed to have permanently damaged the memories of the punters who support most of the other H.M. outfits in these isles. But Quo showed that they would take no chances from the first riff.

They repeated this riff for the next hour and a half and honour was apparently satisfied. What difference would it make if I criticised them? None. Status Quo are just there, looks like they always will be. After fifteen years they've learnt that you don't need to progress to maintain your popularity. Give them what they want, what they know and lots of it. The evening went down, down, down, "Rockin' All Over The World", "Caroline", "Roll Over Lay Down" — laughably simple and brain-crushingly draining.

Such a calculated exercise for them. It was at Reading in 1972 that Quo came of age for the second time as the surprise festival hit. Since then they haven't changed one bit. No surprises now. Rossi and Parfitt must be bored stiff churning out the same diet ad infinitum.

They'll be back in 1984, too, you bet. The new wave just hasn't gone far enough. Britain remains a nation of nostalgic shop-keepers.

Max Bell

SUNDAY

NO, IT DIDN'T RAIN, but there was little else to celebrate on a dreary, disappointing Reading Sunday. The good bands could've been better, the bad bands were dreadful. And despite the much-vaunted invasion of the New Wave, nothing remotely new or innovatory occurred. Everyone played safe, and lost.

After The Fire began the proceedings at noon. They played the kind of set you'd expect from a bottom-of-the-bill band. Ponderous, dirge-like rock with silly titles like "Love Is Alive". Someone told me they were a Christian group, but this may just be a malicious rumour.

Chelsea were next, Gene October resplendent in red, crashing through a set of standard punk energetic at least, but mostly forgettable. They worked hard, but their plodding attempt to made *statements* about the Modern World was redundant at least 18 months ago.

Pacific Eardrum have no statements to make about anything. "Sitting On A Daisy" defines their level of lyrical ineptitude, and the music doesn't fare any better — polite funk and piddling essays at jazz.

Bethnal provided temporary relief until they, too, became wearisome. The songs from their first album, particularly "Soldier Boy" and "Who We Gonna Blame", were more forceful live, but their new songs were long-winded, and the band continue to indulge their tendency for overblown arrangements. They must have been listening to "Quadrophenia" again.

With **Squeeze** came the first really inventive music, the first hit and the first rock and roll of the afternon. They spoilt it all with Chris Difford's tedious and stupid 4th Form humour rap on "Deep Cuts", but "Take Me I'm Yours" still sounds fine and the classic rock and roll virtues of "Mess Around" and "Get Smart" had me grinning at last. They sounded far tougher than their album suggests, and came as a pleasant surprise.

As did **John Otway.** I hate the records, on which he imitates a whining adolescent, but his stage acrobatics provided some requisite light relief, and invoked the spirit of anarchy with more humour and spontaneity than the Patti Smith group could manage later. The fuller sound provided by his new band improved the music, but Otway himself is the focus of every performance. The way he careered around the stage, swung from the scaffolding and put all the mikes out of action was a joy to behold. Maybe he should give up rock and roll and join a circus.

The entertainment was continued in a less frenzied fashion by **The Albion Band,** with their mixture of medieval dances and electric folk. The band was augmented by a trio of lady singers including June Tabor and two Morris Men who jumped about and waved their hankies with great zest. Highlights were Ric Sanders' violin variations on John Coltrane and the moody, tragic "The Gresford Disaster". The band seemed a little uneasy in the Rock Festival context, and they weren't the crowd's favourite — but they provided the most accomplished musicianship of the day, and were the only people to try out some subtle tone changes and a variety of styles.

In fact, I was beginning to enjoy myself, but **Paul Inder** came on and put a stop to that. He wears long, yellow hair and a cowboy hat. He sings in a shrill, affected drawl and wrenches a horrible buzzing noise from his guitar. He writes songs like "I Don't Wanna Go To Bed, I Just Wanna Rock'n'Roll" and does an unbearable version of "Honky Tonk Women" that puts The Residents to shame. Paul Inder is 11 years old, and Lemmy is his dad. I don't know how he ever got on to the bill, but I guess too many people have indulged his fantasies for too long. The least said the better.

After this, the **Ian Gillan Band** appeared in the unusual guise of manna from heaven. The new "Dead Of Night" impressed, but best of all was the closing thud of "Smoke On The Water" complete, of course, with smoke and the first coloured lights of the evening. Corny, but effective — as was the choice of "Lucille" for an encore. I wish Ian Gillan wouldn't scream like Tiny Tim, but the band performed their functional brand of heavy rock with a refreshing lack of pretension, though you could hardly call them inspiring.

Neither, on the night, were **TRB.** A few weeks back, in the sweaty confines of The Brecknock, they played an exhilarating set of mostly new songs. Tonight, the choice of material was more conservative and the passion was lacking. They also spoiled "Blue Murder" by dragging it out for too long. However, Dolphin was funny on "Law'n'Order", Danny threw in some good guitar breaks, and we did get spirited renditions of "Up Against The Wall", "Motorway" and "Don't Take No For An Answer". No way were they bad, I was just hoping for something more than crowd-pleasers.

To say **Foreigner** were dire would be doing them an undeserved kindness. They were simply the worst "name" group I've ever seen. Genuine BOF hacks, churning out licks that were stale before the Boer War and padding them out with the most utterly incompetent and inconsequential solo jerk-offs.

These guys don't have an ounce of *real* rock and roll in their souls. They were cumbersome, humourless, banal. God, they were AWFUL!

And so, the finale. Could **Patti Smith** turn in a transcendent performance and save the day in a final blaze of triumph? In a word, no. She had her moments, but it was a restrained and only partly successful climax to a day of essential mediocrity that deserved no better and had promised even less. She never gave the impression that her heart was totally in it, but she did give enough to restore my faith in music (somewhat bruised by now) and to provide a thoroughly entertaining, if surprisingly unadventurous, hour and a quarter.

A rather ropey start was beset by sound problems, but she hit her stride with "Ghost Dance", followed by a breathtaking version of James Brown's "It's A Man's Man's Man's World" and a fiery race through The Byrds' "So You Wanna Be A Rock And Roll Star". "Ask The Angels" and "25th Floor" strayed dangerously close to mere HM flash, but she still ends strongly with the beautiful classic "Because The Night" and an impassioned "Gloria".

The encore peaked on a powerfully ragged "My Generation", which the band then undermined with some half-hearted instrument trashing — token anarchy which failed to convince. A fragile "God Speed" and she was gone.

It seemed appropriate that the day should end on a B-side. A day on which nothing was revealed, and very little delivered.

No risks, no glory. The trouble with festivals.

Graham Lock

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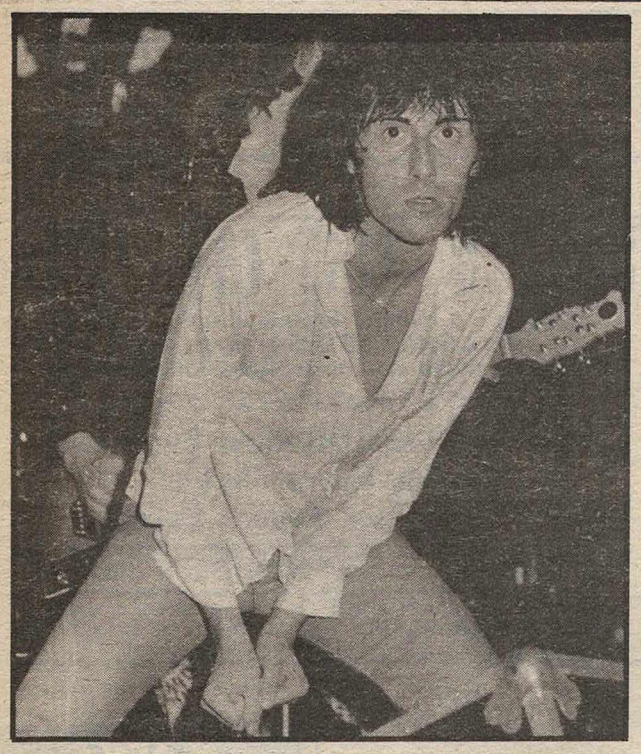
See you in '84 , , , *Pic by DENIS O'REGAN*



YOUNG ONE Paul Lewis loses his grip. Pic by CHRISTINE SIVIOUR

The Young Ones

LEEDS

IF AUDIENCE participation requires a *'conscience collective'*, no questions were answered on 'New Wave Night' at suburban pub rock venue, the Fforde Grene. Mainstream rock fans expect no more than exhibitionist pogoing these days (so long as their view of the stage remains uncompromised), but The Young Ones deserved more than an audience of nonchalant, sedentary inscrutables.

Martial arts mimer / vocalist Paul Lewis ran the exhortatory gamut — from matey cajoling to pirouetting apoplexy — in vain, but to his credit, in great theatrical style. Worthy of Magnus Pike taking us through Eileen Fowler, if he went over the top, it was because he reached his pique.

What the band delivered was angry (and often impressively *funky)* power pop which made up in tight packaging and rhythmic clout what it lacked in stage charisma. The numbers — "Push Button Lover", "Goodbye Alright", "Age Of Reason", the new single "Rock And Roll Radio" et al — invariably demonstrated slick touches, spurred on by drummer Martin Broad's deftly-flicked right foot and John Holliday's plectrum-propelled Rickenbacker 4-string. It was never boring; the lyrics often sounded like they deserved to be heard.

The formula was effective if a little rigid. High-kicking Lewis' histrionic vocals of belting melodic minimalism were soothingly interspersed by well-rehearsed vocal harmonies which echoed the best of mid-60s mellifluence. A few (too few) controlled flourishes from Paul Wickens' keyboards, and competent — if uninspired — Richard Bull lead guitar completed the 'finished' product. The wooden clientele, rooted to their beers, could have risen to the occasion. They opted otherwise.

The ultimate song, a rendition of "Substitute", confirmed a lot about what could have been wrong. Just how many good tunes are left?

Emma Ruth

Gabba-Gabba Gabriel

Peter Gabriel

OXFORD NEW THEATRE

The crowd are getting impatient.
The support band — Interview — has been and gone. The *Close Encounters* trailer is finished, and — apart from bawling out the inevitable "Wallyee" — all that's left to do is gawp at the safety curtain.

Slow handclaps give way to the strains of neo-symphonic moog music. At last the curtain rises, and the audience stares at an unpeopled stage. An enormous step-ladder stands stage centre, flanked by another to its right.

The ceiling gantry is strewn with plain white utility lamps that hang at assorted lengths. There are perhaps four TV screens scattered around the stage. They're turned on, but instead of projecting an image they buzz soundlessly with white light.

There is no band. Most of all, there is no sign of Peter Gabriel.

Eventually he and the rest of the band, each of them wearing what resemble (they might even be) fluorescent red road-workman's vests, stumble onto the stage. They appear from the intimate auditorium not, as is customary, from backstage.

You don't notice Gabriel straight away. He positions himself so that his body is flat against the highest part of the ladder. The band blasts into (an apt) "On The Air", opening cut from the last Gabriel album, and he somehow manages to leap down without blowing his cool. *(That could've been painful.—Ed.)*

The sound's appalling as Gabriel's vocals struggle against the confused might of his band. But then this *is* Gabriel's first show in over a year, the first of three 'secret gigs' prior to a Euro-tour and what, on paper, looks like a very hot Knebworth. With his burly build and hair beginning to show on his recently shorn skull, he looks like a skin-head. His bassist (Tony Levin) and guitarist (Sidney McGinnis) are also members of the Bald Is Beautiful Club.

Despite his appearance, Gabriel's movements onstage remain for the most part anything but macho. Only when after spitting out a Ramones-like quick-fire "1234" to introduce a rapido arrangement of "Whiter Shade Of Pale", and during a leather jacket clad encore of "The Lamb", does Gabriel actually utilise his potentially menacing looks.

For the Procol Harum classic, introduced by a slightly sardonic Gabriel as "a BOF anthem", he dementedly hurtles amongst the audience, actually concluding this master-stroke with a fully-fledged gob: a punk version of "Whiter Shade Of Pale"? Think about it.

While Gabriel didn't seem as self-assured as he was last year, he doesn't waste an opportunity to give his all to a performance. His presentation ideas — disappearing into the audience for all of a (it must be said) rather sloppy rendition of "Solsbury Hill" — continually delight and bewilder his rapturous audience.

As his recent album showed, Peter Gabriel's star is in the ascendant. Like his music, his 1978 stage work is as inventive and original as ever.

If you want to talk in terms of New Wave, then look no further than Peter Gabriel.

Steve Clarke

Tennis Shoes

BRECKNOCK, LONDON

"THE WAITING only makes the heartache worse", ran the ad, complete with tennis ball logo. I struck out for Camden Road, intrigued.

The line comes fron "227", a typical Tennis Shoes song about love on a suburban bus route. A Bonzos-derived pre-occupation with physical unattractiveness and English inhibitions and absurdities is also evident ("So Large", for instance, is about buttocks). Ken Dampier alone sports tennis gear.

But before you file them under comedy, Ken announces one "For all those who prefer Arthur Conley to *Saturday Night Fever"* and the band hit a truly ferocious groove on "Lost Insole". The guitars of Colin Minchin and John Bayley lock perfectly with the skin-tight rhythm section, totally transcending parody. Pete Hornsby's piano is inaudible, as throughout.

Humour is mainly lyrical rather than visual, though slides are used to good effect and an arm-waving cut-out of Britain's richest woman highlights "Medium Wave", a fictional dance craze in the tradition of "Do The Strand" and "The Sacro-iliac". John's "Bad News Blues", a new, improved "Can Blue Men Sing The Whites?" is the one musical joke.

The band can't be divided into clowns and musicians. Colin and Pete wrote some of the funniest songs, including "I Wanna Be A Suppository", which makes it on title alone. "From My Arse To Yours" announces Pete, rampaging down front to a Ramones back-beat as the medical definition is flashed on the wall. Lyrics are fortunately indecipherable.

Aside fron the jokes and visuals, Tennis Shoes are very able pop-rockers. Catch them before they give up their day jobs, in case their diversity gets lost in the transition.

Harry George

Two TENNIS SHOE-ettes: "'Ere, d'ya reckon his flies'll bust . .?" Pic by STEVE ADAMS

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JOAN BAEZ: "Your policemen are so wonderful". Pic by TOM SHEEHAN HSP

Joan Baez

WEMBLEY ARENA

THE FOLKIES' favourite Bleeding Heart turned out a predictable, lacklustre set — songs for multi-lingual pacifists and all people who have a blancmange where their brains should be.

She offered her own major contribution to world peace by singing an Arab song followed by an Israeli song. Later, she sang a Lennon song followed by a McCartney song, so maybe a Beatles' reunion is part of her political programme.

There were no songs about current English or American dissidents (too close to home, huh?), but a song for the Sakharovs and a two-minute silence for the Czechs during which someone shouted "wonder woman". Joan was irritated, but really it's true — she doles out exactly the same brand of icky preachiness.

She's been singing for over twenty years, but she's hardly developed at all — like some Kafka character wandering in circles around a non-existent goal. The audience, bright-eyed and well-scrubbed, applauded everything with gusto, glad to be confirmed in their simple-minded righteousness. It was like being back at school, with several thousand teacher's pets.

A sad and depressing spectacle.

Graham Lock

Ignatz

HOPE AND ANCHOR, LONDON

HOW CURIOUS it is that, while many English groups seek to create a national identity by exaggerating their essential "Englishness", bands from north of the border derive their inspiration more freely from the music of the U.S.A.

Thus Ignatz have a very American texture about their music, with passing references to funk and acid rock, and write songs with titles like "New York", "Downtown Saturday", and "Gasoline". The Scottish element comes through in between the songs and in the peculiarly embarrassing way they perform set pieces of comedy within the songs, as in the encore "Go Out And Get It" and something called "Doo Doo DOO Dah", which were pretty tiresome. "Let's get sexy. Let's all take our willies out", was just one example of the audience rap.

Moaning aside, the music was exciting for the most part, and the presentation punchy and professional. Audrey Craig and Dave Amos share the vocal limelight, the latter sounding like a gruff Boz Scaggs out of Robert Palmer. The whole ensemble is difficult to categorise which is one of their aims, but it doesn't necessarily make for a distinctive sound. Sometimes they travelled through Average White Band territory, sometimes Stevie Wonder-land and occasionally ventured into the expressionist realms of Meatloaf. Gerard Lohan played guitar in a style often reminiscent of Santana; the break in "Breakfast At Tiffany's" particularly invoked rich images of "Caravanserai", though again too much self-conscious horseplay tended to spoil things towards the end.

Gordon Dougall maintained an effective network of sounds from his organ *(Getting sexy, was he? — Ed.)* while John Mandy was little short of sensational on bass, using several techniques to lead the instrument ever further into the realms of creative, melodic sound. He seemed to pluck out notes one could almost feel, harsh and vibrant behind the soft hammering of the organ and the melifluous guitar, and as most recent member is a gilt-edged investment.

The piece de resistance was undoubtedly "Gasoline", an epic with echoes of "Superstition", Zappa and Meatloaf, great vocals and petrol-driven guitar, which did more to get them an encore than the subsequent pieces.

Not a bad evening, but a little curate's eggish, if ye ken what I mean.

Neil Norman

WAYNE IS

FLY AWAY JOAN — COME BACK MARIANNE

Marianne Faithful

WESTON-SUPER-MARE

FROM TEENAGE HIGH Society convent crumpet to shock-rock suicidal show-biz junkette; from cult films to provincial rep.; from Big in Eire country singles to minor punk band side-show novelty. In thirty years Marianne Faithful has lived it all and then some, and last Thursday on the BBC regional news spot *Points West* she looked every last day of her age, dressed in a pink Helen Reddy trouser suit, nervously warding off witlessly probing innuendo.

Five hours later however, surrounded by the Webbington's variety nite-club depressing drunks and decor, squeezed in between the comic and the stripper she gave an unexpectedly memorable performance. The first live appearance in her final (?) attempt to become a successful singer of note (rather than notoriety), this evening was intended as a lucrative (the Webbington pays the biggest money in the West Country) warm-up to a European tour and represented a daunting challenge.

Over-rigorous rehearsals had occasioned a hoarse vocal collapse, but she had clearly taken steps to compensate and control her nerves, i.e. her eyes looked as though they'd been dipped in plexiglass.

Still, in a black leotard and matching leather mini-skirt she is transformed into a stunning nymphette — Deborah Harry would choke on her Plurovite.

Both her four-piece band, duly dressed the requisite new-wave way, and the set they played were frustratingly inconsistent. On the one hand they lifelessly pushed out strange, inappropriate choices like "Locomotion" and "Summertime Blues", but also were capable of a good version of Mink deVille's "Party Girls", an excellent "All Along The Watchtower" and a moving, monumental rendition of "Sister Morphine", when they built to a taut climax with a power worthy of The Only Ones as tears surged over La Faithful's cheeks.

Allowing for the occasional disappearances in the higher registers, Marianne's phrasing and full, dark voice (overtones of Nico and Patti) show her to be a singer of substantial talent — with the right material she could surprise a lot of people.

Suffice to say, my pre-packed cynicism was completely blown away. Let's hope all the tears really are behind her now.

David Housham

Jab Jab

RED COW, LONDON

IF YOU want Osibisa good vibes over Coconut Airways rock/reggae, Jab Jab are the band for you. A bit harsh, maybe, but there's little meat in this particular rhythmic stew.

Jab Jab fail to achieve nattiness in any sense of the word. The songs are uniformly lightweight. Joe Augustine at least looks intentionally hilarious, while brother Charlie Roy could walk straight into Quintessence with his dippy robe and white organist Ron Bozo goes native with beaded plaits. Drummer Skinhead Dick, by contrast, exudes a Basie-like aura of unassuming professionalism.

The watery Hendrix guitar is particularly redundant on a leaden "All Along The Watchtower" and the drums alone are distinctive, culminating in a solo to rank with "Let There Be Drums", the original "Toad" and Mike Shrieve of Santana at Woodstock.

Rhythm, yes. Nourishment for the heart and mind, no.

Harry George

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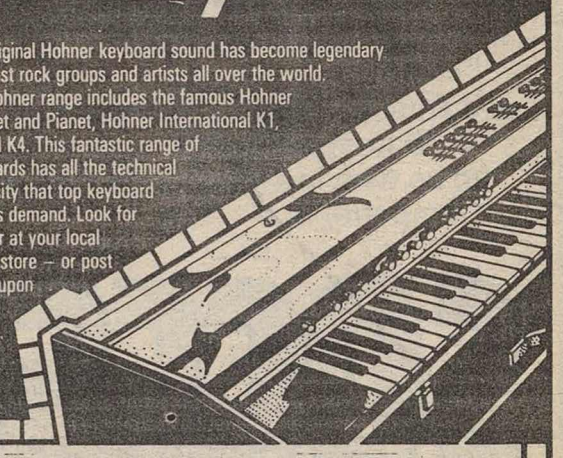

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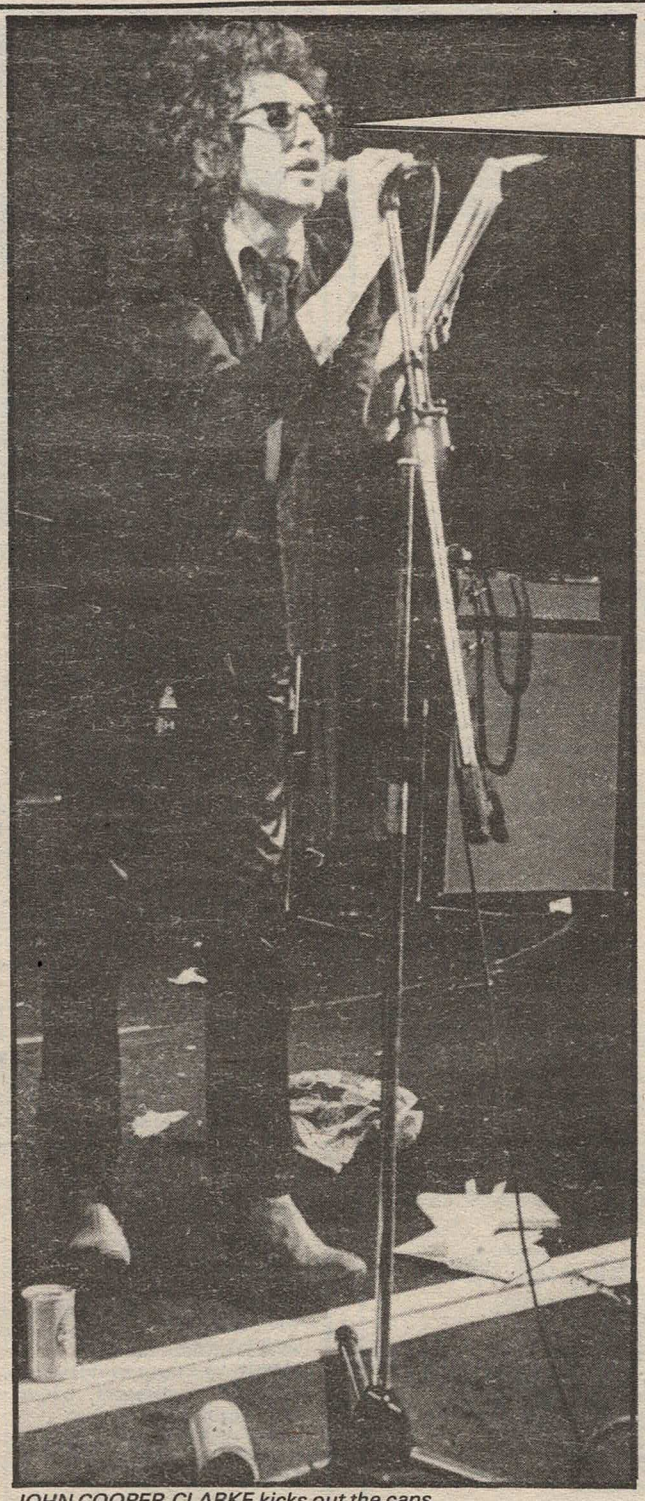

JOHN COOPER-CLARKE kicks out the cans. Pic by TOM SHEEHAN HSP

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RABID PAYOLA SPECIAL

The Misfits Gordon the Moron Ed Banger Giro

MANCHESTER

MODERN CABARET entertainment. There is lively achievement in this field, and minimal formality and demands. Not just POP music but a bright and positive dramatic essence too. Shocking music, sharp people, vivacious visuals. Mickie Most was so close it hurts (Ian Dury, Fabulous Poodles, The Rezillos, Boomtown Rats.) All a parody of discipline and intent.

Rabid Records have, and did have (John Cooper-Clarke, Slaughter and the Dogs), an impressive rosta of animated modern cabaret acts. Artificial, lively, inspired. Acts that sparkle with that elusive glitter of All Round Entertainment. Rabid could stage a credible pantomime.

A Friday night at the Russell Club — The Factory, a new nightclub in Manchester for wayward sounds and noises inspired by the ideals of genial gents Tony Wilson and Roger Eagle. A Rabid package (I don't know about alienation, but the minor supporting role of eccentricity featured heavily).

The Misfits, two adequately tarty-clad vulgar ladies, scurrilously introduced the new art of candid poetical bitching. Sneeringly reciting with gossipy disdain lines about such as the forbidden world of "Ladies Loos", squeezing some perversely touching romanticism out of this environment of guilt, and the way to 'liberation' through nymphomania, they squawked and tittered, leered and flounced, at once Hinge and Brackett, and Snatch. Or normally normal but oddly strange.

The Misfits as obnoxiously gleeful hostesses introduced Gordon the Moron (six foot five, really alive). Gordon has chucked Julie, who now goes out with Dave the Biker, who writes songs for Barbara Dickinson. Gordon, incensed by that insecure wimp Jilted John's freak success, has turned in his usual foolhardy way to his own type of performance. His resentment and anger surfaces in desrespectful mimicry of current popular dances — modern to 'get on up'.

After an ordinary boogie-jam intro supplied by the Rabid Rock Orchestra. groovy Gordon smoothly thanks spectators in best Martin Mull "thankyou, thanyou, thankyou, you're a truly wonderful audience" style. The group fumble into a just recognisable stiff riff. Gordon's adopted voice sounds familiar, the elongated moans of an obvious schizoid. Ah, yes, Gordon the Modern Man shrewdly pays homage to the glossy Magazine. The tune, "The Light Pours Out Of Me": *"I don't want to be a star"*, Gordon naughtily changes the lyric, *"The silence shines out of my arse."*

"You're a wonderful audience ... lovely country. It's really good to be back here". Next, "(I Can't Find My Way) Back To Akron" — the Moron and his tuned combo sensitively flirt with Devo jerk methods.

Gordon is a man to look up to! Despite all, he can laugh at the world. This man is more than cool and trendy. So much more: "We're surrounded by really beautiful people. It's our first visit here. Lovely country, lots of green."

As compere, he introduced Ed Banger and his group Therapy. Eddie is too close a pal for me to pass critical comment on. Suffice to say his crassly extrovert comic rifferama (he loves the sound of breaking bricks, not glass, appreciate the subtlety) appeals directly to all willing head bangers. A clumsy but happy man, and wildly infectious.

Concluding, Giro — some 'serious' music. Cunning craftsmen who don't miss a trick in producing 'new Music'. Epileptic rhythms, restless guitar parts, shifting metal passages, ethereal psychedelic drifting: lots of space, stop and start. Lyrics that range from coy vignettes about crabs through to harsher messages. Hectic, heady, heavy. Yet no dimension, narrow imagination, low dymanics. All surface: very clever, but nothing to feel or use. They are a shell. And too self-satisfied.

I needed no excuses to leave.

Paul Morley

Fischer Z

THE NASHVILLE, LONDON.

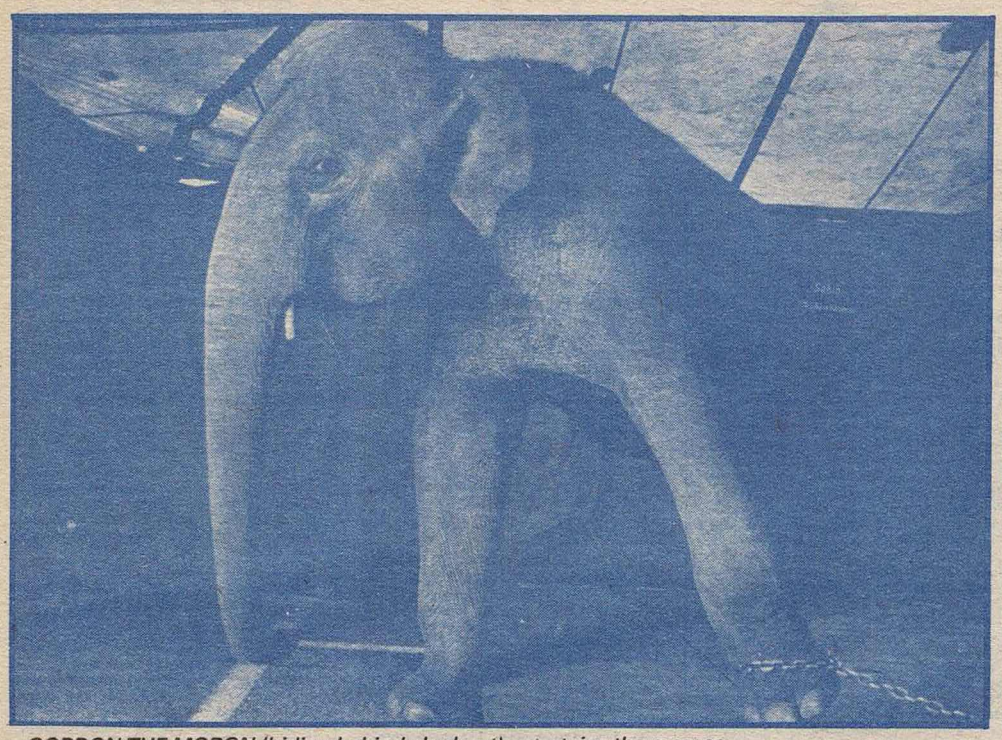
STEVE SKOLNICK and John Watts are classically trained, They also rock, This surprised me.

"Sailor meets Elvis Costello," wisecracked Max, Roogalator's manager. Not bad, Max. Skolnick does get that nickelodeon sound in a wholly different context, alternating with a kind of melodic white noise. With his huge bow tie and tails, he's Ron Mael to Watts' Russell.

Watts takes no solos, but his aggressive guitar chording is the essential backbone to his partner's extravagance. His singing is alternately ironic and plaintive, his stage presence almost endearing: a middle class cheeky chappie.

The endings get quirkier and Watts sarkier as the set progresses. Fischer Z music is clever and English without being passionless. This is rare and should be experienced.

Harry George



GORDON THE MORON (hiding behind elephant) entertains the masses.

John Cooper-Clarke
Gordon The Moron
Ed Banger
Giro
ERIC'S LIVERPOOL

MANCHESTER, as we all know, is this year's Akron. Or last year's Leeds, or is it next Thursday's New Delhi? Confusing. What's for sure is that a good proportion of that town's odder talents have found their way to Rabid Records, presenters of this intriguing package.

It's an early-evening set for under-18s, many of whom are lured by Gordon's *TOTP* appearance with Jilted John. And yet, after a shambolic set, the hapless fellow exits to the sound of his own footsteps. Gordon's a clever lad, no singer, no dancer, but with a gift for the (un-marketable) absurd — there's a Devo piss-take, a 3-second version of "Heartbreak" (three people clapped), a disco song (nobody clapped) and an Elvis piss-take, "You Ain't Nothin' But A Goldfish" (somebody laughed). At which point the act collapsed. Gordon vanished and his group, The Prime Time Suckers, stood around uncertainly before shuffling off.

Giro, by contrast, know just what they're about and, to judge from "Red Dead Meat" and the striking "Central Detention Centre", they've the makings of a truly 'modern' sound. Check them out.

Don't look now but here comes old Ed Banger ("and his Therapy group"), a slightly grizzled flower-child who entertains with the determination of Gary Glitter. Come what may, Ed's still game. You want industrial rock? Well try "I Like The Sound Of Breaking Bricks". Foremost among Ed's plans for the future is a change of name. Shrewd move. (Actually I loved him.)

And finally it's time for the man with "that certain nothing", the only poet you can dance to, John Cooper-Clarke. From "Gaberdeen Angus" and the wittily polemical "You Never See a Nipple In The Daily Express" to the ever-popular "Psycle Sluts" and "Kung Fu", this man is magic: I could quote until the cows come home but it's far better that you get it from the horse's mouth and, with a CBS deal, you should soon get the chance.

And later, at the grown-ups' show, well. . .Gordon ditched his set to read poetry while assorted Suckers played free-form and he faced a barrage of beer-glasses and chants of "Gordon Is A Moron" for his pains; he proclaimed Giro "One of the 20,000 best bands in the world"; the next Pope made a surprise guest appearance but Jilted John did not. Ed Banger redeemed himself with "Kinell Tommy" and Johnny Clarke forgot his lines and everybody laughed.

Such is the zany world of Rabid.

Paul Du Noyer

New Hearts
MARQUEE, LONDON

A COFFIN borne solemnly on to the stage, vocalist Ian Paine emerging to fling a wreath to the audience. Black arm-bands and 'New Hearts are not dead. . .yet' T-shirts; this gig had an unmistakeable air of finality to it.

They crashed through 90 minutes of loud modern pop, their entire repertoire, with the unnaccountable exception of "I'm Not Free But I'm Cheap," and from Ian's throwaway comments it seems that this phase of the Hearts' career has drawn to a close.

They haven't seen much of the limelight since they were written off last year as second-rate new wave but with material as strong as "Here Come The Ordinaries," "Revolution, What Revolution?" and "Only Madmen Laugh", they should surely have come a loi further by this stage.

As things stand, they can pull a respectable Marquee crowd, delight a growing body of hard core fans and produce songs which are consistently good but not yet great. They are too serious to be bubblegum, too melodic to be taken as anything else.

Kim Davis

Doll By Doll
ROCHESTER CASTLE, LONDON

THEY WALK ON stage, stare at the audience, and begin playing a low-key instrumental. Then — BAM — into a hard rocker, "Lose Myself In You", and Doll By Doll don't let up again, they just get better and better.

There are a few ordinary numbers early on, the weakest being a punkish thing about having "bottle and guts" (yawn), but with the dramatic "Butcher Boy" the set takes off and builds to a tremendous climax via a succession of remarkable instant classics.

Like "Teenage Lightning", a great street anthem, the '78 "All The Young Dudes" but *stronger*. Or "Strip Show", dignified pop/soul for the modern world. Or "Palace Of Love", anguished vocals matched by a crescendo of controlled feedback (somewhat undermined at the Rochester Castle when one of the barmen close to the stage chose this moment to lift a table in his teeth!).

The Velvets are an obvious influence, and they also remind me of the late, great Winkies. The same power, the same promise. Jackie Leven and Jo Shaw both know their way around a guitar, and the former's soul-influenced vocals are a perfect complement to his partner's straight-ahead rock style. Rhythm comes from Robin Spreafico on bass and drummer Dave, whose scared-stiff-of-life gaze into the floor exemplifies the air of paranoia which the band seem to feed off.

You may have read that Doll By Doll are unrelievedly harrowing, and avoided their gigs for fear of being driven screaming into the night. Well, don't be nervous. They're intense and they're serious (and all praise to them for that), but they're also very entertaining and they play *great* rock and roll.

If they tighten up, and if the Music Biz doesn't screw them up, Doll By Doll will be leading us into the '80s. No kidding.

Graham Lock

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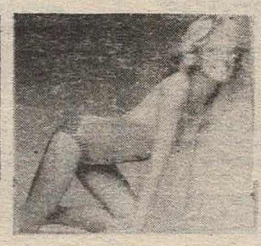
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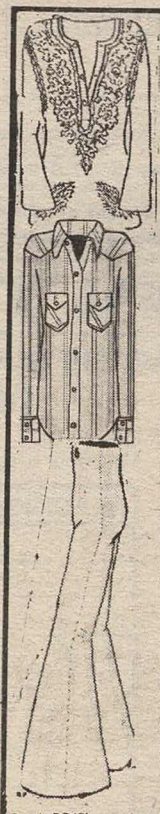

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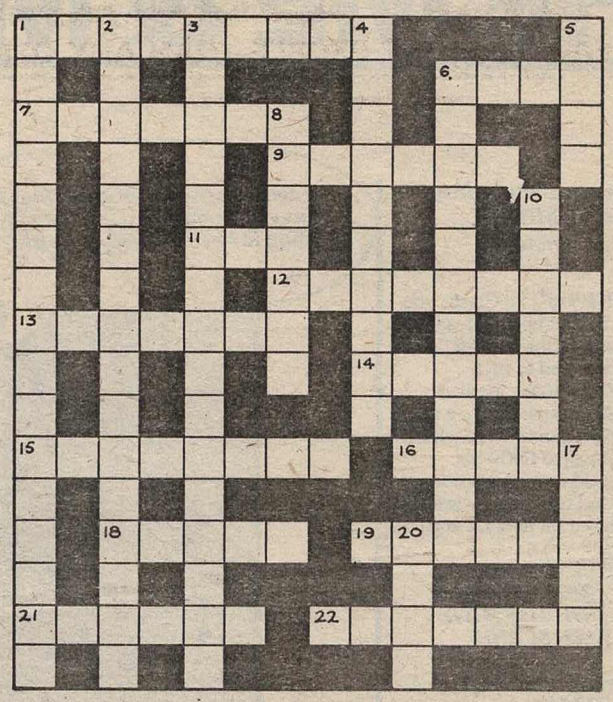
NME X-WORD



ACROSS

1 & 22 White boy, watch yo' ass, else you gonna come a Caribbean cropper! This message issued by Trenchtown Tourist Agency . . .
6 Take their final curtain in "The Last Waltz".
7 What have Elvis 'Four Eyes' Costello, Gene 'Butch Boy' October and Ron 'Bite Yer Ankles' Harris got in common?
9 De Luxe drop-out
11 Mistah Cooke . . . Mistah Soul as was.
12 Semi-legendary U.S. session man and producer, contributed the highly influential organ licks to "Like A Rolling Stone" and "Blonde On Blonde" (2,6)
13 Neil Sedaka oldie which he wrote for his former childhood sweetheart *("How quaint" — Ed.)* Carole King (2,5).
14 & 19 Female fifth of Renaissance.
15 Younger bro' (a teen idol with teeth like his, already!) to Barry, Maurice and Robin (4,4)
16 See 5.
18 The others are McCartney and McCartney.
19 See 14.
21 Unmarried vinyl?!
22 See 1 across.

DOWN

1 Psychiatrists collectively! Or Kid Strange & Co . . . (7,2,7).
2 Hendrix LP which, because of sleeve pic of naked women, was sold in States in plain brown 'modesty' bag (8,8).
3 Sometimes described as best female singer Britain ever produced, she made a comeback last year after five years in retirement (5,11).
4 Reggae against Racism of the Deep South kind, Handsworth Rockers Division! (2,4,4,)
5 & 16 His best-known acting role was as loser-thief Budgie in TV series of same name.
6 Two brats moon (anag. 8,4).
8 Eric Burdon's old band.
10 Video show-off!
17 Darts pianist — keep him happy with the odd lettuce leaf and a warm, straw-lined cage!
20 A chip off the old Woody block.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Jilted John; 6 Eno; 7 Charlie Watts; 8 "Sweet Talkin' Guy"; 10 Miles Davis; 12 Robert; 14 "Viva Roxy (Music)"; 16 Bass; 18 and 19 Marvin Gaye; 21 "Judy Teen"; 22 Steam. **DOWN:** 1 Jackson Browne; 2 "Three Times A Lady"; 3 Joe Walsh; 4 Yes; 5 Bobby Hebb; 9 Neil Young; 11 Abba; 13 TV Smith; 15 Vortex; 17 Cream; 20 Ace.

JAZZ DIARY

THE 100 CLUB makes a mixed start to September with the African Township band, Jabula on 1st, The Avon Cities Band plus Malc Murphy's Storeyville Jazz Band on 2nd, Johnny Mars with The Tequila Brown Blues Band on 3rd, and the John Taylor Sextet plus Azimuth on 4th.

Ronnie Scott's has Rosemary Clooney fronting the Jake Hanna Quartet from 18th September for a week, followed by Ernestine Anderson from 25th for a fortnight. The Ronnie Scott Quintet shares both bills.

Looking ahead to the autumn, JCS are showcasing a Mosaic label festival at the Round House with Graham Collier's 12-piece unit, Alan Wakeman's trio, Triton, the Stan Sulzman Quartet, Lysis and Howard Riley; that's 8th October. From 30th October-4th November there's a Jazz Week at the Round House with the Mike Gibbs Orchestra, Phil Woods and Nucleus. Eberhard Weber's Colours are also doing a national tour that month. On 19th November, JCS have booked a Great Guitars package into the New Gallery, Regent Street, including Herb Ellis, Barney Kessell and the Charlie Byrd Trio.

Stargazer are playing at the Fighting Cocks, Whidchurch, Bristol on 13th and 14th September, and at the Hen & Chicken, Bedminster on 16th. The Al Gaye Quartet featuring Brian Lemon is at Pengethley Hotel, Ross On Wye, and the Martin Franklin Quartet plays the Sovereign Cross Hotel, Watford on 3rd September.

Vinylly, ECM Records are to issue a ten-album set of acoustic piano by Keith Jarrett in October. Recorded live in Japan, this doorstep chronicles recitals at Kyoto, Osaka, Ngoya, Tokyo and Sapporo from 1976.

Previously unreleased material by Albert Ayler from the Greenwich Village sessions is now out on a double from Impulse, with a masterly sleeve-note by Robert Palmer.

Brian Case

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EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES

STUDENTS NOTE

WE HAVE ANOTHER SPECIAL FEATURE ON EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES IN OUR NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

DON'T MISS IT!

It's the one you've all been waiting for ...

THE ME & MY SHADOW BAG!!!

"I can hardly believe it, darling! After two years of trying ... we're really going to have our very own BAG!!!"
"Can't you get rid of it, darling?"

I LIKE the shortest letters best.
RT HON C B HUMBROL, Wig And Pen, Edinburgh.

TO MICK JONES of The Clash; you have become the most pitiful loser of all time. Remember the days of "no drugs" when you used to be a passionate young warrior maniac-depressive artiste? Now you're a sad case of a burnt-out guitar hero whose main cause in life is to fulfill his "around the world tour" ambition, staggering around the stage — mini rock'n'roll falls flat on its mini arse.

How dare you?
A DISILLUSIONED ARTISTE (STILL) WHO REFUSES TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE JE NE REGRETTE RIEN SCENE, London.
Okay, Joe, that's quite enough — SANDY PEARLMAN

TO JULIE BITCH-ALL:
1. Lita Ford does NOT LOOK REVOLTING, and there is NOTHING wrong with her movements onstage, or her guitar playing, which, if you listen to "Johnny Guitar" is amongst the best you'll hear.
2. You are right about Sandy, but Vicki is NOT "as effervescent as Lot's wife" she has much "stage presence" as Joan does. (I noticed her onstage before I noticed Joan!)
3. Vicki and Lita DO NOT dress badly, and Vicki looked even smarter than Joan on Sunday, in her matching leather bomber jacket and trousers.
4. There is NOTHING wrong with Lita's figure: If you had been watching her (which you obviously weren't) you'd have realized that she has lost a lot of weight since last year and has gone really slim. And she looks REAL SLICK in skintight clothes.
5. The Runaways' lyrics are NOT appalling. Admittedly Fowley's lyrics were, but listen to/read the words written by the band and even BOB DYLAN would be amazed.
6. Jackie Fox did not intend to give boys a thrill any more than Vickie or Joan do. I don't even consider Currie to be a member of the band. As for Lita, of course she turns boys on! Turning boys on is what lead guitarists are all about!
7. The Runaways will last a long time yet. They are all close friends and have no reason to split (apart from bitchy poseurs slagging them!)
8. (a) Joan WILL NOT form a band with Sandy and a few boys. Can't you see that for her, an ALL FEMALE BAND is where it's at? *(Yes, we see — Sappho).*
*(b)*She will never move to London because Los Angeles is her home. She told one reporter that she wouldn't live anywhere else!
(c) Joan is *not* dying to play punk rock. She *likes* punk, but doesn't want to play it herself. (That's why she plays H.M.)
(d) I would like to see THE WHOLE BAND get as big as you said, so would all their fans.
Finally — how DARE you puke all over Joan! I don't care HOW drunk you were! Joan IS NOT inarticulate, I bet she talks better than you! I am The Runaways' greatest fan, NOT you! I bet YOU don't collect Runaways posters and badges, and wear a jacket, jeans and shoes like Joan!
(And I'm NOT a poof... Joan's clothes are Unisex). THE RUNAWAYS ARE THE BEST BAND OF ALL. So stop bitching and slagging them okay. *(Should there be a question mark here or is this a compliment? TP & JB)*
STEVE (20) THE WORLD'S GREATEST RUNAWAYS FAN.
No you're not! — SANDY ROBERTSON
Because I am! — JULIE BURCHILL

"Thanks all the same, Bernie, roight? But a 1964 Morris Minor ain't really the visual I'm looking for, roight? (And I ain't never had a sore snout below the 18th storey, roight?)"

CALL PARSONS a reviewer, interviewer even! Don't make me laugh, he expresses his opinions far too openly (as if they mattered!). Of course, I'm on about The Runaways interview a few weeks ago, in which he insulted the beautiful Cherie Currie.
Sod you Mr Parsons! You've been against Cherie from the beginning. She doesn't stand a chance with people like you around, because you don't even give her that chance!
Cherie is Godhead and she deserves much more coverage in your paper than she actually gets (by that I mean a few good words about her!). Come on *NME*, ignore stupid jerks like Parsons and Burchill and let's see more of Cherie (?) in your paper.
CHERIE RULES O.K.!!!
DAVE, Sunderland.
If Currie's so smart, how come she left Joan Jett for a one-hit wonder like me? — MORRIS ALBERT

I THINK Suicide are wet pansies. If Johnny Rotten wrote a review like that about my song I'd kick his head in. No one plays about with me.
ERNIE THE WANKER, Crowded Neasden Bus Shelter.
Zat is ezzactly your trouble, my boy — WILHELM REICH

IS IT too soon to say that Nick Logan was last year's thing?
CECIL DE LA MILLE
Only if you read *ROCK ON*, Cecil — TP & JB

NUMBERED, ya bastards! This week's *Black Echoes* carries, in Cliff White's column, a justified attack on the non-coverage of soul music in the weekly, supposedly non-specialised music papers!

Only the great Julie Burchill seems remotely interested in black American music — the rest of the *NME* staff appear to judge the music by what they hear on the radio e.g. pap like "Three Times A Lady"! They blandly state that they just don't make them like they used to.
Maybe they were getting their hair cut at the time, but they seemed to have missed Louise Freeman's "He's Making Love To You", Bank's and Hampton's "I'm Gonna Have To Tell Her" and Al Green's "Belle". All are from 1977 and all are imports. This is probably the crux of the matter — do full-time journalists actually go out and do something as vulgar as BUYING records?
To save them this odious task, the *NME* could give columns to people who know, and care, about the music.
BENNY LATIMORE, Glasgow.
Toss away them worry beads, Ben, because no more is the *NME* review room the exclusive territory of the Wigwam/Egg set. Even our old friends Penman and Morley can these days be found sneaking the Ritchie Family and Earth Wind and Fire between The Residents sleeves. The campaign against the ridiculous 'real, serious music' bores has been won! Better, more caring coverage upcoming. The Disco NME — Where the heart comes first (but the feet ain't far behind). — Danny Baker (The Contempo Kid).
Does he seriously think we're letting him do the singles again? — N.S.

WHAT A RIGHT set of hypocritical bastards you lot at the *NME* are. You rave on about the Anti-Nazi League and Rock Against Racism and yet you give a four-page spread to racist shit like The Sex Pistols. So shooting "Pakis" with air guns is something to "chortle" about, eh? And Ronald Biggs, a devout Nazi, isn't that bad a guy, eh?
Let me make this clear, I'm NOT a member of the SWP — I hate Communism. In fact I think David Steel and the Liberals *(What label are they on? — Ed)* pave the way to Britain's future. You lot aren't helping a bit by glorifying the Pistols and letting them spread their Nazi filth to indoctrinate their thousands of fans in Britain.
ANON.
Couldn't agree more, Anon, but if the rest of our readers react the same way as you then the Pistols' "thousands of fans" ain't gonna be around much longer, are they? — TP & JB.
Dear Anon: Intrigued you should equate "glorifying" with simply quoting the little sods. Do you really want everything spelt out for you? Do you honestly want someone else to make your own moral decisions for you? To quote another geezer who long ago forsook the dodgy art of finger-printing — don't underestimate me and I won't underestimate you — NICK KENT.

I FEEL SURE that you and your millions of readers will be interested to learn that I, like Jilted John, have been given the push by a young lady-friend.
We need not go into details — my heart was broken. Suffice to say that I find myself in a situation bearing a remarkable resemblance to Jilted John's, except that my troublesome, heart-breaking young woman is called Jill. Jill of Ipswich. We split up two years ago.
What a small world it is, I thought, when I realised that I was in the same situation as a world-famous rock star.
What do your readers think?
JILTED CAPTAIN KLUTZ, Happy Meadows, Kent.
More Quo, more Lizzy, Fluff! — THE READERS.

TO BRIAN ROBERTSON: We're still in love with you! Cheers, it's our round!
SIMON, DAVE, SPIKE AND ALL LIVERPOOL LIZZY FANS
Keep your poncy paws off him, you bent scouse gits! — DEREK THE DOG.

WE'VE HAD PLENTY punks against Bowie's latest concerts so here's a testimony to set all those space oddities right. Major Tom may well be lost in space, Greta Garbo's image is dead, but not Ziggy Stardust.
For Bowie's latest show was definitely a two-part transformation, the cool white duke first and the most outrageous queen Lady Stardust second; he played a thoroughly convincing set, although out of the three concerts Saturday night was the best. So keep a going, Bowie.
"Stage" is gonna be a Moonage Daydream, and thanx to all the young dudes for setting the electric atmosphere. One up for David.
ANOTHER ZIGGY, Biggleswade.
One up for David? I like it! — IGGY POP.

COULD YOU PLEASE tell me if any member of Led Zeppelin have ever admitted to being gay. I have had many arguments over this because I am a fanatical Bowie fan and would like to prove the person wrong as he will not concede the point. He believes in every word you print.
INFURIATED BOWIE FAN, Newcastle
Everyone's bisexual, man — MYRON LA POOVE

LAST SATURDAY, August 5th, was one of the saddest days of the year, because on that day 16 years previously that most beautiful of women died, and who remembered her last week?
Poor Marilyn Monroe, gone but not forgotten. Vive Marilyn!
DAVE.
Like hospital chow, do ya, Mac? — JOE DIMAGGIO.

WE ARE WRITING with reference to the letter by "A Paranoid Master Of Reality" in the issue dated 12th August.
Thank you whoever you are for supporting Ozzy and Sabbath and as for all you intellectual techno-rockers at your poncy posh office — if you want to criticise do it constructively and stop tearing apart all the albums and concerts the world's greatest rock band have made.
So go take your Talking Heads and Yes albums and stuff 'em up your shit clean arses and leave the Sabbs to get on and rock for us evermore.
All you Sab-rockers get up off your arses right jow and say how you feel for the band and make them the greatest brain-crushing rock band in the entire universe. You know it makes sense!
Anyway, peace on ya!!!
TONY "IRON MAN" GOODWIN, SUE "SUPERNAUT" TAYLOR, JON "CHILD OF THE GRAVE" PAYNE, Bewdley, Worcester.
P.S. We can read!!!
I can't — OZZY.

NOT EVEN a farewell tour, Bill?
THE DANGEROUS STRANGER
Piss Off — HIDEOUS B GANGRENE (RETIRED).

IS IT TOO late to tell all Mods to descend on Wollacombe for the Bank Holiday weekend.
SOMEBODY WHO ISN'T AN ART STUDENT (OR ANY OTHER KIND) AND CAN'T AFFORD TO GO TO READING.
Our wheelchairs are oiled and ready to roll — PETE TOWNSHEND AND STEVE MARRIOTT SITTING ON SANDY RICHARDSON'S AND CHIEF IRONSIDE'S LAPS.

IS IT TOO late to say that I don't like Bob Dylan?
A WELL WISHER, Kilmarnock.
It's never too late — ECHO HELSTROM, SUZE ROTOLO, JOAN BAEZ, ALLEN GINSBERG AND SARAH LOWNDES ZIMMERMAN.

SO the £5 album has arrived. Well E.M.I. can go the hell cause I ain't paying.
NEIL R. EDELSTEN, Portsay, Banffshire.
LP WINNER — SIR JOHN READ

BASTARDS
SNOUDS EDITOR.
LOSERS — TP & JB

"It's true, ain't it, Tony? Julie's having a Bag, ain't she? Is that why she was sick all over my lovely platforms?"

Edited by JULIE BURCHILL and TONY PARSONS

Pic by DENIS O'REGAN

"You're kidding — they called you a what?" JIMMY PURSEY, somewhat agitated, is helped from the Reading stage by a Big Chum. Unbroken by sticks and stones (and cans and skins), Jim was more than a little put out by the rowdy behaviour of a group of Walton and Hersham supporters. Full report and league tables on Pages 40-42.

T-ZERS

GETS TIRED AND EMOTIONAL

THEYR'E AT IT again. **The Boys In Blue,** that is. **Terry** from the Stiff SS shop in Notting Hill will appear in court on September 18 to face obscenity charges for wearing and selling those famed "If It Ain't Stiff It Ain't Worth A Fuck" T-shirts. Terry has been charged under section 24 of the 1834 Vagrancy Act, while the shop itself has been busted for indecency. It's not the first time the Stiff T-shirts have incurred the wrath of the long arm of the law. Earlier in the year magistrates in South Wales fined two "If It Ain't . . ." T-shirt wearers £50 each . . .

Still scot free and recently seen on the streets, maaaaan, of Los Angeles: **Joe Strummer.** Hanging out with **Mick Jones,** the ever kool Joe was clad in *de rigeur* leather jacket and sporting his sharp **Eddie Cochran** haircut when he was spotted by a female native. Spinning round to make sure she wasn't mistaken, she beamed (cue broad American accent): **"John Travolta!** Right?". . .

Contrary to reports in last week's daily papers, **Debbie Harry** and **Chris Stein** are not getting married. Surely the over-publicised 'nuptials' weren't a figment of publicist **Alan Edwards'** much called-upon imagination?. . . Also Debbie is none too keen on our very own **Danny Baker** after last week's singles column in which Dan gave the thumbs-down to the new **Blondie** single "Picture This". For "Blondie Bashes Baker" and other assorted scam, see page seven . . .

Idle Threats Dept. Backstage at recent **Vicious White Kids** soiree, **Sid** made a ninny of himself by demanding lensman **Denis O'Regan's Dire Straits** badge as payment for a snap. When Den obliged, Sid — ever the gent — upped his price to £1. If not, he'd smash his camera. When Den refused, Sid — noble chap — asked for a fiver. The ever-present **Nancy's** attempts to restrain her other half were to no avail, and as a tottering Sid loomed large over Den, **Rich Kids'** manager **Peter Warmsley** offered to hand over £5. "Each", demanded Sid. And so it was, each musician coming away with an extra £5 in his bin thanks to Sid's bullying. "I wasn't scared," Denis insisted . . .

A subdued Sid was later seen jamming with **The Mumps** at Max's Kansas City last week. Word has it he's in the States intent on getting a band together with **Johnny Thunders.** That's if the two can find the stage . . .

Patti Smith ditched **Blue Oyster Cult** small person **Allen Lanier** after two and a half years of bliss just before coming to the UK. Apparently she's now taken up with ex-**MC5**er **Fred Sonic Smith.** And in what sounds like a fit of petulance, Lanier told his loquacious new girlfriend that Patti had banked a quarter of a million dollars. Let's hear it for the street one more time . . .

Den Hegarty — who, you will recall, quit **Darts** to look after his folks — currently forming new band. With his dad on drums, we assume . . .

London pub-goers are advised to take note of that ropey combo pumping out "Walk On By". Word has it **The Stranglers** could be on view in a metropolis boozer this week . . .

Norwegian photographer **Richard Wood** was backstage at a recent **Elvis Costello** gig in Oslo when The Stunted Four-Eyed One hissed that he was not allowed to take pictures backstage and told him to "fuck off". When it became clear that El wanted Richard to leave the building and not just the backstage area, Wood told the nasty little dwarf that he had paid for a ticket and was going to watch the show. Elvis (who *always* gets his road crew to do his dirty work) set his roadies on Wood. Wood (a black belt in karate and cousin of our own **Tony Parsons**) swatted them against the wall. Elvis ran into his dressing room and locked the door. Manager **Andrew Jakeman** told Wood that he was going to call the police and Wood (severely piqued at Costello and Co's attempts to trash £3,000 worth of photographic equipment) grabbed Jakeman by the throat. The fracas was temporarily sorted out when **Cliff Richard's** manager invited Wood to watch the show from the gallery with him and Cliff. Meanwhile, Elvis remained locked in the dressing room and told everyone that he was not going on stage until Wood was out of the auditorium. Wood stayed, El eventually emerged and the show started a couple of hours late. Says Wood, "I'm not ANGRY anymore" . . .

Lou Reed made the nationals in the U.S. when he was refused permission to perform "I Wanna Be Black" on *Midnight Special.* Instead, Lou was interviewed on the subject of censorship. Asked if he would play the song to his offspring, Loopy retorted: "Yes, and I play it to my mother" . . .

Four-hour version of **Zim's** "Renaldo And Clara" opening at the Camden Plaza on September 7 . . .

Paul Rodgers currently producing unknown Sunderland singer **Terry Morrison,** while other part-time rock star **Greg Lake** is in the studio with EMI MOR act **The King Singers** *(Best place for him — Ed)* . . .

Backstage at a **Bowie** concert during his last American tour, David heard to remark that he has no intention of ever producing **Lou Reed** again. "He's borrowing far too much from *my* identity," simpered Dave . . .

Caroline Kennedy, daughter of ex-president **JFK** went all the way to Memphis to take pictures of **Elvis Presley's** grave and didn't notice until she was on the plane winging her way home that she forgot to put film in her camera . . .

Robert Stigwood is trying to buy the contracts of **John Travolta** and **Olivia Newton-Squirrel** from RCA and MCA respectively. He's offered three million bucks for Olivia's two year contract with MCA alone and wants both of 'em for RSO . . .

Mick Jagger, David Bowie, Aretha Franklin and **Bette Midler** were all approached by **Robert Stigwood** to appear in "Sergeant Peppers Etcetera" but they all wanted too much money. He wanted **Olivia Newton-John** to play Strawberry Fields, **Peter Frampers'** bit of posh in the movie, but this got blown out because Frampers said that Olivia was taller than him and would make him look like a real short-arse (which, of course, he is). Olivia eventually dropped out because she didn't want the goodie-goodie part of Strawberry Fields, but the strumpet-next-door part of Lucy . . .

Beatles albums being re-released on coloured vinyl — "Abbey Road" on green, "Sergeant Pepper" as picture disc "The White Album" on white and the two compilations on horrendous red and blue . . .

Even millionaires don't get *everything* they ask for. When **John Reid** turned up at Heathrow last week, arriving in a **Roller** (what else?), the short Scotsman was not a little miffed when a British Airways stewardess told him that he was too late for his Concorde flight to New York. As a result, Reid has informed all Rocket Records employees — and this includes **Elton John** — not to fly British Airways. Said the stewardess: "We're used to passengers being rude so this one didn't really bother me. But you don't expect it from someone in his position." Obviously, she's not conversant with the ways of the Music Biz Elite . . .

Rat Scabies-Miller has challenged the delectable **Japan,** whom he considers cissies *(He has a point — Ed.)* to a drinking contest. Japan have accepted and all that's needed now is someone to pay for the drinks . . .

"Road To Ruin" the **Ramones'** live album for release in Europe (including the UK), Japan and Australia only, is now scheduled for late autumn release . . .

Losers Repent Split Dept. Three members of the late, unlamented **Damned (Scabies, Dave Vanian** and **Captain Stupid)** playing a one-off gig at the Electric Ballroom on September 5 with **Lemmy.** Scabies says he is trying to organise a series of one-off residencies with various bands as it is better than selling skateboards. Not if you have to watch it, Ratty . . .

Muhammed Ali has fallen in love with Russia. Upon returning to the States after visiting the USSR, Ali told the waiting reporters: "I saw much that pleased me — I only saw one policeman, I didn't see no guns, I didn't see no crime and no prostitutes and I didn't see no homosexuals." Retorted *Gay News:* "There's none so blind!"

According to a report in last week's *Evening News,* **Billy Idol** has shacked up with **Des O'Connor's** daughter **Karen.** What is it with these punks? What with **Geldof** and **The Bishop's** daughter, anybody would think they're just after publicity. Still — doubt if that's true of **Phil 'Line-em-up' Lynott. Caroline Crowther,** daughter of TV personality **Leslie,** has jacked in her job with rock publicist **Tony Brainsby** (he does **Thin Lizzy's** PR), because she's expecting a baby. *T-Zers* understands that Caroline shares a house in North London with Phil . . .

Well-known rock tsar **Ritchie Blackmore** had a full scale punch-up with **REO Speedwagon's** tour manager in Atlanta when the houselights went up during one of **Rainbow's** numbers and "Somewhere Over The Rainbow" began to waft over the speakers. Said Ritchie, "The lights went on, man, and it was like that shit is finished and we're on next!" Maybe the guy just couldn't stand the pain, Rich . . .

Alan Edwards office unable to confirm or deny reports that **Jean-Jacques Burnel** attacked musicians and broke down a door at last week's *TOTP* recording. The BBC say they know nothing about the story, though UA confirmed the incident did actually take place . . .

China Street would like it known they take their name from a street in Lancaster and not from the fire in China Street Manchester which killed 15 people last year. The band were most astonished at Plymouth Fiesta last week to be harangued by a guy yelling: "It killed my mother!" — that was the first time they ever heard of the blaze . . .

DJ **Jerry Floyd** liable for prosecution in a case of A.B.H. (Actual Bodily Harm to all you pansies) following a brawl with his flat-mate . . .

Did you know that (according to this week's *Gay News)* **David Cassidy** said in 1974, "I've nothing at all to hide. I have many friends, men friends, who I sleep with — and I enjoy it."

Pete Townshend-owned book shop Magic Bus is opening at 10 King Street Richmond on October 2. The shop will specialise in music and mysticism . . .

Willy DeVille signed up to do the soundtrack for forthcoming movie *Hard Core* starring **George C Scott . . .**

Hot exclusive: Due to countless hours of worry about losing vast profits to bootleggers, CBS now plan to release **"Dylan:** Live In Japan" just before Christmas . . .

BETTER BADGES

New Releases

20p Rocket to Russia, The Normal, Sonics Rendervous Band, Rock Action, Ants Phys-ic-al, Ants Valaise.

25p Kaya, Joe Gibbs, Black Slate No. 2, Steel Pulse No. 2, Aswad, T.V.O.D., Cosh the Driver, No One is Innocent, Sid Vicious My Way.

30p Doll By Doll, Jackson Pollock, So Many Fools (Siouxsie), Here & Now.

1 (1) BUZZCOCKS
2 (3) CLASH CITY ROCKERS
3 (5) 999
4 (2) CLASH POLICE
5 (—) SHAM ARMY
7 (—) CONEY LOU
8 (—) SIOUXSIE SPECIAL
9 (6) X RAY SPEX
10(10) MY WAY — SID VICIOUS

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TRAVEL BY TRAIN TO THE
KNEBWORTH PARK CONCERT
Saturday 9 September

Special trains from the north to Stevenage

York	dep 06.35		
Leeds	dep 07.15		
Wakefield Westgate	dep 07.38		
Doncaster	dep 08.10		
Sleaford	dep 08.22a		
Grantham	dep 08.57		
Peterborough	dep -	10.06	10.40
Huntingdon	dep -	10.23	10.27
Stevenage	arr 10.05	11.05	11.39

(a = change at Grantham)

Special trains return from Stevenage on Sunday morning as follows—
01.30 and 06.00 to Huntingdon and Peterborough
03.30 to Sleaford (connection for Grantham), Doncaster, Wakefield westgate, Leeds and York.
A bus service will operate between Stevenage station and Knebworth Park.

Awayday Return fares to Stevenage

from			
Doncaster	£8.06	Peterborough	£2.90
Grantham	£5.45	Sleaford	£6.02
Huntingdon	£2.05	Wakefield	£9.15
Leeds	£9.50	York	£9.50

These fares are valid for return travel on Sunday 10 September only by the above services

Trains from London King's Cross to Stevenage— Saturday 9 September

Depart:				
01.35	03.05	04.35	06.18	06.48
07.18	07.25	07.48	08.08	08.32
08.45	09.08	09.18	09.40	09.46
10.08	1£.12	10.32	11.00	11.08
11.15	11.40	11.58	12.08	12.18

A bus service will operate between Stevenage station and Knebworth Park

The Awayday Return fare between King's Cross and Stevenage is £2.00. Awayday Returns issued after 20.00 hours on Friday 8 September will be available for return travel from Stevenage up to 11.45 on Sunday morning. Leaflets are available from King's Cross Travel Centre giving details of Saturday evening/Sunday morning trains from Stevenage to King's Cross.

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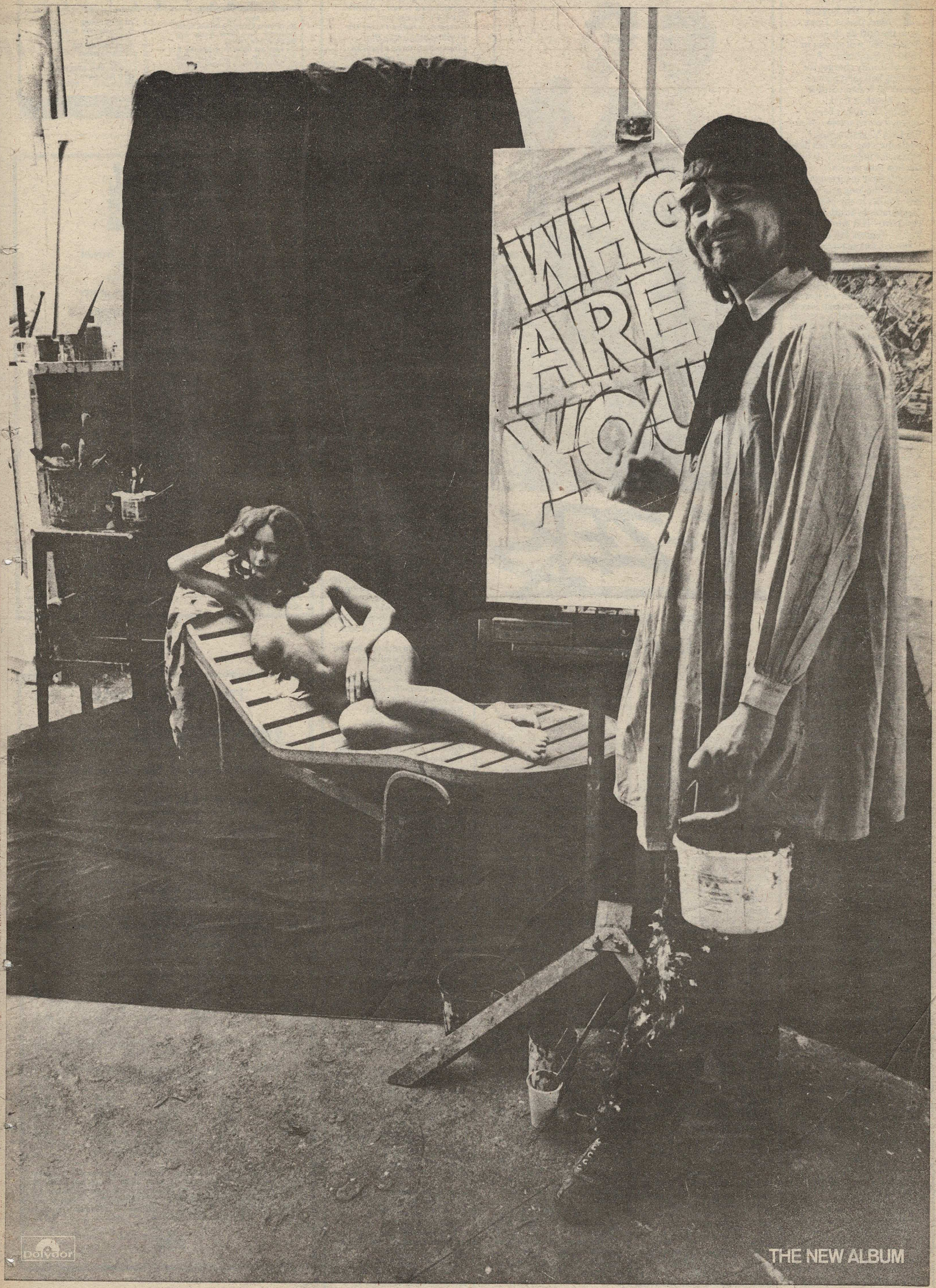
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